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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.

B.2534.

FIFTH SERIES.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume of Cameos has not, to my regret, been able to go beyond the period of the great struggle between England and Spain. I had hoped to have made it cover the two wars more or less of Religion that ensued, namely the Thirty Years' War, and the Great Rebellion; but events were too crowded, and characters too defined to allow of compression, and it seemed better to close with the deaths of the two great actors in the mighty scene, Philip and Elizabeth, than to continue until peace was fully and technically made.

C. M. YONGE.

January 13, 1883.

CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY.

(*FIFTH SERIES.*)

ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

JJ. 1-10

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CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

THE COMPACT OF BAYONNE.

(1565—1566.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1542. Mary.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO I.

Effects of the Council of Trent.
1565.

THE Council of Trent had ended, and the sovereigns, who owned the allegiance of the Roman Church, could no longer declare that the Church had not spoken against heresy.

Maximilian II. had been disappointed, but he had gained some concessions for the spiritual welfare of his people, and he respected the agreement made at Passau, so that he took no action against the Protestants. His cousin and brother-in-law, Philip II., felt the matter much more strongly, believing himself to be the champion of the Church, and deeming himself bound pitilessly to extirpate false doctrine. France was no longer the foe to him that it had been to his father. Much of the hereditary enmity had died with the Duke of Guise, and though Catherine de' Medici cared more for internal quiet than for religion, Philip knew her to be an easier person to deal with than her husband or his father had been. Through France, he meant to work upon the young Queen of Scotland and her husband, who might be assisted to dethrone Elizabeth, in his eyes an usurper.

CAMEO I.

The meeting at Bayonne. 1565.

Catherine had had her young son declared of age, and was conducting him on a royal progress through his dominions. Philip offered to send his wife, her daughter Elisabeth, to visit her family at Bayonne, under the escort of the Duke of Alva, who was to invest Charles IX. with the Order of the Golden Fleece. The offer was accepted, and the Courts met. There were young Charles and his brother Henri, Duke of Anjou, commonly called Monsieur; Henri, the eldest son of the murdered Duke of Guise, a boy of twelve, and another lad of the same age; Henri, Prince of Béarn, whom his mother, Queen Jeanne of Navarre, had most reluctantly been obliged to send to attend on the King. It is touching to read how the grave mother tried to keep up her influence over her boy by writing to him letters about his horses and dogs, while Henri was the special pet of Queen Catherine, who read with him the lively and often licentious Italian romances and poems forbidden to him at home, and let him follow her about everywhere, even into the council chamber.

She was lodged in the Bishop's palace at Bayonne; the Queen of Spain in a temporary wooden building connected with it. Alva had many conversations in which he tried to stir Catherine up to sharper measures against the Huguenots, whilst she argued that she had made the best peace possible to her at the time, but that she had since quietly done much to curb them, that no heretic worship was permitted either at Paris, or where the Court was for the time, and that even the cities where it was tolerated, though inhabited by Calvinists, were commanded by their citadels, which were held by royal troops. Alva said, like a genuine Spaniard, that "nothing is more shameful in a prince, or more mischievous to himself, than to permit his people to live according to their conscience, and bring in as many varieties in religion as there are caprices and fancies in the human brain. Controversies about faith are always a pretext for the rising of the discontented, and severe remedies were needful, not sparing steel and flame."

Moreover he added, significantly, that the head of one salmon was worth a hundred frogs. Young Henri of Navarre, who had the power of listening to conversation while he appeared to be occupied with his own amusements, caught up most of this ominous talk, and reported it to the wise old Chancellor of Navarre, who was in attendance on him.

The Spanish State-papers have revealed a letter from Alva to Philip in which he says that the Cardinal of Guise introduced to him an envoy from the Queen of Scots. This envoy told him that there was sure to be a revolution in England, and that his mistress was undecided what course to take. Alva replied that she must take heed to the strength of parties, and dissimulate with Elizabeth; and if she acted warily, the King of Spain would bring her help when she least expected it, place her triumphantly on the throne, and restore the Church of Rome. Meantime, he bade her keep this promise a dead secret, even from her

CAMEO I.

Compact of the Roman Catholic Powers. 1565.

uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, lest it should reach the ears of Queen Catherine. This last was sure to try to frustrate it, both from hatred to her daughter-in-law, Mary, and from regarding England as the only check on the power of Spain. In fact, she was not without hopes of getting Elizabeth to accept her favourite son Henri, Duke of Anjou, then about thirteen. This negotiation was conducted with such secrecy, that no one knew the real facts till the recent publication of the letters.

The Roman Catholic powers, then, had at this conference at Bayonne, excepting the mild and moderate Emperor, decided to take action together, with Philip acting as their leader, as his father had striven to be, and there was to be a league against the Turks in the Mediterranean. The Inquisition was doing its work in Spain and Italy, and it was to be set in action at once in the Low Countries. In France, Catherine had admitted the idea that a Sicilian Vespers might dispose of the Huguenots, and the Scottish Queen was to endeavour to follow out the successes she had already gained over her reformed subjects, in hopes of the Spanish Armada, which was to dethrone Elizabeth in her favour; and the claims of Elizabeth to the crown, and of her Church to Catholicity, were rejected by the Spaniards, and by Rome under Spanish influence, though the liberal-spirited Maximilian and the cunning French Queen would have allowed them both, having views on her hand for their children.

The weak point in this compact was that no one but Philip and Alva were thoroughly in earnest, and they—to judge by Alva's words—did not think so much of the true objects, the Glory of God and the Unity of Christ's Body, as of the honour of kings and the discipline of their kingdoms, so that their zeal was utterly loveless, and therefore became savage ferocity.

The first of the struggles with the sovereigns connected with this league came on in Scotland. Young Henri of Navarre had given the alarm to his mother, and the French Calvinists had warned their Scottish brethren, while the folly and impatience of the young Queen and her husband gave ample opportunity of bringing about their ruin.

Darnley had the rank of King Consort, but he wanted the crown matrimonial, which would absolutely have made him king for life, even in case of his surviving Mary, and have given the crown—if she left no heirs—to his children by a second wife. To this, of course, she and her counsellors, among whom Rizzio was the closest, could not consent. Henry conducted himself much as Guildford Dudley had done. He sulked, left his wife alone while he hunted and hawked, flirted with the young ladies, and rioted with the young men, of the Court. He was no more than an ill-conditioned lad, who, finding himself a nominal king at nineteen, wanted to be a king out and out, and to use the station for nothing but his own pleasure and glorification.

Mary had more sense and more comprehension of her office, and her

CAMEO I.

Discontents in Scotland. 1566.

resistance maddened him. He imputed it to David Rizzio her crook. old secretary, raged against him, complained to the English ambassado and showed himself ready to league with the Protestant lords, while h gave increasing offence to Mary by coming into her room reeling with drink, and then, when she showed just displeasure, he abused Rizzio all the more.

The carnival of 1566 was enlivened by a marriage between the Earl of Bothwell and Lady Jean Gordon, sister of the Huntley to whom Mary now trusted, after having been induced by Moray to destroy his father. Bothwell would not be married, as his bride and the Queen wished, in the old Catholic fashion, but had the rite performed by a Calvinist minister. However, the Queen and her husband were both present, and there was a five days' festival at Holyrood.

All the time there was treachery at work. Darnley hated Rizzio, and the secretary had refused overtures from the English Court to become a spy of Elizabeth's. He was aware of his mistress's correspondence with her French relations and with the King of Spain, and very likely was, what the fanatic Scots called him, an agent of the Pope. In him the lords of the congregation thought they beheld the influence which had made their Queen pass out of their management and obtain toleration, if no more, for her Church. So Rizzio, like other royal favourites in Scotland, must die, and in the very week of the wedding, secret meetings were held to consider how to destroy him, and the conspirators put themselves in communication with Moray and the other nobles who had been driven across the border for their rebellion on Mary's marriage. There is extant "ane bond made by my Lord of Moray and certain other noblemen with him before the slaughter of Davie" signed at Newcastle on the 2nd of March by Moray and the five other lords who were still in Edinburgh, in conjunction with Darnley and the nobles at home who were to carry out the plot, Darnley undertaking to bring home the nobles who profanely called themselves banished "for the Word of God," and to support their religion, which was not his own. The English ambassador Randolph, and Cecil, knew of the plot, and it is to be feared, so did their Queen, and though it was not of their making, they no doubt considered that they were not bound to hinder an agent of the Pope and Spaniard from meeting his fate. The ministers, Knox and Craig, preached hotly about Phinehas and Zimri, Ehud and Eglon, and the like; and if Knox was not a member of the confederacy against the Italian, there is no doubt that he was aware of it.

Parliament was opened by Mary on the 6th of March, and summonses were sent out against Moray and the rest to appear in five days for trial. The Queen also intended to endeavour to have the Bishops reinstated as peers, and the question of the future settlement became the more imminent as the birth of her first child was expected in two months' time. She had meant to have introduced her husband to this her first Parliament since her marriage, and to get his rank as King Consort confi

[illegible] he declared that unless she let him stand first as King, and open the Parliament himself, he would not be there at all, and as this was plainly impossible, he galloped off to Leith.

The foolish boy expected, according to the bond, that he should in three days' time have his wife a prisoner in his power, and that he should be reigning on his own account by the support of Moray and his lords.

With this hope he came home in recovered spirits and good humour, and to disarm suspicion invited Rizzio to play at tennis with him. Some one hinted that this would be a good opportunity of despatching the victim, but Darnley answered with jealous spite, "No, it should be at the Queen's supper, in her chamber."

At nightfall on the 7th of March, 1566, the Earl of Morton, the present head of the house of Douglas, and chancellor, collected 500 men around Holyrood Palace. About 150 he brought into the inner court, and then caused the gates to be locked and the keys brought to him.

Meantime Darnley had supped in his own rooms with Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Lord Ruthven, who had come out, though very ill with fever, and George Douglas, and to these came Morton and some other friends. Mary's rooms were just above, and there was a stair of communication for her husband's use. Up this he bade them follow him, saying that he would keep her in talk till they were ready.

Mary was supping in her inner cabinet, a sort of dressing-room within the bed-room. With her were her half-brother and sister, Robert and Jean, Countess of Argyle, who was sitting beside her on a couch, several gentlemen, her French doctor, and Rizzio himself, sitting with his cap on—a favour granted to the delicate Italian, but which added to the ire of the proud Scottish lords.

Darnley went up to his wife, kissed her, and sat down by her with his arm round her. She asked him whether he had yet supped, but at that moment she beheld the haggard face of Ruthven, and his armour flashing under his loose gown. Thinking he had wandered out in delirium, Mary spoke to him kindly, but he only grimly demanded "that man Davie," and when she asked why they so demanded him, Ruthven [illegible] with broad abuse of the Italian as hindering the King from obtaining the crown matrimonial, and therewith he made a thrust at the secretary. The Queen rose and stood before the unhappy man, who had retreated into the recess of the window and cried out—"Madam, I am a dead man!"

"Fear not," said Mary; "the King will never suffer you to be hurt in my presence."

On which appeal Darnley began to hesitate, but the other conspirators began to crowd into the little room, and the table was knocked against the Queen, Lady Argyle catching up one candle as it fell. There was dire confusion; Rizzio clung to Mary's dress, crying—"Save

CAMEO I.
Murder of Rizzio.
1566.

me!" Ruthven snatched Mary from him and put her into Darnley's arms, while George Douglas stabbed at the unhappy man over her shoulder. A pistol was levelled at her by Andrew Ker of Faudonside, but hung fire, and the sword of Patrick Bellenden was knocked aside by her English page, while her husband forced her into a chair and held her fast, and the victim, crying for mercy, was dragged away, the dress to which he had clung, tearing away in his grasp, and was finally killed in the outer room, every one who could stabbing at him, while his shrieks came back to the Queen, who sobbed out—"My poor Davie, the Lord have mercy on thy soul!" In another moment the cries were still, the body was hurled down stairs, and Ruthven and Darnley were left with the Queen.

Ruthven, quite exhausted, sank into a chair and drank off a cup of wine. The Queen began bitterly to reproach both him and her husband, and Darnley replied with petulant, jealous reproaches. In the meantime, the servants had been overpowered by the other confederates, and Holyrood was in their possession. Bothwell and Huntly let themselves down with cords from one of the windows, and the enterprise had been successful.

Mary, when she thoroughly understood that Rizzio was dead, wiped her eyes, and said—"No more tears; I will think upon revenge!" The citizens of Edinburgh came round Holyrood, and she would have spoken to them from the window, but Ruthven swore that he would cut her into collops if she attempted it, and Darnley, assuring them that the Queen was safe and well, ordered them all to their homes.

Mary did, however, break down at last, and was very ill all night, so that Darnley, afraid of the consequences, let her ladies return to her. She then recovered her self-possession, and was able to secure a black box in the unfortunate secretary's room, containing letters and the keys of the ciphers by which she corresponded with France and Spain, and through the ladies too she was able to communicate with Huntly and Bothwell.

She was kept all the next day in her own rooms, with the King to watch over her, and at night arrived the six banished lords. She threw herself into Moray's arms, declaring that if her dear brother had been present he would never have seen her thus treated; but though he shed tears of sympathy at her distress she soon gathered that he was of one mind with the rest, and a party to the coercion she suffered, if she did not even find out that he had consented to the murder of the man she trusted. Her part was at once decided on. She had been confided to her husband's custody, and she set herself to talk him over. She was two or three years older than he, and infinitely his superior in force of character. He was frightened at his own deed, and it was not hard for her to show him how absurd his jealous suspicions had been, and how he had been made the mere tool of the party who wanted to treat King and Queen alike as mere slaves, and to destroy their Church. By the

CAMEO I.
Flight of Mary.
1566.

evening of the second day Mary's representations had gained him over, and she showed herself ready to make terms with the lords. They had drawn up a fresh bond, which they required the Queen to accept, placing her government in their hands and assuring them of forgiveness for the murder. They sent it to her, and went to supper at Morton's house, after which they despatched Archibald Douglas to see whether she had signed it. Darnley answered that she had read the articles and approved them, but that she was unwell and had gone to bed, so that she would not sign till the next day.

It was true that she had gone to bed, but at 2 A.M. she rose, with the aid of one maid, and, with Henry and four gentlemen, stole down stairs and through the wine-cellar to a door, where five horses awaited them. Mary was seated behind her chamberlain, Arthur Erskine, and her maid behind the captain of the guard, and they galloped off to Seton House, where the faithful Lord Seton had 200 horsemen in readiness to escort her to Dunbar Castle. Mary now rode alone, and so swiftly that the party were at Dunbar Castle before sunrise, and having obtained admittance from the astonished seneschal, she called for a fire, and asked for some fresh eggs, which, in the mirth and excitement of that hungry morning, she and her maid themselves cooked in the embers. Then she sat down to write to her uncle, the Cardinal, to whom she subscribed herself "*Votre nièce, Marie, reyne sans royaulme.*" She also wrote to Charles IX., Catherine de' Medici, and Elizabeth, and sent the letters off by a little fishing-vessel that lay in the port of Dunbar. Bothwell and Huntly meantime were gathering their followers, and all the Queen's party and 8,000 men had soon rallied round her. The lords at Edinburgh had been entirely taken by surprise at her thus slipping through their fingers; they were in no condition to resist, and most of them fled to England or to their own castles, John Knox to Kyle, though Craig stood his ground.

Moray and the banished lords, knowing that she did not suspect their participation in the murder, remained and were taken into favour, reconciling themselves to Bothwell; but Ruthven, Morton, and all those whom the Queen had actually seen attacking her secretary, were "put to the horn" at Edinburgh Cross. Darnley showed no compunction at giving them up, saying, "as they had brewed so they must drink;" and he had managed to persuade the Queen that he had nothing to do with the plot, and was as much taken by surprise as she was.

In self-defence the confederates published the bond, and Mary saw the true state of the case. The unhappy Henry had sealed his doom with both parties; his wife and his confederates alike saw that he was not to be trusted for a moment. He walked up and down alone, hardly any one attending him, bemoaning himself to whoever would hear him; and Mary herself, weary and exhausted, was writing to propose that so soon as her child was born she should return to France and leave

CAMEO I.
Birth of James.
1566.

Scotland to a regency, consisting of Moray, Mar, Bothwell, Huntly, and Athol. She also wrote to the Pope, to see if it were possible to obtain a divorce.

She, however, as a Christian about to be in peril of death, made a reconciliation with her husband, though she did not trust him and would not let him know the contents of her will. She was in friendly correspondence with Queen Elizabeth, who just at this time had a severe attack of small-pox. In one of her letters Mary regrets that she did not know the recipe by which a French physician had preserved her complexion uninjured when she had suffered from the malady. According to a French poet, the illness had been sent by Venus out of dread lest the Queen should surpass her in beauty.

On the 19th of June, 1566, Mary gave birth in Edinburgh Castle to her son, a healthy child, apparently uninjured by all that his mother had undergone before his birth, though it proved afterwards that irreparable injury had befallen his nerves, and the effects followed him through life. Over the infant, on the afternoon after his birth, a few ominous sentences passed between his parents.

"This is the prince," said Mary, "who I hope shall first unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland."

"Why, Madam," said one of her attendants, "shall he succeed before your Majesty and his father?"

"Alas!" said Mary, "his father has broken with me."

"Sweet Madam, is this the promise you made to forgive and forget all?" said Henry.

"I may forgive, I cannot forget," said Mary. "What if Faudonside's pistol had shot?"

"Madam, all these things are past," said Darnley.

"Then let them go," said the Queen.

Sir James Melville carried the tidings to the English Court. Elizabeth, now quite recovered from her small-pox, was at Greenwich, and was dancing after supper when Cecil whispered the tidings. She sat down, resting her head on her hand, and when presently her ladies came round her, asking what ailed her, she murmured that "here was the Queen of Scots with a fair son, while she was but a barren stock."

She did not like to think of the Scottish boy as her heir, though she well knew that so he was, and she consented to be his godmother, sending a silver font for his christening.

Mary's bitter feelings against her husband had only been laid aside as a preparation for possible death. She had Giuseppe Rizzio, the brother of David, as her secretary, and through him kept up her secret communications with the Pope, France, and Spain; but for her Scottish affairs of government she trusted her brother Moray more than any man, though her innate spirit of intrigue made her also keep up secret communications with Bothwell, who showed her the gallantry of a devoted lover, so far as his rough, ferocious Border-nature would permit.

CAMEO I.

Visit to Hermitage. 1566.

Darnley was neglected and distrusted by all. He was very miserable, and wanted to go to France, but was not permitted, as none could guess what stories he might tell. Meantime the Queen set out on a progress to the Borders, which were, as usual, in a state of disturbance.

Bothwell was one of the Border Wardens, and had gone into Liddesdale to set matters to rights. He began with the Armstrongs, and seizing their chief lairds threw them into the dungeons of Hermitage Castle. He then attacked the Elliots, but in a single combat with John Elliot of the Park, was badly wounded. Elliot got away from him, but died before he had ridden far, and Bothwell was left on the ground, bleeding from three wounds. It was reported in England that he was dead, but he was carried safely to Hermitage Castle. Mary was then at Jedburgh, holding a court of justice, in company with Moray and the rest of her council, but as soon as the business was over, she rode off for Hermitage Castle to visit her wounded Warden, over twenty miles of very rough country, in the month of October. It is not clear whether she went with her brother and her council, or whether, as her enemies alleged, she galloped off on the impulse of a woman hearing of the dangerous illness of a man she loves over well.

It was a perilous feat in every way, for the Borderers would have gladly captured such a prize. She had to ride fast over the rugged moors and mosses, and only stayed two hours at the castle, where she found Bothwell recovering. She was really overcome by this forty miles' ride, and had a fever, which lasted ten days and placed her life in danger. Her husband never came near her during her illness, but when she was recovering he arrived and stayed only one night, when there seems to have been more recrimination. Mary moved to Craigmillar. She was no doubt longing to be free from the vicious, ill-mannered, headstrong boy, and Moray was willing to help her to break the knot which he had disapproved from the first. Divorce was thought of, but this might interfere with the rights of the prince, and the grim Scottish lords began to consider of another of their bonds "for the killing of the King." The baptism of the young prince did not take place till the 7th of December, when it was performed with great splendour by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's with two Bishops to support him. It was the last public State ceremony performed by the prelates of the Scottish Church, and the child received the names of James Charles. The Countess of Argyle was proxy for Queen Elizabeth, for which Popish compliance she was made to perform public penance by the ministers.

The father was not present. He had taken some fresh offence, and though actually in Holyrood would not appear, and it was known that he was corresponding privately with Rome and with English Roman Catholics, also to have some wild scheme of carrying off his son and setting up a hostile party.

CAMEO I.

Plot against Darnley. 1566.

After the christening, Moray prevailed with the Queen to pardon and recall Morton. Bothwell had recovered, and came to the court at Craigmillar Castle, and there, under a great yew-tree which is still standing, these three, with Maitland of Lethington, first agreed that Darnley must die. On the tidings of Morton's return, the young man had been so much alarmed as to repair to Glasgow, where his father, the Earl of Lennox, was living. Immediately after his arrival he fell ill of the small-pox, and his enemies hoped that nature would spare them the actual commission of the crime; but he began to recover, and the confederates resolved on his murder.

CAMEO II.

KIRK OF FIELD.

(1567.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1542. Mary.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO II.
The mystery.

WE have reached one of the great mysteries of the past, and a subject of controversy as hotly contested after the lapse of three hundred years as when Mary of Scotland still lived to be Queen of Hearts, and while the French interpreted the anagram of Marie Stuart only too appropriately—*Tu te marieras*, or, *Tu es martire.*

One party views her as a Guise, a Papist, and the pupil of Catherine de' Medici, a licentious, faithless woman, who treacherously assisted in destroying her husband to make way for his coarse and brutal rival.

Others resolutely maintain that she was an innocent and faithful woman, hated and maligned for her faith; and, because her subjects feared her good government, slandered beyond all measure, and the victim of the most savage and most complicated plots for murdering her Roman Catholic husband, forcing on her his chief murderer, a Protestant, then throwing the whole blame on her, and thus destroying her.

If these defenders are entirely in the right, the scheme of the traitors was the most extraordinary, long-sighted, and elaborate that ever was successful; and no innocent woman was ever so completely abandoned by Providence. Yet they have refuted so much of the evidence brought against Mary by her enemies that there is much to say in favour of her acquittal of the details of the charge.

While as to the Scottish lords, it is hard to believe that they laid the entire plot from beginning to end, and did not rather drift on step by step with the exigencies of the moment, sometimes working with the Queen, sometimes against her.

CAMEO II.

Question as to Mary's guilt.

As to Mary's being of the Guise blood, there was nothing in that to account for treachery and murder. The Guise family who had bred her up were among the most high-minded and honourable persons in France. The ferocity which stains the name began in the younger generation, provoked by the murder of Duke François, after Mary had left France. Moreover, she was no pupil of Catherine de' Medici, but rather her enemy. Still the Court of France, ever since the death of Anne of Britanny, had become increasingly immoral, and indulged in what was called romantic gallantry, but was really gilded voluptuousness.

The same licentiousness prevailed in Scotland, utterly unvarnished except here and there by pious language in some of the Calvinist nobles. It does not seem possible to clear Mary of a certain amount of gallantry towards Bothwell, who was, at any rate, no deceiver and made no hypocritical pretensions. Of his guilt there is no doubt, nor that he was the tool of longer-headed ruffians, who flattered him on the Queen's preference, and then threw him over.

Leicester had been suspected of sweeping his own wife out of his way to a crown; Bothwell thought it equally possible to clear his path of the impracticable lad who made the Queen's life wretched. All the actors in the tragedy belonged to a nation where scarcely any change of ministry took place without assassination.

Mary's Scottish ancestors had far more murders to answer for than her French ones, and she had every reason to hate and loathe Darnley. Indeed it is quite possible that, as a sovereign, she would have thought she had a right to sanction for the public good a deed which could not be carried out openly.

The Scottish lords had never brooked a governing hand. They viewed their monarch as their slave, and always resented, generally prevented, any effort to keep them within the slightest bounds of order. Moreover, they had all gorged themselves with Church plunder, and they abhorred the notion of restitution. Their preachers avowedly thought the murder of the enemies of their faith justifiable and praiseworthy, so that not even a religious scruple was likely to trouble them in compassing, as they most certainly did, the death of Darnley. Bothwell was the executioner, and the question is—Did the Queen know what was to be done, either in general or minutely?

The conspirators certainly continued to direct the whole force of public indignation upon her, when they found that the deed was not going to be regarded as lightly as such matters had hitherto been treated in Scotland. And thus they went on to blacken her character and fabricate evidence against her in self-defence, until they so entirely overshot the mark as to leave her apparently innocent in the eyes of her ardent supporters.

We can only go on with the story as it can best be unravelled; but as nobody spoke truth, all the evidence was tampered with,

and all the contemporary letters were full of prejudice and false reports, there is scarcely a circumstance in the whole that is not disputed and contradicted by other facts of the same degree of authenticity.

Darnley was recovering at Glasgow when his long estranged wife came to visit him, showed him much tenderness, and made him promise to come to her at Craigmillar as soon as he could move. He did not like it, but he was subdued by his illness and touched by her kindness, and he consented. So said one Thomas Crawford, of Jordanhill, a retainer of his father. However, his destination was altered, and he was taken to a place outside the walls of Edinburgh, called Kirk of Field, the ruinous remnant of an old Dominican friary. The danger of infection accounted for this choice, and it was also convenient for the baths which the invalid was to take. The house belonged to Robert Balfour, brother to one of the confederates, and was conveniently situated for their purpose. It was hung with tapestry, reft from the Gordons at Corrichie, and furnished with velvet-hung chairs and beds, but it was in a dreary state of disrepair. One of the doors was taken off the hinges to cover the bath, and most of the keys were in the possession of Balfour. The house was two storeys high, with a spiral staircase in a turret at the angle, communicating with a low door in the town wall. There were only two apartments of any size, one over the other, the kitchens being in vaults beneath, and the attendants being lodged in berths in the walls behind sliding panels. The Queen slept in the lower room, Darnley in the upper one, and, according to the reported evidence of one of his pages, Mary gave orders that a black figured velvet bed, taken at the sack of Corrichie, should be removed and an old purple velvet one set up instead. Some take this precaution as a token that the whole story was the fabrication of a vulgar mind which thought much of a fine bed, while others say that it is conclusive evidence against her.

Darnley was brought to this place in a horse-litter on the 30th of January, and was assiduously waited on by Mary. She was very loving to him, but before long, her half-brother Robert told Darnley secretly that, unless he could escape privately, he would never leave the house alive. The unfortunate victim told Mary. She bade Robert explain himself, and as he had no certain knowledge to go upon, and was terrified on his own account, he flatly denied having given any warning. Darnley gave him the lie, they laid their hands on their daggers, and the Queen screamed to Moray to part them.

This alarm did but serve to hasten Darnley's fate, and changed Bothwell's plan of open assassination to the use of gunpowder. He had introduced into the Queen's service a foreigner named Nicholas Hubert, but whom the Scots called French Paris; and the other agents in the matter were Border gentlemen of his own following, fierce

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Preparation for the murder. 1567.

soldiers, ready to do his bidding to the utmost. Bothwell, who was the most daring ruffian and had the highest prize to win, was the actual agent of the plot. Moray, Lethington, and the rest, all were quite willing that the deed should be done, but did not want to know anything about the means. Morton said afterwards that having only just got over the affair of Rizzio, he did not want to be mixed up in another dangerous matter, but that it was of no use to tell any one, since the King himself was so foolish that he would only have told the Queen, and she was the prime mover in the plot.

On Sunday, the 9th of February, Moray took leave of the Queen to go and visit his wife. After this the Queen went to the wedding of two of her favourite servants, Sebastian Pages, commonly called Bastien, and Margaret Cawood, both of whom had been with her on her flight from Holyrood. She went to the wedding dinner, supped at Lady Argyle's, and then went back to the dance—a masked ball—sending French Paris to fetch a favourite fur coverlet which she had left at Kirk of Field. Bothwell was one of the guests, but presently went away, and meeting his Border followers, they obtained from French Paris the key of the Queen's chamber, and silently carried into it a quantity of powder stored in bags, moving the Queen's bed and piling them just under where that of the King stood in the room overhead. But there must have been a mine besides, as the very foundation stones were thrown up.

Mary was to sleep in Holyrood that night, but between the supper and the ball, she went home to bid good-night to the victim. He had spent this last day of his life in hearing mass, and then had talked with various gentlemen. When the Queen had parted with him, he bade his page, Taylor, read to him the Fifty-fifth Psalm, his favourite, and then went to bed.

Bothwell, after seeing to the powder, joined the Queen at the ball, with four of his followers. The other two, Hepburn of Bolton and Hay of Talla, seem to have remained to keep watch. At two o'clock Bothwell, having taken off his black satin doublet and black velvet hose slashed with silver, joined them in a coarser dress, and the train was lighted; but it was so long before the explosion came that Bothwell was on the point of going to look at the train when the whole house was blown to pieces before their eyes with a tremendous crash.

On this Bothwell hurried to his rooms in Holyrood, that he might be found in bed when the alarm should be given. Very soon a servant hurried in to wake him, and he feigned astonishment and horror. Mary likewise was in bed, and when her ladies and councillors hurried in with tidings of the explosion, she ordered Bothwell and a guard to go and see what had really happened.

Two men and two boys were taken out, crushed to death among the ruins, but Henry Stewart's own body was found at five o'clock on that winter's morning under an apple-tree about eighty yards off.

That of his page, Taylor, was lying by him, but neither of them was burned or scorched. They had nothing on but their night-shirts, but the King's furred dressing-gown and slippers were beside him, and there was no token how either came by his death. It is supposed, however, that they might have taken alarm and attempted to escape, but were captured by Hay and Hepburn, or some of the other nineteen who assisted in the catastrophe, smothered, and placed there, in the hope that their death might be attributed to the explosion, as at first it actually was; though the Ambassador from Savoy wrote that women had heard them pleading for their lives. Between eight and nine o'clock Bothwell returned, and made the appointed statement that there had been an accident, the powder in the King's lodging had taken fire, and the King had been killed.

Mary shut herself up, and issued proclamations against the murderers as a matter of form, offering 2,000*l.* for any one who would denounce them. No one durst claim this openly, but writings were set upon the doors of the Tolbooth accusing Bothwell, Balfour, and several more as the guilty persons.

Two days later the unhappy Henry, who was only two months over twenty, was buried beside James V. in the vaults of Holyrood chapel, the last of his race who was to lie there; and then Mary went to Seton House, and the English Ambassador, Drury, wrote to Queen Elizabeth that she there amused herself by shooting at the butts against Seton and Huntly, and giving them a dinner afterwards at Tranent. Some, however, vote this story as simply incredible gossip.

The old Earl of Lennox meantime began to cry out for justice on the murderers of his son. He naturally wrote insisting on "a perfect trial of the cruel slaughter;" and as the Queen put the matter off more and more he became more urgent. Scotland was used enough to murders, and probably nobody except the father and mother regretted the foolish lad. Most of the Council were more or less implicated, and it was tacitly agreed to let the matter drop, as indeed it would have done, but that the conspirators began to be convinced that Darnley had only been slain to make way for a much more dangerous person, namely, Bothwell.

True, he was married, but that might easily be got over, and nobody could doubt that the Queen was in love with him. Moray, like the prudent man he was, went off to France, to be out of the way, and Bothwell tried to brave it out. He rode through the streets of Edinburgh with a band of fifty Borderers in full armour, swearing vengeance against the authors of the accusations; but the world grew more and more indignant that all the inquiry should be against the authors of these placards, while none was made after the author of the murder, and the Cardinal of Lorraine and the French royalty let Mary know that they believed her guilty.

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Mock trial of Bothwell. 1567.

Mary found that there must be a trial of some sort. Her Ambassador in France, Bishop Beatoun, wrote to her that all that kingdom suspected her, and that she must clear herself. To Elizabeth's state messenger of condolence, Sir Henry Killigrew, she likewise promised that Bothwell should be brought to trial; but before any inquiry took place she actually gave this man, the reputed murderer of her husband, as she certainly knew, the governorship of Edinburgh Castle; Morton at the same time received back again Tantallon Castle, the Douglas stronghold, which had been forfeited by his rebellion, and the gift seemed intended to bind him to the cause of Bothwell.

In the meantime Mary was showing much grief and anxiety. She was very unwell, and when she appeared at a solemn dirge for Darnley, every one was struck with her pallid, dejected looks. There was indeed much to terrify her. A man wandered about the streets of Edinburgh saying, "Vengeance on those who caused me to shed innocent blood!" and caricatures, or, as they were called, "treasonable painted tickets," were handed about—one in especial, called "The Mermaid," where Mary's likeness appeared, terminated by a fish's tail. It may be remembered that it was a mermaid whose singing, according to Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, made "certain stars shoot madly from their spheres," and certainly Mary was one of the most charming and fatal sirens whom history records.

The Parliament was summoned and opened, and the trial was suddenly appointed for the month of April. The Earl of Lennox declared that the time was too short for getting his evidence together. He was summoned to be present at the trial as the accuser, but forbidden to bring any one with him but his immediate household. This would have been a fair and wise precaution if the same command had been given to Bothwell to dismiss his ruffians, but the Earl knew that it was merely intended to hinder him from obtaining justice, and he appealed to Queen Elizabeth. She wrote to Mary, representing that to hurry on the trial in this manner gave rise to grave suspicions against herself, and begging her for her own honour to postpone it, and give Lennox a fair hearing.

The messenger arrived on the morning of the trial, and was told the Queen was asleep. He waited about, and was threatened by one of the clan Hepburn, who said "his guide ought to be hanged for bringing such English villains as sought to stay the assize." Lethington at last came out and took the letter, but seems never to have given it to the Queen. All who had dipped in the plot which Bothwell had carried out, wished to hush up the inquiry, for fear of what he might disclose if pushed to extremity, and the father of the victim knew that the trial was a mere farce, so that he would not appear. Bothwell rode Darnley's own horse to the Tolbooth, where he was to be tried.

The Earl of Argyle presided, fifteen peers were chosen as jurymen, and the accusation of James, Earl of Bothwell, at the suit of Matthew, Earl of Lennox, was read. Lennox was called on, but only a gentleman of his household stood up and declared that he could not safely appear, and protested against the proceedings. No witnesses were examined, but Bothwell was acquitted on the spot.

This was on the 9th of April.

On the 21st of April Mary rode to Stirling to see her child, who was there nursed under the charge of the Earl of Mar. She stayed there two days, and was on her way back when, at Fountainbridge, not far from Edinburgh, Bothwell, with a strong body of men, met her, and taking her horse by the bridle, led her off, his men leading away Huntly, Lethington, and Sir James Melville to Dunbar Castle.

Melville was let out the next morning, but probably on an oath of secrecy; for though he has told so much of other things, he says no more, only that he was told that all was done with the Queen's consent.

Again the partisans of Mary declare that she was the innocent victim of the foulest treachery. According to them the Lords of the Congregation, being resolved on the destruction of the Roman Catholic Queen, had first set on Darnley to murder Rizzio, then Bothwell to murder Darnley, and now were driving the Queen into a marriage with him in order to involve them both in ruin, all without the least fault on her part.

There is, indeed, no question of their guilt as to the two murders, nor that Bothwell, at a supper at one Ainslie's house, had obtained from Argyle, Morton, and many more, including Seton, and, stranger still, Huntly, the brother of his wife, a bond promising to assist him in effecting his marriage with the Queen. It is also certain that Bothwell's plan for her abduction had become known to Drury before it took place, for he wrote it to Cecil on the very day it was to be effected. But it will always be matter of controversy whether these men were such horrible plotters against an innocent woman, or whether they simply took advantage of Mary's bitter resentment against her foolish husband and her blind passion for Bothwell; whether, in fact, she was their willing instrument and that of her own passions to work her ruin.

Whichever way we take it, it is a frightful tissue of wickedness and treachery, but we fear that only by forcing stubborn facts and denying much contemporary evidence can Mary be supposed a guiltless victim.

What is strange is that Huntly and Seton agreed to this abduction and marriage. Huntly's sister, Lady Bothwell, sued for a divorce on the ground of her husband's unfaithfulness, and the sentence was pronounced on the 3rd of May.

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Marriage of Mary and Bothwell.
1567.

Mary had stayed ten days at Dunbar, whence she came to Edinburgh, with Bothwell at her rein, treating her almost like a prisoner. The Earl sent at once to have the banns published in St. Giles's Church, but the minister, James Craig, refused, saying he had no orders from the Queen, and that it was reported that she had been forced into consent by Bothwell. This brought him a letter from the Queen herself, and as he still refused, he was brought before the Privy Council, where he charged Bothwell to his face with all his deadly crimes, and was never really answered. He durst no longer disobey, but he joined to the banns a protest that he abhorred the marriage as odious and slanderous to the world, and besought all good Christians to pray that it might not take place. However, on the 6th of May, Mary publicly created Bothwell Duke of Orkney, and on the 15th, at four o'clock in the morning, was married to him by the Presbyterian minister, who bore the title and held the revenues of the Bishop of Orkney, assisted by Mr. Craig. No Roman Catholic blessed this disgraceful union, which Mary's friends believe to have been wholly the result of cruel coercion, and most reluctant on her part.

It is quite certain that from the moment that the wretch Bothwell had her in his power, he dropped the lover and became the tyrant. Mary, according to Drury, looked fearfully ill and altered. The French Ambassador, Du Croc, had refused to be present, though Bothwell had talked to him for four hours, and the next day the unhappy Queen sent for him, and told him that she should never be happy again, and only desired death; and she was overheard, when alone with Bothwell, weeping bitterly and threatening to destroy herself, though at other times she showed herself playfully and fondly affectionate, as if to satisfy him. He was a rude and coarse man, who would use no terms with a wife, whatever might be her rank, and no doubt the tempers of both were soured. She knew that she had lost herself in the eyes of Scotland, England, and France alike, and Bothwell saw how perilous was the elevation he had gained. He had expected to be allowed to reign by those who desired to have a Protestant on the throne; but he began to see that he had only been made their instrument for the ruin of the Queen, and was now to fall in like manner. No one came to court, Holyrood was deserted, a proclamation to assemble the troops to put down disturbances on the Border was unheeded, and in less than a month from their marriage, Mary and Bothwell left Holyrood, and shut themselves up in the strong fortress of Borthwick, twelve miles from Edinburgh. It was a solid square tower, unable to hold a large garrison, and the pair had scarcely reached it before it was surrounded by 800 men, under the Earl of Morton and Lord Hume; and many more were gathering round. Defence was impossible, and Bothwell stole out at night through a postern door, and escaped to Dunbar.

Mary held parley with her besiegers all day, and finding that there was little hope from them, at night she disguised herself as a page, let herself down from the window of the banqueting room, crept out from the postern entirely alone, and presently, finding a close-cropped nag, rode over Crichton Moor to Black Castle, where she was met by Bothwell, and went with him to Dunbar.

Forces began to muster on either side. There was nothing for it but war. The Roman Catholics, with Huntly and Seton at their head, felt that they must stand by the Queen. The Presbyterians were determined to be rid of her, and to have either her child or no one for their king. The child was at Stirling, under the charge of the Earl of Mar, who was very uneasy lest he should be unsafe in a castle not strong enough to resist an army with artillery.

Queen Elizabeth was much grieved and perplexed. She did not love her kinswoman, but she was shocked at the disgrace of the whole affair, and she did not like the precedent of subjects rising against their Queen.

Each party clamoured for the custody of the prince. And Elizabeth offered to take him into her own hands, and insure his safety; but Scotland was far from trusting her sufficiently, and the Presbyterians were not better pleased with Du Croc's proposal of sending him to France for education. His mother demanded him of Mar, but he would not give him up without authority from Parliament, and absurd reports were rife that she had tried to poison the babe.

Balfour, one of the murderers of Darnley, was in charge of Edinburgh Castle for his master, Bothwell, but he was not entirely trusted; and Sir James Melville persuaded him that he was going to be superseded, and that he had much better join the confederates. So he did not fire on them when they returned to Edinburgh from Borthwick, but admitted Maitland of Lethington to hold a conference with him, and was talked over by that most able and cunning of existing Scots to give up the castle to the insurgents, thus putting them in possession of the mint.

They then put forth proclamations, calling on every one to join in delivering the Queen from her wicked and murderous oppressor, and to save the little prince from the slayer of his father. A banner was displayed, painted with Darnley lying dead under the apple-tree, and his infant son kneeling by him, with the legend coming out of his mouth, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord."

Large numbers flocked to this banner, but in the meantime Bothwell and the Queen had been joined by Huntly and Seton, and were in strength enough to advance upon Edinburgh. The confederates went out to meet them, and the two armies came in sight of one another near Musselburgh, with the valley of the Esk between them. Queen Mary's station was on Carberry Hill, just where the English camp had been before the battle of Pinkie. The French Ambassador, Du Croc, went and came, trying to make peace, but the lords declared that the

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only way was for the Queen to give Bothwell up to them for the punishment he deserved, and they gave him an escort of fifty men to carry their message to the Queen.

Mary said very truly that these very men had acquitted Bothwell, and promised to promote his marriage with her, but she offered to pardon them if they would come humbly to her and return to their duty.

Then Bothwell came in and swaggered a good deal, though he was treated with marked disdain by the high-minded French gentleman, who would not brook his embrace, and there was thus no conciliation on that side. Bothwell sent a herald to challenge in single combat any one who accused him of the death of the King.

Sir James Murray of Tullibardine—the same, it was said, who had set up the "ticket" on the Tolbooth—accepted the challenge. Bothwell said that a simple knight was not his peer. Morton then offered himself, but Lord Lindsay of the Byres thrust forward as the kinsman of the murdered Henry. Then Mary interfered, and forbade the combat. The delay had had a bad effect on her army; they dropped away, and when she looked about her she found that she had but sixty gentlemen in attendance; the rest of her troops were gone!

The confederates sent Kirkaldy of Grange to advance; Mary, seeing this, sent to ask him to speak with her. He told her all should be well with her if she would give up her husband's murderer. She stipulated that Bothwell should not be taken or slain on the spot, and then, with a promise to write to one another, the unhappy couple parted, never to meet again.

Mary then turned with queenly courtesy to Kirkaldy, saying "Laird of Grange, I surrender myself to you on the conditions you rehearsed to me." He kissed her hand, and holding her bridle-rein led her to the other nobles, who came to meet her, and fell on their knees before her.

But when she showed a desire of communicating with the Hamiltons, who had risen in arms, she was forbidden, and she realised that she was a prisoner. She began to speak bitterly, and when Lindsay approached her, told him that she would have his head for this, loading him and all the rest with the passionate threats of an angry woman, miserable beyond the thought of the danger of driving them to desperation.

They set her on horseback again, in the red skirt and black hat and cloak she had borrowed at Dunbar; and, stung by her reproaches, they did not shun to display before her the banner with the figure of her murdered husband. She almost swooned at first, then cried out that she wished she had never seen him; but they would not spare her the sight, and, at nine o'clock on that long June evening, she was made to ride into Edinburgh between Morton and Atholl, with the dreadful banner before her. She was a piteous spectacle, her dress covered with dust and her face swollen with weeping; but the mob had no

pity, and all the street echoed with the vilest epithets howled forth against her. She was separated from her ladies, and shut up in the provost's house. In the morning she showed herself at the windows, with streaming hair, in hopes to move the compassion of the people; but again the banner was held up before her, with yells of execration.

The next night she was taken to Holyrood, and a few days passed, during which the nobles and Du Croc tried to make some arrangement. Du Croc at least had really hoped that she had been forced into the marriage with Bothwell and would gladly be delivered from it; but she was found to be strongly bent upon vengeance and on rejoining her husband. So Maitland of Lethington told Du Croc; but as the Frenchman did not see her, and as his informant had signed the bond for her marriage, his testimony is suspicious.

Just then it is alleged that George Dalgleish, a servant of Bothwell, was seized on his way to his master's lodgings in search, as he was made to confess, of some papers his master had left and had sent him to fetch. These he was forced to show. They were contained in a silver-gilt casket or box, adorned with the letter F., having in fact belonged to King François II. before Mary had brought it to Scotland and given it to Bothwell. In it were eight letters from the Queen to the Earl, together with some sonnets. And these letters showed her entire knowledge of, and consent to, the plot against Darnley. So said Morton, Lindsay, Lethington, and all the other indignant Scots. They did not, however, show the letters, and Throckmorton at first only heard that there was said to be proof positive of her share in the murder.

It is on the truth of this story that the whole question of Mary's guilt or innocence has been made to turn. If she wrote those letters she was a wretched woman, led away by a violent passion for an unworthy object into conniving at a horrible crime. If they were a malignant forgery, her defenders declare that she was the most cruelly misused and slandered woman who ever lived. History has been fighting over external and internal evidence ever since; but the force of evidence leads the best judges to the conclusion that there was a guilty knowledge of the intended murder on Mary's part, but that the actual letters were fabricated by those who wished to shift the full weight of guilt upon her from themselves.

Meantime the lords decided on sending the Queen to a place of security, namely Lochleven Castle, a royal demesne of her own, which stands on an island in the midst of the lake which gives it its name. The lady in charge of the castle was Margaret Erskine, widow of Sir Robert Douglas, to whom she had been married after losing hope of being made the lawful wife of James V., the father of her son, Lord James, Earl of Moray.

As for Bothwell, he fled to Orkney, pursued by Kirkaldy of Grange, and after many efforts to escape, bought the ship of a pirate of the

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Bothwell's end.

northern seas named David Wadt, and sailed away. The Danish ships were on the look-out for this Wadt, and captured the vessel. On finding that the master called himself a king, or at least a queen's husband, the crew took him to Bergen, where he lived for some years, but got into trouble by marrying and deserting one Anna Christophersdatter. He was taken to Denmark and imprisoned in the Castle of Malmoe, and lived ten or twelve years later, a man of reckless life and intemperate habits.

CAMEO III.

LES GUEUX.

(1564—1567.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1542. Mary.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO III.

The Council of the Netherlands.

WE have seen how the conclusions of the Council of Trent affected France and Scotland. We have now to turn to the Netherlands. These were under the government of Philip II.'s half-sister, Margaret, widow of the Duke of Parma, with a state council, consisting of Baron de Berlaymont, a strong supporter of the Crown; Viglius van Aytta van Zuichem, a Frisian lawyer of the same opinions; Antoine Perrenot, Bishop of Arras, more usually known as Cardinal Granvelle; William of Nassau, Prince of Orange; and Lamoral, Count Egmont. These two were, like the others, Roman Catholics, but unlike the others, they had a strong and warm feeling for the liberties of their country. The conglomeration of small fiefs which had been collected together under the Dukes of Burgundy, each endowed with different privileges and dissimilar constitutions, with a high-spirited nobility, and with numerous manufacturing and sea-port towns, were an inheritance full of difficulty, even for a native sovereign. A foreigner provided with a strong and alien kingdom, was almost certain to wish to simplify matters by reducing all the varieties of constitution to one dead level of despotism; and when to these elements of difficulty was added difference of religious faith, it was scarcely possible that a collision should be prevented.

Philip's first step towards bringing the Netherlands back to the faith was in itself a right one, and was proposed as early as 1560. There were only four bishopries in the country—those of Arras, Cambray, Tourney, and Utrecht; and he obtained a bull authorising him to increase the number, so that there were to be three Metropolitan sees, each with six suffragan bishoprics, and each of these was to have a chapter of nine canons. They were to be endowed from the wealth of the

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The new bishoprics.

Abbeys, which were enormously rich. Unfortunately there came coupled with the scheme, the intimation that these new appointments were to extend the work of the Inquisition, and this filled the Calvinists with alarm, while the measure was equally unpopular among Catholics, who hated change, and saw in the new prelates an army of officials appointed by the Pope and King of Spain, and hated the idea with all the force of Flemish vehemence and Dutch obstinacy. Cardinal Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, was credited with all that was unpopular, and the three chief members of the Flemish nobility, William, Prince of Orange, Lamoral, Count of Egmont, and Philippe de Montmorency, Count of Hoorn, together wrote a letter of remonstrance to the King, saying that as long as the Cardinal continued in the council, there was danger of disturbance and revolt.

William, though still young, was a grave, cool, resolute man, long in deciding, but perfectly firm and trustworthy; Egmont, very handsome, chivalrously loyal, and the most brilliant soldier in the Netherlands, was universally loved; Hoorn, the High Admiral, was a melancholy, unsocial man, but firm and honest. Charles V. had highly valued such vassals, but Philip had no feeling for anything not precisely formed on his narrow Spanish model, and viewed the least remonstrance as an insult and a crime. Moreover, Granvelle hated all these nobles, and even fancied that Hoorn kept an assassin prepared to murder him.

An unlucky act of folly added to the King's feeling against them. At a dinner given by the Baron of Grobbendeck, a great merchant at Antwerp, at which Egmont was present, much derision and contempt were expressed for the sumptuous liveries in which Granvelle's household and retainers were decked; and in joke, a competition arose, who should invent the most simple, yet grotesque uniform to be worn as a satire on the Cardinal's finery. It was Egmont who won, and in a few days all his followers appeared in plain grey cloth dresses with wide sleeves and no ornament but a small badge on one arm, which was something between a monk's cowl and a fool's cap and bells. This fool's cap livery instantly became the rage. Every one, gentle or simple, hastened to put it on to show love for Egmont and hatred for Granvelle, and all the grey cloth in Brabant was actually exhausted!

The Duchess of Parma, a jovial woman, with a man's voice and a moustache, was much amused at first, but when she found how the jest angered the Cardinal, and that he was making serious complaint to the King, she wrote to the Count, and in deference to her he changed the badge from a fool's cap to a bunch of arrows; but the offence was never forgotten nor forgiven.

However, Philip, after delaying his answer a long time, resolved on removing the Cardinal from his authority as prime minister, since the Duchess disliked him as much as the people did. Granvelle went no further than Burgundy, where he waited for some time in hopes of

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Granvelle's retirement.
1564.

being restored, but at last, finding that this was not to be, he proceeded to Rome, and thence to Madrid, where he remained, a congenial counsellor to Philip in Flemish affairs.

The Netherlanders had so far prevailed, and perhaps this encouraged them in further tumults. Persecution of heretics went on, discontent continually broke out in violence. Remonstrances were bandied backwards and forwards, popular tumults arose, outrages happened on either side, while small Spanish garrisons were kept in the fortresses, and this was the state of things when, in 1564, Philip sent orders to his sister to have the decrees of the council proclaimed with the most stringent penalties that could be devised for forcing every heretic into the fold.

Margaret, knowing the temper of the people, was in great consternation on receiving such injunctions. The very persons who abhorred heresy and deemed it worthy only of the flame, and thought it wicked presumption in the laity to meddle with theology, knew very well what it was to try to bend a Dutchman's will, or to expect him quietly to see Italian priests and Spanish soldiers burning his neighbours, above all when it was done dead against the laws of his city or province. So after due consideration in the council, it was decided that the Regent should write a letter to the King, and send it to him by Count Egmont, who should represent to him the state of the country, and the danger that it would be absolutely lost to him if he persisted in enforcing these measures. The council in which this was decided was a very stormy one; the Prince of Orange made a strong speech on his determination not to see the consciences and liberties of his fellow-countrymen trampled upon; and matters looked so threatening that Viglius' distress of mind brought on a stroke of paralysis in the night, and he never recovered the full use of his judgment.

His place was for the time supplied by a Frisian Doctor of Laws, Joachim Hopper, the founder of the university of Douay. This foundation was for the young Walloons, to save them from the temptations of Paris, but it became also the chief place of education for the Roman Catholics of England after the necessity of accepting the Thirty-nine Articles debarred them from study at Oxford or Cambridge. He had no compass of mind, but was plodding and trustworthy, and so sure to agree with the Duchess in everything, that his colleagues called him "Councillor Yes Madam."

Egmont set out in the January of 1565. He was escorted as far as Cambray by a whole party of Flemish and Dutch nobles, who held a series of banquets, and swore that if any ill befell him in Spain they would take vengeance on the person of Cardinal Granvelle. Counts Brederode and Calembourg were mere coarse rioters, and one of these feasts was the occasion of much mischief. The Archbishop of Cambray was one of the guests, and though Egmont, a true and chivalrous gentleman, treated him with due deference and respect, it was impossible to keep some of the other nobles from intolerable rudeness

CAMEO III.
The banquet at Cambray
1565.

towards him about the new dioceses, and also from giving him challenges to drink, evidently intended to intoxicate him.

The Prelate was worked up to impatience, and when Count Brederode said it was dangerous to let so valuable a person as Count Egmont leave them at this crisis, he sneered and said, "It would not be hard to find another Egmont."

"Are we to bear such language from a priest?" broke out Brederode in a rage.

"Look at home," cried Calembourg; "it would be easier to find five hundred such as you, than one Egmont."

The Archbishop tried to repair his false move by pledging Brederode in a draught of wine. It was rudely refused.

The tablecloth was removed and the real drinking bout began. One young man snatched the Prelate's biretta from his head and put it on his own, drank his health, and passed both cup and cap on to the next person. The cap went round to the Viscount of Ghent, who had the grace to restore it with a bow to its owner, but on this Brederode gave as a toast, "Confusion to Granvelle," insisting with foul language that all should join in the pledge.

The Archbishop tried to argue; but Brederode advanced with threatening gestures, and Egmont, unable to check him, entreated his guest to retire. The Prelate, however, only replied by reproaches, which added fuel to the fire, and Count Hoogstraten caught hold of a gilt bowl of water.

He was small in stature, and Egmont, in trying to keep order, unluckily said—

"Little man, little man, be quiet!"

"Little man!" shouted Hoogstraten; "I would have you to know that never did little man spring from my race," and he hurled bowl, water and all, at the Archbishop's head, though nothing but the water reached its mark.

Count Charles Mansfeld, who was quite a lad, rose to apologise, but the Archbishop was by this time too blind with indignation to see which were his friends, and cried—

"Begone! who is this boy who is preaching to me?"

This enraged Mansfeld, and he snapped his fingers in the Archbishop's face, but at last the Viscount of Ghent and another succeeded in getting the Prelate out of the room, exclaiming that he had only been invited to be insulted.

Egmont spent the following days in excuses and apologies, and he did manage to patch up a kind of reconciliation before they left Cambray on the 30th of January. Strange to say, this disgraceful scene was regarded even by Roman Catholics as so comical that it was represented in masquerade at the wedding festival of Dr. Hopper's daughter a few weeks later; no doubt because the Archbishop was very unpopular, as court Bishops always were; he was devoted to the Cardinal, and was a harsh man.

Egmont was received by the King in the most distinguished and

CAMEO III.

Egmont's mission. 1565.

affectionate manner, greeted with an embrace, lodged sumptuously, feasted and flattered. He often dined alone with the King, and was sent by him in his own coach to see the wonders of the new palace of the Escorial, which was being built to commemorate the battle of St. Quentin, in which Egmont had borne so distinguished a part. Altogether he was charmed, and being a warm-hearted man, brave and honourable, but affectionate and easily led, he saw things quite differently from what they appeared to him when Orange was at his side, and the men whose cause he had intended to plead seemed to him only traitors and heretics.

It was quite true that Philip believed in himself and his duty with a full and steadfast conviction, such as was enough to carry others along with him. He was fully in earnest when he fell on his knees before a crucifix and declared that he would rather not reign at all than reign over men who denied their Lord and Master; and his faith in his regal powers was equally entire.

He did not, however, enter much into public business with the Count, but granted him favours that enriched his estates, and proposed to him wealthy marriages for his eight daughters. Finally he was dismissed quite satisfied of the King's favour to the Netherlands, though not one of the points about which he came had been conceded; and to his protection was confided young Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, who had just finished his education in Spain, and who was to join his mother at Brussels.

Of course Orange and his friends were bitterly disappointed in the result of Egmont's mission, but they seem to have known the man too well to suspect him of disloyalty, and only to have thought that his simplicity had been cajoled. As to the edicts, there was no change in the King's intentions. The Inquisition was actually proclaimed all over the Low Countries. The first announcement was met by showers of representations, petitions, and appeals, and in the meantime the young Duke of Parma added to the discontent by his haughty bearing. He had been taught that to be as Spanish as possible was the perfection of high breeding, and his pride and silence gave infinite offence. He made the Flemish nobles sit below the salt when they dined with him, and treated even Egmont with distant contempt. They made up their minds that there was nothing in him—a great mistake, as they were to learn in after years. His mother was much grieved at the impression he produced, and spent whole days in weeping over the inevitable troubles that her brother's policy was producing; but in the midst of all these evil forebodings there were two splendid weddings. Hoorn's brother, Baron Montigny, married the daughter of Prince d'Espinay, and in the tournament that followed Orange, Hoorn, and Hoogstraten tilted as challengers against Egmont and two other knights.

The other wedding was that of the young Duke of Parma with the Infanta, Doña Maria of Portugal. She was very highly educated and well versed in the Scriptures, but she had been brought up in those

CAMEO III.
The compromise.
1565.

strict habits of Peninsular etiquette which had been derived from the Moors, so that it was said when the ship that brought her had taken fire she refused the touch of a sailor who was about to lift her out of harm's way, saying that she feared the flames less than such contact. When forced to put into an English harbour, she refused to hold any communication with Queen Elizabeth, whom she viewed as a lost heretic. She was married to Alessandro Farnese by the Archbishop of Cambray on the 11th of November, 1565, and the year ended in a succession of splendid festivals, and a tournament, in which young Count Charles Mansfeld won the prize, a silver goblet presented by the bride. And at Antwerp the whole voyage of the fair lady from Portugal was set forth in figures of sugar-work at a great banquet in the town-hall.

So there were outward splendours while deadly work was preparing. Early in the next year a paper was signed called the Compromise, in which 2,000 of the chief personages in the country pledged themselves to resist the Inquisition to the utmost. It is believed to have been drawn up by the Sieur Marnix de Ste. Aldegonde, and the first three persons who signed it were Count Brederode, Count Charles Mansfeld, and Count Louis of Nassau, younger brother to William the Silent. It was done without the knowledge or participation of that cautious person, who would do nothing to lead to an open rupture without being fully prepared. Neither did Egmont sign it. He had sworn that nothing should induce him to bear arms against the King, and now when he saw that his representations had been wasted breath, and that the stern cruelty of the Spanish policy was as relentless as death, he declared that all he wished was to hide himself where he should never be heard of more.

Almost all the governors of the provinces refused one by one to assist the King and Duchess in burning their countrymen, and Margaret continued to write in despair to her brother, while he remained unmoved.

Then a great petition was drawn up, signed all over the country, and brought to Brussels by two hundred armed and mounted noblemen, with Brederode and Louis at their head. They mustered 300, when on the 5th April, 1565, in a long line, marching arm in arm, they proceeded to the council chamber, and there presented their petition.

The Duchess, struck with dismay, sat with the tears rolling down her face, and could hardly command her voice to say that she would confer with her council. Orange and Egmont tried to calm her, and yet to show the gravity of the occasion; but Count Berlaymont broke forth in a scornful gibe, which was heard by a large portion of the petitioners as they made their bow before the Duchess, ere filing out of the council chamber, "Can your Highness dread these beggars (*gueux*)? They cannot manage their own estates, and they want to teach the King and your Highness to manage the country."

The noblest gentlemen of Flanders, Holland, and Friesland, could afford to laugh at the term, and at a great banquet held at Count

CAMEO III.

The beggar's oath. 1565.

Brederode's it was formally adopted as the title of the league. A huge wallet and wooden bowl were brought in, the beggars' badge, and beginning with Brederode, each threw the sack over his shoulders and drained the bowl full of wine. Then bowl and wallet were fastened to a pillar, and each guest threw some salt into the former, singing—

"Par le sel, par le pain, par la besache,
Les Gueux ne changeront quoiqu'on se fache."

Then the mirth waxed wild and riotous, wine was swallowed in huge draughts, and with coats turned inside out, the *Gueux* danced on the chairs and tables, bawling out beggars' ballads and calling one another abbot of this and prior of that property they meant to seize.

In the midst, Orange, Egmont, and Hoorn, who had been quietly dining with Mansfeld, came in, hoping to take Hoogstraten away from the revel in which they knew he had unwillingly joined, but it was too late to do any good. They were received with shouts of *Vivent le Roi et les Gueux*, which they did not in the least understand, and were called on to taste the wine. Each drank one cup without sitting down, and then made their way out, taking Hoogstraten with them.

Orange and Egmont were on their way to the Council, which sat in the evening, and the Duchess thanked them for what they had done. The fraternity of Gueux did not continue a mere tipsy frolic. The young nobles actually put on grey doublet and hose, felt hats, beggars' sacks, and leaden medals, with the King's head on one side, and on the other two hands clasped over the wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the King, even in wearing the beggar's sack," since they, like every other rebel, professed the most perfect loyalty to an ideal king, devoid of the evil counsellors who were supposed to be the authors of all the measures they objected to. The badge was an imitation, only more in earnest, of Egmont's fool's-cap livery.

Meantime there was still a pause, while representations went to the King, who was always so slow in acting that hopes began to be entertained that they were taking effect. Enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch by field preachings, and at the very moment when the few wise men of the country were endeavouring to prevent the storm from breaking over the country, the Calvinist preachers worked up the people into one of their furies against the images and pictures venerated by Catholics, in which they committed outrages, that with such a king as Philip were sure to seal their doom.

The Churches of the Low Countries were among the most beautiful and splendid in existence. The wealth of generations of rich burghers had been lavished on them, and the art, both in architecture, sculpture, glass-painting, and metal-work, was of a high and peculiar order, unrivalled except in Italy itself, and thoroughly original. Even the fragments that remain are so rich and splendid as to show dimly what their full glory must have been, before Calvinistic fury, founded on the

CAMEO III.

Iconoclasm at Antwerp. 1565.

suppressed Second Commandment, applied literally the injunctions to the Israelites in a heathen land to break down their altars and destroy their images. Such frenzies had broken out in Scotland and in France, but this was remarkable because, when it came to the point, the Calvinist ministers would have prevented it if they could, aware of the exceeding danger that would ensue.

It began at Antwerp. There had been much preaching there, and the magistrates, together with the Prince of Orange, had insisted that it should not take place within the city, but only be tolerated in the fields outside. This had angered the populace, and as a great procession in honour of the Blessed Virgin was to take place on the 18th of August, the Prince so much dreaded an outbreak that he repeatedly begged the Duchess to excuse him from attending a meeting of the Knights of the Golden Fleece at Duffel upon that day, thinking that his presence might restrain the people. She, however, pressed so urgently for his assistance and counsel, that he could not avoid going before the procession took place.

A colossal image of the Blessed Virgin was carried round the city from the Church of Notre Dame, lately become a Cathedral, and one of the most splendid structures in existence. The guilds, the confraternities, the religious orders, the magistrates, all marched to the chant of hymns, with beat of drum and sound of trumpet, and the banners of each band displayed. Hitherto it had been the joyous holiday of the town. Now the ritual seemed the emblem at once of superstition and oppression. A rabble went alongside hooting out, "Mayken, Mayken, your hour is come. This is your last walk. The city is tired of you!"

Nothing worse, however, happened that day, but on the next, the mob again collected round the porch, while others went into the Church and continued to insult the image. A ragged fellow ascended the pulpit, and made a ribald discourse in caricature of a sermon, till a brave young Catholic sailor, who could bear it no longer, sprang up the steps and flung him down, rolling down with him. There was a fray all over the Church, daggers drawn, and blows exchanged, but no great damage done, before the rabble were expelled.

The magistrates met and had a long anxious consultation, but without the Prince of Orange they seemed utterly helpless and undecided, and nothing was done for the prevention of further mischief. They hoped the danger was over, but in the morning a fierce, ragged, mischievous-looking mob were again at the porch. There sat an old woman, who drove a small trade in wax tapers and candles to be burnt before the shrines of the saints, and they began to bait and torment her. She replied with hard words, and at last a shower of small missiles began to fly on either side, and when this warfare once began, the flood-gates were soon broken down. The magistrates, coming to the Cathedral, checked the tumult for a short time by their presence, but no sooner had they departed, thinking the peril over, than the crowd burst in, and while singing a metrical psalm at the top of their voices, hewed to

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Havoc in the Churches. 1565.

pieces the image of the Virgin, and went on with utter destruction of every decoration, shattering the glorious windows, tearing down monuments and banners, trampling pictures to pieces, and despoiling no less than seventy chapels. The central figure over the High Altar of the Crucified Saviour was torn down and destroyed, while the two thieves were left on either side, and when the work was over there, and the gloriously beautiful place a scene of desolation, the mob rushed through the streets knocking every shrine into fragments, and sacking every Church and convent they came to, turning out the monks and nuns, but neither hurting them nor helping themselves to any of the spoil.

The frenzy spread. In one week in August innumerable Churches were devastated, 400 in Flanders alone, and almost every place, except Brussels, and the provinces of Limburg, Luxemburg, and Namur, demolished the accumulated works of times past; or rather the magistracy looked tamely on while some small number of fanatics did the work, supported, rather than aided by the mob. They left gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones, heaped on the Church floors, they seldom inflicted personal injury, and it was all over in a week or ten days, but for the time it was an uncontrollable passion of zeal, so little accounted for that the Catholics said the mob were secretly paid by the Calvinist ministers, and the Calvinists said the Catholics suborned the rioters to bring down the King's anger upon them.

Orange repaired to Holland, Egmont to Flanders, to put down the disturbances. Egmont did so with severity and hot indignation, Orange less severely, while Hoorn, though likewise a Catholic, steadily refused to hang and burn the rioters of Tournay. The Regent was nearly wild with terror and distress, and was afraid of seeing the Churches of Brussels demolished before her eyes. In the hope of hindering any further destruction, and calming exasperated feeling, she proclaimed liberty of worship till further orders from Spain, and in the meantime she sent continual and passionate entreaties to Philip to come and judge for himself of the state of the country and to relieve her of the government, whilst Counts Berghen and Montigny were sent with another representation to Spain.

Philip could not but be transported with indignation at the sacrilege perpetrated all over the Low Countries. He had torn his beard in his first horror, and sworn by the soul of his father that he would take vengeance. However, on the tidings of the dangerous temper of men's minds, he promised a pardon to offenders in general, and gave hopes that the Papal Inquisition might not be enforced, but he reserved to himself the right of punishing the foremost in the sedition, and insisted on the Episcopal Inquisition.

The whole was to be set in order on his coming to the Netherlands. "I eat my heart," said the Duchess, "till the coming of your Majesty;" but in truth he never really meant to come. He was never happy out of Spain, and much preferred ruling by writing from his cabinet.

Meanwhile the ringleaders of the sacrilege were put to death, under

CAMEO III.
Departure of Orange.
1567.

the superintendence of Orange; and there was a sort of calm, but it was known that Spanish forces were preparing, and Orange at least was sure that by their means the King intended to put down, not only the religion of the Calvinists, but the liberties of the States. He held a meeting with Egmont, Hoorn, and Hoogstraten, at Dendremond, and declared himself willing, if they would support him, to become the head of a national resistance to the Spaniards, no longer regarding Philip as their hereditary prince, but as the ruler of an alien nation, about to trample on them.

But Egmont was a chivalrously loyal man, and had sworn never to draw his sword against the King, come what might, and he was resolved not to do so now. He would not believe that so good a King could really mean any harm by his people, and he refused to join in any rebellion.

Orange knew that without him any efficient resistance was impossible. Tumults continued to break out from time to time, and were duly put down, but in 1567 it became known, beyond all doubt, that the King was not coming to the Netherlands, but in his stead the stern and terrible Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army, to establish his authority.

Then William the Silent resolved to leave the country. He met Egmont for the last time at Willsbrook, a village between Antwerp and Brussels, and besought him to go with him, but Egmont declared he had done nothing for which he need flee; he had been loyal to King and Church in thought, word, and deed, and he feared nothing.

"Alas, Egmont," answered his friend, "the King's clemency will be your destruction. I foresee only too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy as soon as they have passed over it into the country."

Therewith the Prince gave his friend a long and tender embrace, as one whom he should never meet again; and writing to the King and the Duchess to resign all his offices of state, he left Holland on the 22nd of April, and repaired to Dillenburg, an estate which he possessed in Germany.

Egmont remained, blinded by the fair speeches of the Duchess and his own good conscience. So did Hoorn, though grumbling and discontented. Montigny and Berghem were kept prisoners for life at Madrid. Brederode, after much drunken bravado, escaped to Germany, and there died after a year of debauchery and revelry. The other *Gueux* retired to their estates, and hoped that their numbers would secure them from the dark storm that was gathering from the south.

Much evil had been done, but a terrible retribution was preparing; and though no Englishman had been concerned in these affairs, they and their results had no small influence on the affairs of England and Scotland.

Philip, in spite of all the difference of faith, was in alliance with England, and wished to retain her friendship, as a balance to the power of France. His Ambassador at this time was the Dean of Toledo,

CAMEO III.

Proposed marriage with Archduke Charles.

Guzman by name; and in return Queen Elizabeth sent the Dean of Gloucester, whose name was Mann, observing, on some blunder of the latter, that if the King had sent her a Goose-man, she had sent him a Man-goose.

There was a great desire that Elizabeth should marry into the house of Austria, and the Archduke Charles, brother to the Emperor Maximilian, was proposed to her, backed by Sussex, together with Hunsdon and all her Boleyn connections. Charles was a man of high qualities, brave and accomplished, and speaking many languages. The only ostensible difficulty was the religious one, and he went so far as to promise that he would accompany the Queen to church, and that if he were allowed a private chapel where Mass could be celebrated, no Englishman should ever be present at it. However, Leicester, who had not utterly resigned all hopes for himself, contrived to whisper to the Queen that the Archduke had an illicit love of his own in Germany, and she refused him on the score of religion. Sussex wrote, "He knew who was at work in the vineyard at home, but if Heaven should ever put it into his dear mistress's heart to divide the weeds from the grain, she would reap a better harvest here." The fact was that Elizabeth was resolved against marriage, unless she should be absolutely forced to exclude Mary of Scotland from the succession, and as she never knew whether this might not happen at any time, it was convenient to have a suitor to bring forward, as well as congenial to her own delight in a courtship.

CAMEO IV.

THE LITTLE LAME PEACE.

(1566—1568.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1542. Mary.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO IV.

Convention at Moulins. 1566.

AFTER the deaths of the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise, there was a certain exhaustion of strength and spirit between the two great parties that rent France. In this interval, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital completed his revision of the laws respecting the administration of justice and promotion of magistrates; and after being registered (not without opposition) by the Parliament of Paris, they were presented to an assembly of Notables, convoked at Moulins, in December, 1566.

This assembly was presided over by the young King, Charles IX., then sixteen, a thin, pale, dark-eyed lad. Almost all the persons of any consequence of royal or noble blood were there, and Queen Catherine took the opportunity of bringing about a general reconciliation between the hostile parties.

The Constable de Montmorency and the Cardinal of Lorraine embraced, Coligny purged himself by oath of the murder of Guise, and exchanged the kiss of peace with the widow and the brothers; but the young Duke Henri, who, though hardly sixteen, had been serving against the Turks in Hungary, would not come to the meeting, reserving to himself the right of vengeance. His mother, Anne of Este, soon after married the Duke of Nemours, Jacques of Savoy, who was released from his engagements to Françoise de Rohan, of the great old house of Rohan in Brittany, because she was a Huguenot.

Such "love days," as they were called in England, were too apt to be the prelude to fresh outbreaks. There were sure to be vexations on either side, and the Huguenots lived in a state of continual distrust, well knowing that they were barely tolerated, and continually expecting fresh attacks. The privileges they had gained by the last war were gradually being straitened. They were forbidden to keep open shop on festival

days, they might make no collections for the poor in remote places, their ministers were forbidden to hold synods, to keep school, or to change their residence, and the offices of the magistracy were closed against them.

All this time Catherine was treating the Prince of Condé with such studied courtesy, that he thought himself in the highest possible favour. Old Montmorency was talking of resigning the Constable's sword, and Condé actually requested that it might be given to him. Young Henri, Duke of Anjou, the King's next brother, a boy of fifteen, on this uttered such hot and disdainful words, that Condé asked whether they were prompted by the Queen? Catherine avoided giving a direct answer, and Condé then demanded the meaning of the 6,000 Swiss who had been levied, ostensibly to guard the frontier towards the Low Countries, but who were kept in Champagne.

"We know very well what we are going to do with them," haughtily replied Monsieur, as the King's next brother was always called, a custom apparently dating from this time.

Condé took alarm, left the Court, and held meetings with the Chatillon brothers. By and by, with what truth or not is uncertain, reports came that the Swiss were being called into Paris, and that the persons of Condé and Coligny were to be secured, and the edict of Amboise repealed, so that persecution might begin again. Thereupon it was decided to begin a fresh civil war at once. The Court was living in security at the little Castle of Monceaux, and it was decided that the Huguenot gentlemen should collect their retainers secretly in haste, seize the King, to give a legal colour to their proceedings, and imprison the Cardinal of Lorraine.

It was impossible to collect the forces so secretly but that intelligence should be carried to the Court. A council was held in the sick chamber of the old Constable, who had the gout, and who flew into a passion at the notion that there could be movements of troops in the kingdom without his knowing it. However, it was decided to move from this little unfortified place to Meaux with all speed, and send for the Swiss to meet the King there, while the Queen sent off François de Montmorency to see Condé, and demand of him the meaning of this concentration of armed men, who were coming together at Rosoy en Brie.

While Montmorency and Coligny were thus parleying, the Swiss were advancing; but the Queen decided on moving at once into Paris, about thirty miles off, the very night after the Swiss arrived, when they had had but three hours' rest.

At midnight the cavalcade set forth. Nine hundred gentlemen were there, but with no weapon save their swords; and in the midst was the young King, his brothers, their mother and her ladies. At break of day, on the 28th of December, the Huguenot troops were seen, when the party had only gone twelve miles. The Constable, with some of the Swiss, remained to occupy them by skirmishing, while 200 of the

CAMEO IV.

Battle of St. Denis. 1566.

best armed and mounted escorted the King through bye-lanes to Paris, which he did not reach till nightfall! The Cardinal of Lorraine was very nearly captured, and only owed his safety to the fleetness of his Spanish gennet. Montmorency kept the enemy in check all day, and then entered Paris.

The Huguenots then blockaded the roads, and Condé and Coligny fixed their head-quarters at St. Denis; but Condé had only 2,000 men, and there were 10,000 troops now in Paris, so that the joke went that a fly was besieging an elephant. His colleagues were all gone in different directions to collect their troops, and he had not a single piece of artillery. At first the Constable did not believe how ill-provided the Huguenots were, and, only when convinced, set out on the 10th of November to dislodge them.

Condé drew up his little army on the heights in a half-moon. Montmorency, whom his eighty years could not make a wise general, had spread his line to a great extent, and put the Paris burgesses in front of the Swiss. These worthy citizens were splendid to look at in gilded armour and rich garments, but they had never been under fire; and at the first volley they took fright, and choked up the roads in front of the Swiss, who were thus unable to advance. Meanwhile, the horse on each side had a desperate encounter. Condé and Coligny charged at full speed on the men-at-arms where the Constable commanded. The old man's horse fell, and Robert Stewart, a Scot, bade him surrender. His answer was a blow with the pommel of his sword, which knocked out three of the man's teeth; but another Scot, at the same moment, shot him through the body from behind.

His eldest son, François, was charging the Huguenots in flank, and forced them back; Condé's horse just carried him out of the fray, and then fell dead. The bridle of Coligny's horse was severed, and it dashed right through the enemy; but he was not recognised, and escaped.

Death of Montmorency. 1566.

François de Montmorency had decided the victory, and found his father dying of six wounds. The old warrior wished to die on the battle-field, but was taken into Paris. To one of the priests who was comforting him, he said—"Do you think I have lived fourscore years without being able to bear dying for a quarter of an hour?"

The Huguenots called him Captain Brûlebanc, because of the havoc he made in their conventicles. He was devout after his own fashion, but also very stern, and it was said that he would, in the midst of a battle or foray, go on repeating his rosary, interspersed with such orders as, "Burn that village!—Shoot down that fellow!" So that it was a saying, "Deliver us from the Aves of M. le Connétâble." He had survived a good deal of intrigue, and the days into which he had lived were so much worse than those of his youth, that he had come to pass for a type of old honour and loyalty.

Charles IX. would make no new Constable. "Young as I am," he said, "I can carry my own sword."

CAMEO IV.

Retreat of Condé. 1566.

In fact his brother Henri wanted it, but this would have made him too powerful, and neither Condé nor Guise could be trusted with it, even had the latter been old enough. Monsieur was, however, made Lieutenant-General, with a council to assist him chosen by the Queen.

The battle of St. Denis had been a defeat, but so few Huguenots had been engaged that it left their strength unbroken, and Coligny and Condé, gathering the rest of their men, fell back towards Lorraine. They had sent entreaties for help to the German Protestants, and as the house of Austria was always ready to annoy the crown of France, the Emperior Maximilian put no hindrance *in* the way of the raising a body of Landsknechts, who were under the command of Johann Casimir, son to the Elector-Palatine, Friedrich III., a strong Calvinist, but it was long before they could arrive, and some of the Huguenots grew impatient.

"Where are you taking us?" one of them asked of Condé.

"To meet our German allies."

"And if we do not meet them?"

"Then we must blow our fingers, for it is very cold."

However, after four months, they did meet, at Pont à Mousson, but the Landsknechts declared that they would not stir till they were paid the 100,000 crowns that had been promised them, and for which most cared a good deal more than for the cause of the Reformed.

Condé had only 2,000, but a general contribution was made of plate, jewels, and gold chains, in which Johann Casimir himself joined, and 80,000 crowns were raised, with which the Germans were partially appeased. They then marched to besiege Chartres, though their whole artillery consisted only of nine small cannon. In the meantime the Huguenots in the south, where they were much more numerous than in the north, had risen, and seized no less than forty cities, of which Montpellier, Nismes, and Montauban were the most important. Wherever they went they drove out the priests, ransacked the convents, and sacrilegiously stripped the churches; nor did they stop there. At Nismes, after pillaging the Bishop's palace, they there collected a number of Catholic prisoners, killed seventy-two that night, and threw their corpses down a well, and forty-eight more the next morning. At Alais, they killed seven canons, two Franciscans, and several other monks. Troops were sent to repress them, and there were various skirmishes, but the strength of the parties was nearly equally balanced in Languedoc. In Guienne they were beaten by Blaise de Montluc, but they gained one important advantage.

The city of La Rochelle was exceedingly strong, and was a great seaport with a considerable commerce. The citizens were rich and brave, and had many privileges, such as that of electing their own magistrates. They were 18,000 in number, and almost all Calvinists, but in all the wars they had observed strict neutrality until their Mayor, Trucharès, on the defeat of the Huguenots by Montluc, opened the gates to them, and swore fidelity to Condé as Lieutenant-Governor.

CAMEO IV.

The lame peace of Longjumeau. 1568.

The place was besieged by Montluc, but in vain; and for the next seventy years La Rochelle continued the chief stronghold of the Huguenots.

Catherine de Medici had all this time been getting together a very considerable army, but she did not wish it to fight, only to overawe the Huguenots, and force them to come to terms. Indeed she dreaded victory on either side, as the conqueror would be sure to become a thorn in her side.

So she offered to restore the edict of Amboise, without any of the drawbacks, on condition that the Germans were dismissed, and the towns that had been seized surrendered to the King. Condé and Coligny wanted to keep some cities as guarantees, but this was eluded, and the treaty that was signed at Longjumeau on the 23rd of March, 1568, was called "the little lame peace," and "the insecure peace."

The Queen had advanced 300,000 crowns to pay off the Germans, and she insisted that this sum should be repaid her from the estates of the chiefs, not by subscriptions from the Huguenot congregations, intending thus to weaken them, and to prevent political collections at public worship. It was indeed a most insecure peace. Things had been done on either side which inflamed every one's feelings. The wickednesses that had been perpetrated on the clergy, the monks, and the nuns, could not be forgotten, and the concessions to the Calvinists shocked the clergy. The preachers in Paris denounced moderation, and cited the deaths of Korah, the slaughter of the calf-worshippers and of the votaries of Baal, as examples, just as John Knox and his friends were doing on the other side in Scotland. Murder was avenged by murder. When the royalist troops re-entered the cities the sacrilege and cruelty were remembered, and equal atrocities were committed. In a tumult at Amiens, 100 Huguenots were killed, 150 at Auxerre, others at Orleans, Bourges, and Troyes. At Ligny, a fugitive Calvinist was hunted down and killed in the very arms of the Mayor, who was trying to save him; and at Clermont, a man who had failed in tokens of reverence towards the Host was dragged to the market-place, and burnt on a pile of timber pulled from his own house. The Huguenots declared that 10,000 persons perished during the six months' peace, and only 500 in the war; and though this is an impossible exaggeration, it was true that their situation was becoming worse every day.

CAMEO V.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

(1567—1568.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1542. Mary.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE still stands ruinous on its island. It has a tall round tower, with three of the angles adorned with small round turrets projecting, and with extinguisher roofs. Below, there were two vaulted floors, and another storey rose above them on beams and joists. There was room on the islet for a hall, and for chambers and out-buildings; and there were other islets on the lake, one containing the ruined monastery of St. Serf. Supplies, however, had to come from the mainland.

Mary had fitted up her apartments there on her first arrival from France, and the walls were hung with tapestry representing hunting and hawking pieces, and she had a green velvet bed, and a crimson canopy over her chair of state. It stood in a round presence-chamber within the tower, and looked out across the lake to the mountains, and to the hamlet of Kinross.

Three of her ladies, Marie de Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, and Mary Seton had gone with her. The Countess of Moray was likewise at Lochleven, and such of the seven daughters of Lady Douglas as were unmarried attended upon her. At first she would not eat, and seemed broken-hearted, but her elastic spirits rose—she played at cards, worked with her needle, and devised sports and pastimes for her little train, thus winning entirely the heart of George Douglas, the second son, then at home.

A month had thus passed, when, on the 23rd of July, 1567, Lord Lindsay and Sir Robert Melville were seen crossing the lake. When ushered into her presence they produced three deeds, which they required her to sign. One was an abdication of her crown in favour of her son; the second appointed Moray as regent; the third established Morton

CAMEO V.

Forced abdication of Mary. 1567.

and some other lords as a council in the absence of Moray, who was still abroad.

Mary utterly refused such a proposal, and Melville begged to see her alone. He told her that her danger was great in case of her persisting. He gave her a turquoise ring as a token from Athol, Huntly, Lethington, and Grange, to authorise their message that abdication was the only means of saving her life, and likewise a letter from Throckmorton, concealed in the scabbard of his sword, with the same advice. She, however, declared that she would not comply with a demand only prompted by the ambition of a few.

On Melville's failure, Lindsay came in. He was a man whom Mary specially detested for his brutal insults on her entrance into Edinburgh; and he had no scruple in employing threats, first that he would lock her up in the Tower, and then that he would throw her into the lake to feed the fishes.

"I am not yet five-and-twenty!" cried the poor young Queen, and then tears choked her utterance, and she wept piteously, while Melville whispered to her that she would do wisely to save her life by signing the papers, since these threats would render them quite invalid.

Lindsay, further exasperated by her tears, swore that he would make an end of it at once, and grasping her arm, forced the pen into her fingers, and held her till she traced her name, leaving the mark of his gauntlet on her soft wrist. George Douglas broke forth in indignation, but he was viewed as a mere boy, and his elder brother, Sir William, had left the room, refusing to have anything to do with the business. The Queen was left in such a state of agitation and despair, that she had a fever, which kept her for some weeks in bed.

Meantime, her chapel at Holyrood was rifled by Lord Glencairn, and preparations were made for the instant coronation of her unconscious child.

Scotland was accustomed to mourning coronations of infants, and perhaps that of her sixth James was the saddest of all, when, on the 28th of July, 1567, he was borne in the arms of the Earl of Mar to the parish church of Stirling. Athol carried the crown, Morton the sceptre, Glencairn the sword. Mary's act of abdication was read, and Lindsay falsely swore to its having been given by her own free will.

John Knox preached the sermon. He with some others would have omitted the anointing as a Jewish or Popish ceremony, but as it was unsafe to dispense with anything essential to the King's legal title, he was overruled. The Bishop of Orkney (by title), the same who had married the Queen to Bothwell, was to perform the ceremony, and a newly-framed coronation-oath to protect the Kirk was taken in the child's name by the Earl of Morton. Then the crown of Scotland was held over the poor little unconscious head, and each noble and each burgher laid his hand on it, and swore those oaths of allegiance which

CAMEO V.

Coronation of James VI. 1567.

they were wont to count so lightly. After which the Earl of Mar lifted the poor baby off his throne, and carried him back to the castle as King James VI. of Scotland.

The English ambassador was not there: Queen Elizabeth had forbidden him to countenance any such proceeding; and indeed the English Queen was in great perplexity. As a woman, she would fain have supported her cousin; and as a Queen, she hated insurgents; but her interests were with the Reformed rather than the Roman Catholic cause, and she knew or suspected enough to make her doubt whether Mary was not a criminal whose part she could not espouse. Her view was that it would be best for all that Mary and her son should both be in her own keeping, where the child could be well educated like the best man of his line, James I., and prepared for the throne of England, and where the lives of both would be safer than among their own subjects.

For Sir Nicolas Throckmorton wrote her word that he heard from the Council that the Archbishop of St. Andrew's (George Hamilton) was calling on the Council to put Mary to death, and when he (Sir Nicolas) suggested that it would be better to divorce her from Bothwell, and marry her to one of their own party, the answer was that her death would leave the Hamiltons with nothing but the little King between them and the throne, and he "might die." Throckmorton, by his own account, only succeeded in persuading the Council to take no steps for the trial and execution of their Queen till the arrival of the Earl of Moray, whom they elected as Regent.

He was in France when the tidings reached him, and there was much excitement there. Young Charles IX., who had a boy's fondness for his beautiful sister-in-law, would have brought her and her son to France at once, but this was the last thing that Catherine de Medici wished.

Provided Scotland remained her ally, she did not care who was its sovereign, and she absolutely disliked Mary. Large promises were made to the new Regent; but he was a cool and cautious man, and did not commit himself except by taking gifts of plate and money. He returned by way of England, and saw Queen Elizabeth, who scolded him well, and declared that she meant to restore her sister-queen, and punish the rebels.

Her Council did the best to smooth away the impression these words had made, but Moray went away in displeasure, though still saying as little as possible of his intentions, and reserving his decision till he should be on the spot.

Four hundred gentlemen on horseback met him as soon as he had left Berwick and escorted him to Edinburgh. He was urged to accept the Regency, but refused until he should have seen his sister. Difficulties were made, lest she should talk him over, and at last he was only permitted to go to Lochleven in company with Morton, Athol, and Lindsay.

CAMEO V.
Regency of Mary.
1567.

Mary received them with tears and complaints of her captivity. She had a long private interview with her brother, of which we have only the account he chose to give to Sir Nicolas Throckmorton on his return to Edinburgh.

By this he represented himself as behaving to her at first "more like a ghostly father than a counsellor," and leaving her no hope but in the mercy of Heaven when he parted with her at night; but in the morning he showed some relenting, and she, with many entreaties, tears, and embracings, besought him to accept the Regency, as the best hope for herself and her son, and to get all the strong places into his power. He showed some reluctance, but her pleading grew stronger, and finally he promised to become Regent.

After this she became cheerful and sent her blessing to her son. It seems likely that this narrative is true, though possibly not the whole truth. Indeed Moray's conduct would seem to have been a piece of acting, in order that he might be armed with her consent to his taking the Regency in case of accidents. At any rate, Moray was sworn in as Regent at the Tolbooth on the 19th of August, 1567, and proclaimed the same day at the Market Cross.

The first thing he did was to take away the government of Edinburgh Castle from Balfour, Bothwell's creature, and give it to Kirkaldy of Grange; but he was obliged to buy Balfour off with 5,000*l.*, the Abbey of Pittenweem, and a pledge of immunity for his share in Darnley's murder, though some of the lesser tools were arrested. The greater ones, such as Morton, Lethington, and Athol, who had made Moray king in all but name, were necessarily let go free.

It was a perilous path in which he had to walk. From France he had few fears. Charles IX. might declare that he would deliver his fair sister, but he was a mere boy; the Duke of Guise was younger still, and Catherine was sure not to promote any scheme in Mary's favour, even had she been at leisure to send any forces from France.

Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, was furious, and used the most violent language respecting the subjects who had dared to judge and dethrone their Queen; and she sent off Sir Nicolas Throckmorton with orders to see Queen Mary, assure her of England's protection, and then dictate terms to the rebels.

Sir Nicolas, who had only just come home from Scotland, knew that it was all very well for his mistress to talk; but he did not believe that he should even be allowed access to Mary, and was quite sure that Scottish pride would never endure to be thus treated. However, he could not persuade the Queen to attend to him. She felt all royalty outraged by a sovereign's imprisonment, and though she was very angry with Mary, she was still more angry with the subjects who had dared to dethrone her.

Poor man, he was in a difficult position. The utmost speed that messengers could make left a fortnight at the very least between the despatch of a letter from Edinburgh and the receipt of the answer

CAMEO V.

Mission of Throckmorton. 1567.

from London. The Scots lords showed themselves so mortally offended that he durst not urge his mission. Yet his Queen sent letter after letter, pressing him on, and every word he said only enraged the Scots, and made them ready to put their Queen to death as an assertion of their independence. At last they told him that his Queen forgot that she was not addressing her own subjects, and Cecil succeeded in persuading Elizabeth that she was really provoking them into murdering their Queen, and that if they did so, every one would accuse her of having thus purposely brought about a death so convenient to her.

Throckmorton was then to his own great relief recalled. He was not allowed to see Mary, and when, on his taking leave, the usual compliment of a present of gold plate was offered to him, it was in the name of the King. He therefore would not accept it, since he owned no King in Scotland.

Elizabeth was very angry, but as she told the French ambassador, to proceed to take up arms against the Scots would be certain death to their prisoner, and she held her hand. Parliament met, and passed an Act declaring the Queen and Bothwell guilty of murder.

Meanwhile the Scots, with Moray, a decided Calvinist, at their head, were regulating further their form of worship and discipline. There was a dispute between Dr. Cox, Edward VI.'s tutor, who maintained the English Service-book, mutilated for Frankfort use, and John Knox, who had a Book of Common Order, adapted from that of Geneva, without responses. These John Knox hated, and called them "murmuring aloud while the minister prayed." The Scottish love for France, and dislike to England, prevailed, and in 1567 the Book of Common Order was generally adopted. There were about 289 ministers then existing, and 715 readers who might read the service in their absence. No provision was made for the Gaelic-speaking congregations, but the service, where English was not understood, might be in Latin. However, the so-called Bishop of the Isles did translate the Book of Common Order for the use of his flock, but it was not generally adopted. In fact, most of the Highland chiefs and their clans held to the old faith, though in a very rude manner, as may be inferred from their custom of leaving the right hand outside the water at baptism, in order that unchristened blows might be the more terrible. The Common Order was received as meant to supply the lack of readiness in extemporising, and successive editions dropped out more and more of the very slender ritual. The Creed was once rehearsed by the minister whenever he pleased, and to it was appended an explanation; but as time went on, the Creed of apostolic ages was left out, and only the Scots Confession of Faith remained. Brief forms of Communion, Baptism, and Marriage still survived, but no service at all for the Burial of the Dead, so much were prayers for them dreaded!

The only congregational part of the Sunday service was the psalmody. Knox had in Frankfort seen the effect of Lutheran singing, and was

CAMEO V.

Arrangements of the Kirk.
1567.

willing to adopt it. A family called Wedderburn, at Dundee, did the work for Scotland that Clément Marot had done for France, even parodying many old Scottish ballads. The Psalms were also put into vigorous and rugged metre, with more of poetry than Sternhold and Hopkins had been able to retain, and these were most spirit-stirring calls to men who sang them with their whole heart and soul, and applied all their denunciations to the Church of Rome and Queen Mary.

Moray was a vigorous ruler. The spirit of the brave and justice-loving Jameses had descended to him, and he ruled with a high hand, suppressing border raids. That some of these mosstroopers were warmly attached to the cause of the Queen, and others connected with the Hepburns of Bothwell, made him all the more ready to strike them.

Still there was a cry that no one had been brought to justice for the King's murder, and Moray caused four of the actual executors of the deed to be seized, namely, Hay of Talla, Hepburn of Bolton, and Powrie, besides Dalgleish, the man who had been sent back for the casket.

The English spectators expected much from their confessions, but they were arraigned, tried, convicted, and executed all in one day, the 3rd of January, 1568. Their confessions were kept private, and all that was known about them was that Hay was said to have accused many great personages, and that Hepburn sent this message to Lindsay before his execution, "My lord, heartfully I forgive your lordship, and also my lord regent, and all others, but especially them that betrayed me to you, as ye will answer before God in the latter day, to do your diligence to bring the rest, who was the beginning of this work to justice, as ye have done unto me, for ye know it was not begun in my head."

The poor man might well feel it hard that the hand should suffer for the head. Every one knew that Morton, Lethington, and Lindsay were far more truly guilty, even if Moray himself had not known that Darnley must be got rid of, and absented himself on purpose, but to proceed against these nobles was an absolute impossibility. In truth, murders in Scotland had been so frequent that nobody thought much of them, except those whom they involved in a deadly feud, and the unlucky Henry Stewart was so universally despised and disliked that the conspirators could never have expected that there would be so much excitement about his murder; nor probably would it ever have been regarded as more than an act of savage political necessity, but for the Queen's marriage with Bothwell, and the theological hatred against her. It was necessary to find victims, and the poor clansmen and servants were the safest, though even their mouths had to be stopped.

Moray felt himself in danger. A great part of the country was against him, Huntly, Argyle, and the Hamiltons were scarcely withheld from attacking him; Lord Flemyng, an ardent friend of the Queen, held Dumbarton Castle, where he could admit the English or French,

whichever chose to espouse Mary's cause—and moreover he had no money, and durst not press for any.

And this was his way of raising it. His sister, when he saw her at Lochleven, had asked him to take charge of her jewels. Among them was a set of pearls, which in France had been valued at 16,000 crowns. These he sent to London to be offered to Queen Elizabeth at 12,000, together with a copy of the Act of Parliament declaring Queen Mary guilty of murder. Elizabeth acted only too like herself. She accepted the bargain for the jewels, but she refused to have anything to do with the Scottish affairs, unless both parties would submit to her judgment.

For ten months Mary had remained quietly at Lochleven. It is believed by some that in the course of that time a little daughter was born, and sent privately to France, where she escaped the sorrows of a royal maiden of Scotland by becoming a nun at Soissons, where she was brought up. It is scarcely likely, however, that Mary should have lived and died without making any sign of her existence, or that the secret should have been so kept.

The description in Scott's *Abbot* may be taken as giving a very fair notion of her life there, and of the persons about her, except that the time of her stay was much longer than in the novel, and that the persons are so far altered that the Queen's Mary was the Seton, not the Flemyng, and that her other two ladies were Marie de Courcelles and Jane Kennedy, the latter of whom was with her to the last moment of her life. The true Roland Græme was really a foundling, but his name was Willie Douglas—Volly, as the Queen spelt him—and he was page, not to her, but to the Lady of Lochleven.

George Douglas, the second son of the family, was removed, because of the warm affection he had manifested to the captive Queen, but he lingered about Kinross, and communications were begun between the prisoners and their friends without.

One evening, when the laundress was being ferried back from the castle by some of the retainers, they saw she was a stranger, and were about to pull down her muffler to see what manner of wench she was. She put up her hands in self-defence, and then, as their whiteness and delicacy turned rudeness into suspicion, she began to offer rewards if she might be rowed across the lake; but the men turned a deaf ear alike to commands and entreaties, and took her back to the castle.

And now Willie Douglas was to play his part. He was only eighteen, was chivalrously devoted to his Queen, and no doubt had all a boy's exultation in outwitting the old lady and the Regent.

The castle gates were always locked at night, and the key brought to the Lady while at supper. As it lay beside her on the table, Willie contrived, while waiting on her as page, to drop a napkin over it, and secure it. He took it to the Queen, and as soon as all was quiet, she crept forth, leading a little girl, and with two attendants entered the boat, while Willie, after locking the gates, and dropping the keys into the lake, helped to ferry his precious freight across. It

CAMEO V.

Escape of Mary. 1568.

was the 2nd of May, 1568, when in the evening light, George Douglas, watching intently, saw the waving of a white veil with a broad red border, knew the signal, had horses ready at the landing-place, and sent off messengers.

He had the joy of receiving the Queen after her ten months' durance; he set her on her horse, and immediately after came up Lord Seton, with fifty horse. They rode at speed to Seton's Castle at Niddry, whence she sent a messenger to ask the support and aid of Elizabeth. More friends came the next morning, and escorted her to Hamilton Palace. There was wild enthusiasm at her escape: nobles flocked in, the Hamiltons, Argyle, Flemyng, Eglinton, Rothes, and many more flocked round her, and she found herself in a few days at the head of 6,000 men. Her abdication was revoked; all that was done by her enemies was declared illegal, and a bond to support her was signed by nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, twelve abbots, and a hundred barons—by all those indeed who either were honestly loyal to her, or who disliked Moray, and feared that he and Knox were about to make them disgorge some of the Church lands for the benefit of the Presbyterian ministry.

In England there was rejoicing over Mary's escape. Cecil had dreaded her being restored by France, and disliked being allied with rebels, but if she would allow herself to be guided and restored by Elizabeth, then—as he fondly hoped—all would go well, and Thomas Leighton was sent off with full instructions to promise her assistance. But Moray had instantly perceived that his only chance was in speed. He was at Glasgow when he heard the tidings of his sister's escape, and he felt that he must strike before England could aid. With him were Morton, Lindsay, Lethington, Kirkaldy, all men who must overcome Mary or die ignominiously. They drew together 4,500 men, and resolved to give battle at once.

Mary would fain have avoided fighting, so as to wait to hear from England and France. Hamilton was not a strong place, and she tried to reach Dumbarton, marching along the south bank of the Clyde.

Battle of Langside.

At Langside, a village on a height full on the road, Moray drew up his troops to intercept her, on the 13th of May. It was a hand-to-hand fight among the troopers who met on the road; the others could only take aim at each other through the hedges. It only lasted three quarters of an hour, and then the Queen's men broke and fled. Moray cried to save and not slay, and only 300 of the losing party were killed, while one man alone of the King's men was missing.

The Queen herself no sooner saw her cause lost, than she gave reins to her horse and fled. With her were George Douglas and Willie, Lords Herries, Flemyng, and Livingston, and a few more. They rode all night, and first rested at Sanquhar, whence she went on to Herries' house of Terregles. There she learnt that Seton and all her best friends were prisoners. Nobody was rising on her behalf, she had met with no pity or sympathy from the country people in her flight, and her only

choice was between being taken by her subjects and finding a refuge in England. On this she determimed, and Lord Herries sent a servant to Lowther, the deputy-governor of Carlisle, to ask whether she would be received there, but she was too much terrified to wait for an answer, and on the 16th of May, only a fortnight since her escape from Lochleven, she embarked with Herries and about eighteen other persons, and landed at Workington in Cumberland.

She sent off a letter instantly to Queen Elizabeth, describing her sad plight and asking for protection, saying she had no clothes but those in which she had fled from the battle-field, and that she had only dared to travel by night. The northern gentlemen, as soon as they heard of her arrival, came to Workington, and escorted her first to Cockermouth, and then to Carlisle, where she awaited her answer.

CAMEO VI.

THE CASKET LETTERS

(1568—1569.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO VI.
—
Mary's reception.
1568.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S first impulse on hearing of Mary's arrival in her dominions was to invite her at once to Court, and there receive her affectionately, and make common cause with her.

But Cecil, Leicester, and all the rest of the ministers, were determined to prevent this. They believed Mary to be guilty; they regarded her as the head of the Roman Catholic party, and necessarily the enemy of the Queen and the Reformation. A war to restore her would be extremely unpopular with all Protestant English, and might further lead to an attack from France, since the Huguenots were at this time in favour with Catherine de' Medici, always Mary's enemy, and on friendly terms with the Earl of Moray. Besides, Cecil must have known, better than Elizabeth herself, how much all dangers might be aggravated by the personal rivalry of the two Queens in the same court. At any rate, he was entirely determined to keep them apart, and all that was done was to send off Lady Scrope to act as lady in waiting; and Sir Francis Knollys to attend on Mary with fitting state, while she made up her mind what was to be done.

Sir Francis was Elizabeth's cousin on the Boleyn side, and Puritanically inclined, and the Queen thought him a perfectly safe person to be exposed to the attractions of the dangerous siren. He found Lord Northumberland very angry at being prevented from seeing her, and though he considered that Lord Lowther, the Deputy-Governor of Carlisle, had only done his duty by such exclusion, he allowed her free intercourse with the persons who came to pay court to her. Meantime, Herries pleaded her cause in London, and Flemyng at Paris; and on the other hand, Sir John Norris, the English Ambassador in France, was warned by Huguenots that "the Queen of England did hold the wolf that should

CAMEO VI.

Mary at Carlisle. 1568.

devour her," and that all the Roman Catholic powers were going to join to overthrow her, and set Mary on her throne.

Mary was living as a guest at Carlisle, going and coming as she pleased, seeing her friends from Scotland, and riding out every day, hunting, and amusing herself. It was hard to believe any ill of one so lovely. Knollys wrote: "If the spots in this Queen's coat be manifest, the plainer and sooner that her Highness doth record her discontentation therewith, the more honourable it will be, I suppose; and it is the readiest way to stop the mouths of factious, murmuring subjects. This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonial honour beside the acknowledgment of her estate royal. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She showeth a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory. She desireth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies, and she concealeth no cowardice even in her friends. The thing that most she striveth after is victory, and it seemeth indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels raised among themselves, so that for victory's sake pain and peril seemeth pleasant unto her; and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seemeth to her contemptible and vile. Now, what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a princess and lady is to be nourished in one's bosom, I refer to your judgment."

Knollys himself was much with her; he taught her English, which was regarded as quite a different language from Scotch, and he held religious discussions with her. Mary had listened to Knox and his followers in the pulpits of Edinburgh, and she made no objection to going to English Churches, hearing sermons, and conversing with the chaplain; but she afterwards said, she never found any two who agreed in anything but cursing the Pope, and praying for the Queen; and this was probably quite true, since doctrine had fallen to a very low ebb in England, and every one was doing and believing pretty much as was right in his own eyes.

Lord Scrope and Sir Francis were much afraid of Mary riding off, angry and disobliged. They proved to themselves how easily she might reach the Border when out hunting or hawking, and how readily she might let herself down into an orchard below her bed-room window. They kept a diligent watch upon her, but much recommended her removal, and accordingly she was taken to Lord Scrope's castle at Bolton, where she continued to hold a kind of court, and was visited by the northern nobles and gentry, many of whom were Roman Catholics. The removal took place on the 16th July, 1568, and it was determined that in September there should be a court of inquiry held at York to look into the question at issue between Mary and her

CAMEO VI. — *Inquiry at York.* 1568.

subjects. Elizabeth's commissioners were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Ralph Sadler; — Mary's, John Leslie, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross; Lords Herries, Livingston, and Boyd; the Abbot of Kilwinning; Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar; and Sir James Cockburn of Stirling. For the little King of Scotland came Moray and Morton; Adam Bothwell, the so-called Protestant Bishop of Orkney; the Abbot (because he held the lands) of Dunfermline; and Lord Lindsay.

Probably Elizabeth honestly meant to have the truth brought to light, but there was not one of her ministers who would not have been greatly discomfited by a total acquittal of Mary. Failure of proof against her would be in their eyes failure of justice, and the re-establishment of the Guise influence, Romanism, and the fires of Smithfield. Therefore they were disposed not to scrutinise too closely the evidence that the other side might bring. Indeed, so entirely had Machiavel's principles been accepted, that public morality did not exist, and the very men who were religious, faithful, and honest in private life, saw no harm in tampering with evidence, treacherously exciting rebellion in foreign countries, and accepting the most bare-faced forgeries.

Queen Mary, by Elizabeth's direction, was the accuser, demanding her subjects to show the cause wherefore they had driven her from her throne.

Their answer did not enter on any question of her share in the death of Darnley, only stating that she had married Bothwell, and when her subjects wished to put him to death for his crimes, he had fled, and she would not consent to a divorce, but threatened all his enemies hotly. Therefore they were obliged to seclude her for a season, and she, being wearied with the cares and burthens of government, had voluntarily laid down her crown, and constituted Moray, without knowledge on his own part, as Regent.

It was a very lame story, easily answered. Bothwell had been actually recommended as a husband to the Queen by the very men who, a few weeks later, rose against her for not divorcing him. They had let him ride off without trying to seize him, and as to resigning her crown by her own good will, she had been forced to do it as the only means of saving her life.

Moray, in the meantime, secretly had desired to know whether the commissioners had authority to pronounce Mary guilty, and if, in that event, they would promise to pronounce sentence, or to deliver her up to him. They sent to their Queen to know how they should answer, and before the answer came back, Moray had sent them by Maitland five letters and some poetry. The commissioners wrote: "Afterwards they showed us one horrible and long letter of her own hand, as they say, containing foul matter, and abominable to be thought or written of."

At the same time, Maitland sent private information to Mary, who complained to Sir Francis Knollys, but as the accusation was not

CAMEO VI.

Proposals of Norfolk. 1568.

publicly made, there was no real opportunity of proving whether the letters were hers. The English Queen, on her side, desired that the conferences should be removed from York to Westminster, so as to lose less time in referring backwards and forwards. The cause was to be heard before the Queen in Council, but without the presence of the accused. Before leaving York, however, the Duke of Norfolk made, through the Bishop of Ross and the other Scottish friends of Mary, the extraordinary proposal of marrying Mary, if she were divorced from Bothwell.

This certainly was strange, if he thought the letters genuine, as he evidently did at first. He was thirty-six years old, the son of the poetic Surrey, and he held with the Church of England, though his first wife had been the daughter of the old Roman Catholic Earl of Arundel. He had never seen Queen Mary, so that his offer was not caused by her personal fascination, but it is not unlikely that he had become convinced that the letters were either forged or altered; and it must be owned that the general indignation at the removal of such a personage as Darnley was more convenient than real. With this view, Moray and Norfolk seem to have agreed that the murder should not, if possible, be charged openly against the Queen.

However, it was plain that the English would not be satisfied without some cause for her deposition more rational than that she would not divorce Bothwell at the bidding of the lords who had first advised her to marry him. So on the 26th of November, Moray, in the Painted Chamber at Westminister, added what he called an *eik*, or additional item, accusing the Queen of the murder of her husband.

Three days later appeared Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox, to make the same accusation against his daughter-in-law, appealing to Elizabeth because his son had been an English subject.

The Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Warwick were called in to examine the matter; Elizabeth declaring all the time that what concerned her was not the judging between the Queen of Scots and her subjects, which she would not undertake, but the deciding whether Mary should be received at court as an innocent woman, her equal, and her sister.

Various papers were laid on the table before the Council—Acts of Parliament of Scotland, reports of the trials of the men who had been put to death, and the casket letters, all lying "by hap" together, to be looked at by any of the nobles who chose to do so. Such a thing as examination of papers by an expert was utterly unimagined in those days, and these appear on the first day to have been simply handed about from one statesman to another, and read aloud, but not left with them for examination. Only the next day, English translations of the letters and sonnets were supplied. Two of the letters thus translated remain in the Record Office, marked by Cecil's hand.

Two witnesses were brought forward—Darnley's servant, Thomas Nelson, who had been taken alive out of Kirk of Field, on whose

CAMEO VI.

Inquiry at Westminster. 1568.

authority rests the story of the change of the new bed for the old one; and Thomas Crawford, who told the story of Mary's enticing Darnley to Edinburgh, he being a gentleman of the household of the Earl of Lennox. The commissioners of Queen Mary were not allowed to ask any questions, and not a single one of all the Queen's servants was examined, so that it would seem as if none of them would bear witness against her.

Mary, by her letters and her commissioners, desired to be allowed to answer in person, and to have the documents laid before her that she might confute them. But conditions were imposed. The English Council, especially Cecil, were, it would appear, determined that she was really guilty, and it was not their concern whether the evidence that was to establish her guilt were genuine or not. They also were afraid that if she and her subjects met face to face, "the Scots would pack together," as they said, and make common cause against the English; they were also afraid of the effect of her charms upon Norfolk and others of the peers, and so they wanted to stave off the full and open trial. Thus Mary was required to answer to these charges by her commissioners—or by writing—or else to reply to some nobleman who was to be sent to her.

She would do none of these things, sending orders to the Bishop of Ross to refuse on her part to submit to an inquiry thus conducted, and likewise to charge Moray and his friends direct with the murder. Nothing, however, came of this but some hot words between Herries and Lindsay. In fact the Council was determined to uphold Moray in the regency, and only wanted a respectable pretext, and this pretext could not be found, or at any rate brought home to the Queen.

Elizabeth herself devised the causing Mary to be counselled to make a voluntary abdication in favour of her son. If she would do this, and further have him brought into England to be there educated, she should enjoy full favour.

To this Mary returned an indignant refusal. "I would rather die than do so; my last words I speak in life shall be those of a Queen of Scotland."

And thus the conferences at Westminister came to no conclusion at all, or rather a lame and unsatisfactory one. Elizabeth still kept Mary at Bolton as a kind of half prisoner, and she sent Moray home with a loan of 5,000*l.* and recognition of his authority as Regent, and of little James as King of Scots.

Elizabeth seems to have been persuaded that Mary was guilty, but thought that the proofs would probably break down, and therefore that it was better to shuffle over the matter and accept the casket letters without examination.

That they were forgeries is likely, but Mary's cause does not entirely stand or fall by them, or the evidence that went with them. She probably did know that her husband was to die, but did not know the details of the plot, nor make the arrangements that her grooms fastened

upon her. Still her connivance would enable Moray and the rest to throw the entire guilt upon her, and it is observable that even her best friend, the Bishop of Ross, never wholly denied her participation, but only argued that David's sin did not justify rebellion in his people.

As to the letters, the originals have never been found. George Buchanan, who was appointed tutor to the little King, published a scurrilous book called the *Detection*, in Latin and in Scottish, in which he gave translations of these French letters, but the originals have vanished. Some say that Elizabeth destroyed them, others that James I. did, others that they never really existed!

Perhaps Mary's best friend at this time was the French ambassador, the Marquis de la Mothe Fénélon, who constantly defended her to Elizabeth, took care that her income as a dowager Queen of France should reach her safely, and once almost shamed Elizabeth into letting her see the letters. Altogether he showed a chivalry worthy of the ancestor of the great Archbishop.

Moray went back to Scotland, taking with him letters of safeguard not only from Elizabeth, but from Mary, with whom he was in correspondence about Norfolk, since it was alleged (though it is hard to suppose that any one would believe it) that Scottish kingsmen, and Scottish queensmen, Elizabeth, and everybody else, would be satisfied if Mary were restored with an English Protestant nobleman for her husband!

Mary had, however, made the Duke of Chatelherault (the head of the House of Hamilton, and next heir to the crown after her son), Lieutenant-general of the kingdom in her name, and with him were Huntly, Argyle, Athol, Morton, Mar, Glencairn, Herries, Seton, and Flemyng, so that her party was still a strong one, more especially as it held the strong castle of Dumbarton, where French succour could be admitted.

The chiefs of the party began to consider of another rising in favour of the Queen, and Elizabeth, apprehending that she might escape from Bolton Castle and join them, gave orders that she should be conducted to a greater distance from the Border. She had to set out on the 26th of January, 1569, in very cold and stormy weather, and only "sorry horses" were provided to take her to Tutbury Castle, a cold, half-furnished place, where she first began to become a prey to rheumatic attacks. It stood on the banks of the river Dove, and belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was thenceforth joined with Sir Robert Knollys in the charge of the captive Queen. Lady Knollys had just died, to the real grief of Elizabeth, whom La Mothe Fénélon found much depressed, but she would not allow Sir Robert to quit his post on account of his affliction.

Chatelherault tried to stir up a rising in Scotland on the Queen's behalf, but he was not trusted enough to succeed, and he began a negotiation with Moray for the pacification of the unfortunate kingdom which was torn to pieces between kingsmen and queensmen. A

CAMEO VI.

Norfolk's plan. 1569.

meeting was to be held at Edinburgh between Moray on the one side, and Chatelherault and Herries on the other. There Moray produced a paper for them to sign, absolutely acknowledging James as King. They both flatly refused, and were immediately seized and sent as prisoners into the castle. It was a flagrant breach of faith, which offended many of Moray's own adherents.

The Norfolk marriage scheme was in the meantime going on, and of all people in the world, Leicester was drawn into writing a letter recommending it, and holding out hopes of Elizabeth's consent. The most probable explanation of this is that Norfolk and his father-in-law Arundel, had of late taken umbrage at some of the foolish flirtations between him and the Queen, and that he wished to purchase their silence. At any rate, he went on promising from day to day to speak to the Queen, but never doing so, until hints of what was going on began to reach the Queen from other quarters.

Norfolk has told how one day when the Court was at Guildford, he came in and found the Queen listening with one ear to a little child who was playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling on one knee talking to her.

He drew back, and Leicester presently coming to him, told him that he was just going to have entered on his matter with the Queen, and that she would speak with him.

She did speak, but not in an encouraging fashion. For she gave him "a nip," and "bade him take heed to his pillow." This, in Tudor jocularity, meant to beware of the block.

Norfolk protested his utter innocence of all treason, and no doubt he honestly meant no harm to Elizabeth, but the Roman Catholic gentry in the north, many of whom had seen Mary when at Bolton, were hatching very serious plots, and his name could not but be connected with them.

Leicester found that all would come to light. So he pretended to fall ill at Titchfield, sent for the Queen as if he were dying, and confessed, as if to ease his conscience, that he had been privy to a plot for marrying the Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk, and raising the north on her behalf to restore her to her throne.

Again the Queen sent for Norfolk and rated him soundly. He made proud answer that his estate in England was worth little less than the whole kingdom of Scotland, and that when he was in his own tennis court at Norwich he felt himself a king!

Finding the whole Court treated him as one in disgrace, he went off from it with his father-in-law, Arundel, and returned to his own grand mansion at Kenninghall; but a summons to Court soon followed him thither, and on his way back he was seized and lodged in the Tower.

Maitland of Lethington, who had always been liked for his eloquence and persuasive tongue, would, it had been hoped, talk over Elizabeth to consent to the marriage, but Moray was beginning to mistrust him. At Stirling, Thomas Crawford, the same who had figured as a witness

CAMEO VI.
Maitland and Kirkaldy.
1569.

against Queen Mary, accused him on the part of the Earl of Lennox as an accessory to the murder of Darnley. He was arrested, and was sent off to Tantallon Hold, belonging to the Douglasses, but on the way Kirkaldy of Grange came down with a troop of horse, and carried him off to Edinburgh Castle.

Kirkaldy was governor of the castle, and it was the proper place for a state prisoner; but he was by this time thoroughly a Queen's man, so that Lethington was really safe in his hands. Another victim of the meaner sort was found and put to death at this time; the page, Nicolas Hubert, commonly called French Paris, was executed at St. Andrews, on the 16th August, 1569. His confession—or what was so-called—with all the particulars about the rooms and the gunpowder, was sent to Elizabeth. She desired to have the man himself sent to her, and was answered that he had been already hung. And what looks still more ugly is, that documentary evidence shows that he had been in Moray's hands for some months past, long before the York and Westminster conferences, though it was pretended to Elizabeth that he had only just been seized. The poor man must have met with frightfully foul play.

CAMEO VII.

THE MISSION OF ALVA.

(1567—1568.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles I.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO VII. — *The Netherlands.*

JUDGMENT of the characters of the men of these times is very difficult. The men who acted conscientiously often transgressed what appear to us the great and simple rules of humanity, truth, equity, and mercy; yet they went on high, uncompromising notions of right, and deemed that they were maintaining the honour of God and His Church, and only fulfilling His commands by trying to crush out heresy. The chief blame rests with their system rather than themselves, though greater men would have gone deeper and known that physical coercion in spiritual matters was utterly alien to the spirit of Christianity. Philip II. remained in doubt whether to proceed to extremities with the Low Countries, so beloved by Charles V. and so valuable to his crown. The letters are extant in which he sought counsel from the Pope, without whose advice he seldom acted.

As an Italian, and devoid of all sympathy with the northern spirit of independence, Pius bade him put down the Dutch disturbances in Church and State with the utmost severity, and he chose for his instrument one as devout and unflinching as himself, but with far more activity and readiness, Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, the most distinguished captain in Spain, now just sixty years old, having been trained in the wars of Charles V. He was a tall, thin man, very upright, with a small head, long narrow face, dark eyes and hair, a sallow complexion, and a long forked and grizzled beard. His manners were grave, stately, and reserved, after the Spanish ideal; he was unstained by any of the grosser vices, and he was viewed as a mirror of undeviating chivalry and loyalty; but the code of Spain at that time was utterly merciless towards all who did not hold the Catholic faith, and all idea of honour and good faith towards heretics and unbelievers

had been studiously avoided. To a Spaniard, Alva thus appeared a most noble personage, while to all who judged by other standards, he became a proverb for cool, treacherous ferocity.

CAMEO VII.

Pius V. 1566.

Pius V., who, chiefly by the influence of Cardinal Borromeo, had been elected Pope in 1566, was a man of pure, pious, ascetic life, who relaxed none of his self-denying habits when Pope, was perfectly unworldly and uncompromising, and so personally forgiving, that he would not punish a man who had tried to assassinate him, only saying, "See how God protects the innocent." He did much to carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent for reformation of the discipline of the clergy; he never showed special favour to his own family, avoided all the ordinary temptations of Popes, and was in all respects a saintly person But he could never understand that spiritual offences ought not to be dealt with by temporal weapons, and thus his very unworldliness made him terribly implacable, since he was withheld by no considerations of expediency. He was much under the influence of the Jesuits, who had hitherto been little esteemed at the Spanish Court, because they were said to be often sprung of families where there was a mixture of Jewish blood, so unjustly despised by the Spaniard. It is by no means improbable that the ability and devotion inherent in the Israel of old should have found occupation in that wonderful order.

Philip II. and Pius V. admired one another greatly, so much so, that when the King fell sick, the Pope prayed that years might be taken from his life to be added to those of this champion of the Church. The King wrote constantly to Pius and consulted him on every matter of conscience, public or private, and it is to this good old man that the most terrible cruelties of Philip's reign are attributable. For Philip had enough of his father left in him to hesitate long to use extreme measures with the Netherlands; but it was the Pope who decided him that it was his duty to exterminate heresy and rebellion.

Alva, therefore, was sent out, and his last adventure before going was a strange one. Philip's only son, Don Carlos, whom we have seen behaving rudely and ungraciously to his grandfather, as time went on had not improved. No doubt he was really weak in intellect, as was only too likely in the child of first cousins, both alike descended from the insane Juana of Aragon; and his royal rank only led to his overweening pride, encouraging him in sullenness and violence. After a severe fall down a staircase, when his head was seriously hurt, his insanity seems to have been beyond a doubt. He threw his chamberlain out of the window for being slow in answering his bell, and when a pair of tight boots were sent him, actually had them chopped up and boiled, and then forced the unhappy maker to eat them, swearing at the same time that they were sent by a plot of his father's. He hated the King above all, and next to him, all the ministers, especially the Duke of Alva. Indeed, he had taken it into his head that he himself ought to be regent of the Netherlands, and when Alva went to take leave of him before departing on the mission, he sprang upon the Duke with a dagger,

CAMEO VII.
Death of Don Carlos.
1568.

howling with fury. They rolled on the floor, Alva defending himself, but not hurting the prince, till the attendants could drag him away.

To leave a maniac like him to inherit a throne was impossible, and Philip caused the unhappy youth to be imprisoned. What happened then no one knows. All seems to have been told to the Pope, but Philip's letters to him have not yet seen the light. That Carlos died in prison at twenty-three, some time in 1568, is all that is certain; but his death remained a secret for several months. It was said to have been caused by a fever, but it was universally believed that it was not a natural death. If Philip did indeed decide on his suffering for his offences in secret, it was a terrible alternative between an act of dark cruelty and leaving the kingdom to a ferocious madman.

However, Philip was so much hated that the worst motives were ascribed to him. Some fancied Carlos a secret Protestant, put to death by the Inquisition lest he should espouse the cause of the persecuted Reformers in the Netherlands. Others, more romantically, made out that his melancholy was caused by disappointment at having been deprived of Elizabeth of France, who had been proposed as his wife, and that he was the victim of his father's jealousy, while, as she died about the time of his imprisonment, she was thought to have suffered for him! On this supposition was founded Schiller's drama of *Don Carlos*, which gave the story all the grace of high tragedy.

But Carlos was only twelve years old, and had never seen his stepmother, at the time of his father's marriage; nor is there the least evidence that he ever cared for her, while she could only have looked on the crazy, dissipated lad with pity and disgust. She seems to have been very fairly happy. Philip loved her as well as he could love any one, and treated her with much respect and courtesy; but she had the delicate constitution of her family, and died in 1568, leaving one only daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia. It is quite possible that all these family troubles may have tended to render Philip more implacable towards the two champions of Netherlandish rights.

With Alva went 10,000 picked troops. Brantôme, the gossiping Frenchman who has vividly described all the chief persons of his time, travelled to Lorraine on purpose to see this army. All, even the privates, wore engraved or gilded armour, and carried muskets, then used for the first time, instead of the clumsy old harquebus, and each had his own esquire in attendance. There were nearly 9,000 of these, and 1,200 men-at-arms on horseback, heavily accoutred, and no doubt each with at least three attendants. They had been trained to the perfection of soldierly movement, and were undauntedly courageous and utterly merciless and rapacious, like nothing so much as a legion of disciplined tigers. Alva thought his work would be easy. "I have tamed men of iron in my day," he said. "Shall I not easily tame these men of butter?"

They marched from Genoa to Luxemburg, while the Regent Duchess of Parma expected their arrival with dread, dismay, and indignation.

CAMEO VII.

Reception of Egmont. 1567.

At Tirlemont, on the 22nd of August, 1567, Count Egmont came out with his retinue and a present of some fine horses to welcome the representative of the sovereign. Alva received him coldly, and afterwards said to his attendants, "Behold the greatest of the heretics!" though in fact Egmont was as good a Catholic as himself, and was only anxious to keep the Spanish Inquisition out of the country.

On arriving at Brussels, Alva went to pay his respects to the Duchess. As his arrival was in direct opposition to all his representations, she stood grave, stiff, and formal, and held a cold, stately conversation with him. But when she found that his commission, in all but name, superseded hers, her anger and mortification were extreme, and she was sometimes almost frantic with rage and grief at the ingratitude with which she was treated, and at the fate she saw to be prepared for the men whom she had trusted, and who had so loyally worked with her.

Alva did nothing till he had quietly garrisoned all the chief cities with his troops, and meantime lived on friendly and intimate terms with Egmont. Warnings were not wanting to the Count, in especial from a Portuguese gentleman, who told him there were evil reports of him in Spain, and hinted that birds sang better in the fields than in cages; but Egmont was confident in his own unswerving loyalty, and would take no hint. Count Hoorn was brought from his own estates by a pressing invitation, backed by Egmont in his security.

They, with some other gentlemen, were invited on the 2nd of September to a great dinner at the house of Don Fernando de Toledo, Grand Prior of S. John, a son of Alva. Then came a message from the Duke that they were to come at once to his house for a council. At this the Grand Prior, who had become intimate with Egmont, whispered to him, "Leave this place instantly, Señor Count; take your fleetest horse, and make your escape without a moment's delay."

This at last did startle Egmont. He went as far as the outer room, where he met the Sieur de Noircarmes, a Fleming, but altogether in the royal counsels. He persuaded the victim that to fly at the bidding of a foreigner would be only making himself ridiculous and giving cause for suspicion. It did not take much to make Egmont turn back, for not only was he confident in his innocence, but his privileges as a Knight of the Golden Fleece were such that he could only be legally arrested by a warrant signed by six knights, and might be tried only by a Chapter of the Order, so that if any one might feel secure, he could.

The council look place, the plan for a citadel at Antwerp was submitted to it, and there was a good deal of discussion on the details with the engineer. At seven, Alva made some excuse for leaving the room, and immediately after, the captain of his guard, Don Sancho d'Avila, demanded the sword of Egmont, and placed him under arrest. Egmont, not without agitation, gave up the weapon, saying it had done the King some service. Hoorn was arrested in the courtyard outside, and each was then conducted to a separate chamber, at the top of the

CAMEO VII.

Arrest of Egmont and Hoorn. 1567.

house, hung with black, and guarded by Spanish soldiers, where they were allowed no communication with their friends or families, and a fortnight later they were taken, under a strong guard, to the citadel at Ghent. Hoogstraten was to have shared their imprisonment, but when on his way to Brussels he had, happily for himself, had an accident with a pistol, which delayed his journey, so that he was warned in time to make his escape into Germany.

But to imprison was not all. The fact was that Philip had succeeded to almost absolute power in Spain, where the Cortes had been crushed by his father with the help of the Flemings, and now he was using the Spaniards to crush the Flemish liberties. That a king was intended by Divine Power to be absolute, neither he nor his council doubted. All privileges of a free constitution were in their eyes remnants of barbarism to be extinguished by the strong hand as soon as possible, as mere means of hindering the King from carrying out his justice, or obtaining money, and the men who stood by such rights were simply rebels, to be put down; and in this light, Philip and Alva regarded Egmont. His resistance had indeed been very small, but his rank and influence were so great that he would be a signal example, and so he was to be the foremost victim. Alva, who saw him and knew him, had some compunction for a high-born, noble, and brave fellow-soldier, but the hard and narrow Philip had not imagination enough for any sympathy, or even gratitude to those who best served him, and went on ruthlessly, fancying himself all the time fulfilling his duty as he chose and was encouraged to read it.

In order to override all privileges and laws of the Low Countries, Philip did something analogous to placing them under martial law. He appointed a Council, specially authorised to try persons for crimes committed during the recent insurrections, and entitled the Council of Troubles, but called by the people the Blood Council. The Duke of Alva was the president, and nominated whom he chose. They were chiefly Spaniards, of whom Juan de Vargas was the most violent and cruel; but two Flemings, Berlaymont and Noircarmes, were among them. With the terrible Spanish army holding the whole country under a yoke of iron, they could condemn and execute without reference to any laws but those of their own making, and there was no appeal. On their appointment, the Duchess of Parma, who had become a mere nonentity, resigned the government and retired to Parma, escorted by the elder Count and Countess of Mansfeld, who never returned to their unfortunate country.

Alva was appointed Governor-General in her stead. The first step he took was to summon the Prince of Orange, Louis of Nassau, Count Hoogstraten, and Baron Montigny to appear before his council. Montigny was in his life-long imprisonment in the Tower of Segovia in Spain, and was not sent from thence; and the other three were safe in Germany; but Philip of Nassau, a boy of thirteen, the eldest son of the Prince of Orange, had been left at school at Louvain. He was

CAMEO VII

Trials of Egmont and Hoorn. 1568.

deluded by a kindly invitation, and carried off to Madrid, where he remained for the next twenty years, a prisoner at large, carefully educated, and transformed into a Spaniard. The professors of the University of Louvain remonstrated on this infringement of their privileges, but all the answer they got was from Vargas, "*Non curamos vestros privilegios*" (We do not care for your privileges); and this might have been the motto of the Blood Council.

Meantime the wife of Egmont and the mother of Hoorn and Montigny were striving desperately on behalf of the captives. The Countess of Egmont, Sabina of the Rhine, who was a woman of saintly life, had taken her eleven children to a convent, and used every appeal in her power. The Emperor, the Dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, the Duchess of Parma, and all the Knights of the Golden Fleece, wrote to Philip on their behalf; but he did not vouchsafe the slightest answer to most of them, and only wrote to Alva to hasten the matter as much as possible. The only one whom he did answer was the Emperor Maximilian, who wrote urgently a second time; and to him this self-blinded prince wrote, "That the whole world would at last approve his conduct, and that at any rate he would not alter his course, though he should lose the Netherlands, or the sky should fall."

It was declared that the crimes of Egmont and Hoorn were such that the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece did not apply to them. Thus they had no judges but the Council of Troubles. A set of charges were drawn up—ninety against Egmont, sixty-three against Hoorn. The foolscap livery, the remonstrances against the Inquisition, the maintenance of the rights of Flanders, the appearance at the banquet at Calemburg's house, and the having listened to the cry of "*Vivent les Gueux*" were the most tangible of these. Not one could reasonably be viewed as treason, and, as has been already shown, the foolscap had been altered the moment it was misconstrued; neither of the accused had ever sanctioned the cry in favour of the Gueux, and Egmont had always laboured to put down all disaffection.

Just as the accusation had been formally made, the Prince of Orange and his brother decided on taking up arms. Their plate and jewels were sold, large sums were sent them in secret from Holland and Friesland, the Protestant Germans assisted them, and an army was raised which they hoped might encourage their countrymen to make such a stand against Spain as might give Alva other employment and save the lives of the two captives.

Louis of Nassau and his brother Adolf, with Hoogstraten, advanced on Gröningen, and there, on the 28th of May, 1568, had a sharp fight with the Spanish troops, defeated them and killed their general, but Adolf of Nassau was also slain; and while Louis began the siege of Gröningen, Alva determined that, before going himself to drive away the invaders, he would see the sentence on Egmont and Hoorn carried out, lest they should be delivered in his absence, and thus their own friends did but hasten their fate.

CAMEO VII.
The Sentence.
1568.

Their death-warrant had been signed by Philip and brought from Spain by Alva nearly a year before; and there was no more to be done but to pronounce sentence, which the Duke did at the head of the Blood Council on the 4th of June, 1568.

Egmont and Hoorn were not present, though on the 2nd they had been brought from Ghent to Brussels in a closed carriage, guarded by troops.

Orange and the other nobles who had risen in arms were banished, and their property confiscated, and eighteen noble prisoners were beheaded in the Horse-market at Brussels two days before the arrival of the two counts.

The Bishop of Ypres was sent for at dusk, and ordered to announce to them their sentence, and prepare them for death the next day. He fell on his knees before Alva, and in vain pleaded for delay, but was roughly told that he was not sent for to give advice. The Countess of Egmont had already heard of her husband's sentence, and, hurrying to the Duke, threw herself before him in such agonised supplication that, to save himself pain by a cruel evasion, he told her that her husband would be released the next day.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and Egmont was asleep in bed, when the Bishop of Ypres came to him, and, unable to speak, gave him a copy of the order for his execution on the following day. Egmont was a brave man, and read the paper through without flinching, though in all his nine months' imprisonment he had never expected matters to end thus. He asked if there was no hope, and when convinced there was none he uttered some hot words of indignation at the cruel injustice of the sentence, and spoke of his wife and children. The Bishop advised him to put all thoughts away save those of God and the unseen world, and he confessed. Mass was celebrated, and he received his last Communion, asking afterwards what prayer he should say at the last. The Bishop said none was like the Lord's Prayer.

The Count felt himself much comforted by these devotions, but a burst of bitter grief swept over him again as he thought of his wife and her little children; and when the Bishop tried to help him compose himself, he said—

"Alas! how frail is our nature, that when we should think of God alone, we cannot shut out the thought of wife and children."

He wrote a dignified and loyal letter to the King, asserting his perfect innocence, and signing himself, "Ready to die, his Majesty's very humble and loyal vassal and servant, Lamoral D'Egmont." He wished to address the people from the scaffold, but the Bishop persuaded him not to attempt it, since no one would be within hearing but the Spanish soldiers, and he might as well speak to his prison walls as to them. Then, in order that the executioner might not have to meddle with him while still alive, he cut away the collars of the shirt and doublet he meant to wear, and then spent the remaining hours in undisturbed devotion.

CAMEO VII.
—
The Executions.
1568.

Hoorn was grave and silent, and received the last rites from the curé of La Chapelle.

The great square at Brussels, where Egmont had figured in many a grand procession and excelled in many a tournament, was to be the place of his death. A scaffold stood there covered with black cloth, and on it a table with a silver crucifix and two velvet cushions near. It was guarded by 3,000 Spanish soldiers, who prevented any near approach, but the windows were thronged, and Alva himself was at one of them.

At eleven o'clock Egmont came forth, in a red damask dress, a short black cloak, and a black silk hat with black and white feathers, repeating aloud the *Miserere*, and attended by the Bishop. He walked round the scaffold two or three times, once more asked if there were no hope of respite, and ground his teeth for a moment at the hard, dry, cold Spanish negative; but recovering himself, he took off his cloak and hat, and gave up the collar of the Golden Fleece, knelt on the cushion, said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and asked the Bishop to say it three times more. He stood once more, kissed the crucifix, drew a cap over his eyes, knelt, and saying, "Lord, into Thy Hands I commend my spirit," held out his arms for the signal, when the executioner swept off his head with a single stroke of the sword.

Even Alva burst into tears, and so did some of the Spaniards who had known Egmont as a brave leader, while the French ambassador whispered, that "there fell the head before which his country had often trembled."

Hoorn then advanced, quietly saluting his acquaintance in the crowd. Seeing a form covered by a cloth, he asked if it were Egmont's, and muttered something in Spanish. He showed some indignation at seeing his own escutcheon reversed, but applied himself to his prayers, and then died as resolutely as Egmont.

Their heads were set on spikes, their bodies placed in coffins. Egmont's was visited all that day and night, when it was placed in the Church of S. Clara, by thousands of people, who wept, kissed the corpse, and dipped their kerchiefs in the blood, while Hoorn was comparatively neglected. They were buried by their relatives; but the heads were not restored, and it was believed that they were sent to Madrid. Alva wrote that they had died nobly, and like Christian men; he also spoke in high praise of the Countess Egmont, and begged that something might be done to relieve her poverty, recommending that she and her daughters should be disposed of in Spanish convents; but she does not seem to have accepted this arrangement. Egmont was only forty-seven; he was a gallant, chivalrous soldier—not a great man, nor a statesman—and he only stood up for the rights of his country in a weak, fitful manner, when under the influence of Orange, being far more led by loyalty to the King. Had Philip been one whit less unmerciful and more politic, Lamoral of Egmont would have gone down to the world as the obedient instrument of his will, rating his duty to his King above his duty to his country.

CAMEO VII

Battle of Gröningen. 1568.

From his scaffold Alva set out for Gröningen, and gained an easy victory over Louis of Nassau, in which he lost seven men and the Gueux seven thousand. Louis escaped and joined the French Huguenots, while the unhappy places where he had been received were wasted with the most revolting Spanish cruelty and ferocity.

All this had a strong effect in England, where Egmont had been an honoured visitor when carrying on Philip's courtship, and where many returned exiles remembered the kindly reception they had met with in Holland; and fugitives from all parts of the Netherlands were pouring into the country.

Policy in those days consisted in great politeness and professed peace between sovereigns, while they were secretly stirring up each other's rebels. So France and Spain (when they could) fomented English plots against the Queen; England stirred Scottish, French and Dutch reformers against their sovereign; France aided Dutch reformers against Spain, and Germans against their Emperor; and Spain supported ultra-Roman Catholics against the French King.

The Emperor Maximilian, though wholly guiltless in his own person of such dealings, and by far the best sovereign of his time, had not power over the princes of his Empire to prevent them from assisting their friends elsewhere, and indeed neither Swiss nor Landsknechts greatly cared about the opinions of those to whom they hired themselves.

So Elizabeth is mentioned by the French ambassador, the Marquis de la Mothe Fénélon, as making most polite speeches of condolence for the death of her namesake, Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and dwelling on her excellences, as described by Mary's old maid of honour, Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria. She put on mourning, and had a funeral service performed at S. Paul's, though she had received no formal intimation of the young Queen's death. She observed with comical prudish coquetry that perhaps the King of Spain, as a widower, did not think it proper to write to a maiden princess; on which the ambassador answered, as she evidently wished him to do, that King Philip was not too old to take a fourth wife.

The Man-goose had, however, been acting according to the name she had given him, for Dean Mann had spoken in such violent terms of the Pope that Philip had banished him to a rude little village near Madrid, where he was forced to hear mass.

The Gooseman had been recalled, and a fresh ambassador sent—Don Guerran d'Espes—whom Alva forwarded from the Netherlands with so brief a note as to give Elizabeth much offence. She told Fénélon that it was "like a valentine"—*poulet, billet de galanterie*, as the Frenchman explained in a marginal note. The resemblance was in the brevity, not the sweetness, for Alva contemned the heretic Queen; and as to the ambassador, he wrote libels on her by the name of Oriana, the heroine of the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*.

There were other offences. John Hawkins, one of the most adven-

CAMEO VII.

Hawkins's Disaster. 1567.

turous of English sailors, had gone forth under the patronage of Leicester in 1564, with five ships and 200 men, to catch slaves in Africa and sell them in the Spanish plantations. He succeeded in this expedition, made a large sum of money, and was actually granted a coat of arms, with a demi-Moor for the crest. However, in 1567, when he went out with six ships, taking with him the brave young Plymouth sailor, Francis Drake, he made a great failure. Four out of his six ships were set upon in the Gulf of Mexico by the Spaniards; two escaped; but he was nearly starved, being obliged to eat up the monkeys and parrots he had hoped to sell for a large sum, and at last, drifting into Vigo Bay, was helped home by some Cornish seamen.

Hawkins and Drake came home beggared by this adventure, and with a bitter hatred for Spaniards; and when four Spanish ships, laden with treasure for the Netherlands, were chased into Plymouth and Falmouth by the Huguenot French privateers, Elizabeth "borrowed the money," to use her own expression.

Thereupon Alva confiscated all the property of the English merchants at Antwerp; and Elizabeth returned the injury by placing the ambassador Espes under arrest, in spite of the remonstrances of Fenélon.

However, neither party wished for war, and Philip accepted Elizabeth's polite excuse, in a Latin letter, that she had taken the money into her own hands to secure it for him, though it does not appear that she refunded it. Indeed the seizure at Antwerp had paid Alva's troops, and thus been compensation to Spain, and the real losers apparently were the merchants.

CAMEO VIII.

JARNAC AND MONCONTOUR.

(1568—1570.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO VIII.

Alarm of the Huguenots. 1560.

THE same work went on in France as in the Netherlands. The Huguenots felt that the sovereigns were banded against them, and that the peace lately granted was worse than war. When the good Chancellor l'Hôpital was dismissed by the Queen on the plea that his age required rest, they gave up all hope of being treated with good faith, and they put no confidence in his successor, Jean de Morvillier.

So, early in 1568, the Admiral de Coligny, who had just lost his wife, Charlotte de Laval, brought his little children, whom he was afraid to leave behind him, to the Castle of Noyers in Burgundy, there to consult with the Prince of Condé. They soon learnt that royal troops were being sent to guard the approaches to the castle, and a spy was taken measuring the depth of the moat. At the same time a messenger was captured bringing a letter from Marshal de Tavannes, the deputy-governor of Burgundy, saying "The stag is in the toils, advance your men."

Tavannes' son says in his memoirs that orders had really been sent him to arrest the Prince and the Admiral, but that he did not wish to meddle with them, and therefore contrived that the letter should fall into their hands, by way of warning.

It had the desired effect. The two friends decided on departing at once, but they could hope for no place of safety short of La Rochelle, and they had only 150 horsemen at hand to guard their families. The Admiral had his four young children, two still in arms: the Prince had a delicate wife and three infants; and D'Andelot's wife and her two children were with him, while he himself was away collecting assistance in Anjou and Brittany. When the cavalcade of servants, women, and children, reached the Loire, they found that all the bridges were guarded;

CAMEO VIII.

Flight of Condé and Coligny. 1568.

but the stream was low, and a boatman showed them a ford near Sancerre. It was at nightfall, but Condé rode through the water first of all, with one of his little boys before him, on his horse, and the rest followed, singing, the Psalm "When Israel came out of Egypt." For the Loire was always considered as a sort of boundary line between the Catholic and the Huguenot. There were of course many Catholics in the south, and many Reformed in the north; but, as a general rule, the majority was thus divided. In two days more Condé had reached La Rochelle, where he was enthusiastically received, and told the citizens that he would do all in his power for them. "And as a pledge of my faith," he said, "I leave you my most precious jewels, my wife and children." In return, the Rochellais offered him their lives and property. The nobles of Poitou and Guyenne thronged to him, and his sister-in-law, Queen Jeanne of Navarre, arrived from Béarn with 4,000 men, and her son Henri, then fifteen years old. When the citizens received him with a long speech, his answer was, "Messieurs, I have not studied enough to speak as well as you do, but I will *do* better."

This was the beginning of the fourth of the so-called Wars of Religion. The immediate consequence of the retreat to La Rochelle was the enactment of an edict which was registered by the parliament of Paris, forbidding the exercise of any religion but that of the Church of Rome, and banishing all reformed ministers from the realm within fifteen days. The edict declared that all former acts of toleration had been wrung from the King by force, and against his will, and that he was firmly resolved to grant no more.

On this, Coligny's brother, the Cardinal Odet de Chatillon, found himself obliged to flee from his bishopric at Beauvais. Being unable to reach La Rochelle, he made his way to England, where he was kindly received by Queen Elizabeth.

None of the sovereigns of those days had the smallest scruple as to assisting one another's rebels; and Elizabeth gave her sanction to a fleet, equipped at La Rochelle, cruising in the channel in the service of the reformed. The Count de Montgommeri, the same who had caused the death of Henri II., was a chief leader of these privateers.

The Huguenot army, when collected at Aubeterre, under Condé, numbered 20,000 foot, and 3,000 horse. The royalists, under the young Duke of Anjou, had the same number of men, but 1,000 more of theirs were mounted. There was ferocity on both sides. The Huguenots had nothing to live on but pillage, and this led to cruelty and rapine, which such good men as Coligny and D'Andelot vainly tried to restrain. When Angoulême was taken, Coligny found an officer named Puy Viaud permitting his men to take away the horses of some gentlemen, contrary to the treaty, and was so angry, that Condé scarcely prevented his striking the offender with a stick. Puy Viaud was asked why he did not call the Admiral to account, and answered, "I bear everything from my master, nothing from the enemy," an answer that was admired.

CAMEO VIII

Battle of Jarnac. 1569.

Nothing of importance was done during the winter; the cold was great, and the troops in no condition for a battle, though there were many sharp skirmishes, and towns were taken on each side and savagely dealt with. In March, 1569, the two armies were on the opposite banks of the river Charente, where Condé hoped to meet a band of German allies, and Anjou meant to attack him before they arrived. There were two bridges. The one at Châteauneuf was broken down, the other at Jarnac was held by the Huguenots, but they did not keep sufficient guard over the broken one, and in the night of the 13th of March the Royalists repaired it and crossed over.

Coligny, who was nearest, sent to the prince for aid, but soon found himself so overmatched that he sent off another messenger advising Condé not to advance to help him, but himself to retreat.

"Heaven forbid," said Condé, "that Louis de Bourbon should ever turn his back upon the enemy," and then turning to his brother-in-law, Francois de la Rochefoucauld, he added, "Our good uncle *fait un pas de clerc*; but the wine is drawn, and we must drink." The Prince had only 300 horsemen with him, and he must have been in a mood of desperation, or else not have known the full odds when he reached the spot where the other division was retreating before the dense columns of Royalist horse, 800 in number. His arm was in a sling from a fall the day before, and at that moment Rochefoucauld's horse kicked and broke a bone of his leg. He turned to his men, and showing them his maimed limbs, then pointing upwards to the device on his banner, "Welcome Death for Christ and Country," he cried, "French nobles, here is the longed-for moment. Remember the state in which Louis de Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and country."

Then bending his head, he charged at full gallop with his three hundred. At first all gave way before them, and for a few moments the Royalists thought the day was lost, but coming up in fresh numbers, they absolutely crushed the gallant little band. An old man, named La Vergue, who had gone into the battle with twenty-five sons, nephews, and grandchildren, was found killed in the midst of fifteen of them, all heaped round him. Condé's own horse was killed under him, and his hurts prevented him from mounting another. He leant with his back against a tree, while his friends fell round him, and at last, seeing two Catholic gentlemen with whom he had been on friendly terms, he called them by name, raised his visor, and held out his gauntlet in token of surrender. They leapt from their horses, and swore to defend him to the utmost. The cavalry swept by in pursuit. Presently were seen the red mantles of the Duke of Anjou's own guards, men noted for brutal ferocity. "Hide your face," cried one of the gentlemen. "Alas, Argence, you will not be able to save me," replied Condé, and he covered his face. The guards passed, but their captain, Montesquieu, drew bridle and asked what prisoner was there. On hearing, he cried, "Kill! kill!" and shot the prince through the head from behind.

There was no shame about this treacherous murder of a surrendered

CAMEO VIII.

Death of Condé. 1569.

prisoner. The body was thrown across an ass, and brought to Anjou, who, with his friends, laughed and joked; while the reformed captives sobbed and wept and kissed the hands and disfigured face. However, the corpse was restored to the family, and buried at Vendôme, the castle of the Bourbons.

A *Te Deum* was sung at Paris, and the captured standards were sent to Rome, where the Pope, Pius V., himself attended the presentation at St. Peter's, while a popular song at Paris rejoiced over the death of "the great foe of the Mass." Condé was but thirty-nine, a small, slight, dark man, with an engaging manner which won him much love; but a Calvinist more by policy than religion, and without adopting its stern morality.

Another prisoner killed in cold blood was Robert Stewart, who was recognised by the Marquis de Villars as having given his brother, the Constable, his death wound. Begging the prisoner from the young Duke of Anjou, he had him led a little apart and literally hacked to pieces. The usages of chivalrous and Christian warfare were getting set aside and forgotten. Heretics, like infidels, were supposed to be out of the pale of humanity, and it was actually preached that no faith was to be kept with them; while on their side, they regarded the Catholics as idolaters, Canaanites, or Amalekites, against whom all cruelty was praiseworthy. Thus such honourable and merciful actions as did take place on either side arose either from the old hereditary instincts of gentlemen, from family connection or friendship, or from an exceptional sense of Christian duty; and these French wars of religion were probably the most horrible on record. Henri of Anjou, the favourite son of Catherine, was a great promoter of their savagery. He was still so young that he had probably not outgrown the boyish fancy that violence and cruelty mean strength and courage, and the notion was encouraged by the spirit of the time. He was also an exceedingly fine and dainty gentleman, after the fashion of the day, which loved elaborate finery and splendour, and he thought that gallantry consisted in rude and coarse attentions; but what his mother preferred him for was, that he was the only one of her sons whom she could wholly influence, and he was as perfect in dissimulation as herself.

François had been chiefly under Guise influence, but would not be accessory to a murder, even at their bidding; Charles was helplessly obedient, and durst not resist his mother; yet he too had a conscience of his own. The two people he loved best in the world were his old nurse, Philipote, and the surgeon, Ambroise Paré, both Huguenots; and he loathed her policy, the persecutions, and the civil war. He could not stop her, so he threw his whole soul into hunting, and into Ronsard's poetry; sometimes lamenting bitterly that he had never had a kingly education, but without energy to make up the deficiency. She must have been constantly afraid that as he grew up he would break from her, and take the government into his own hands.

Henri, on the other hand, had no scruples, and plenty of ambition,

CAMEO VIII.

Courage of Jeanne d'Albret. 1569.

and was ready to fight, deceive, murder, or persecute, just as she told him. All the religion he had at this time was outward observance and hatred of heretics, and thus he was a willing instrument of his mother, and rose to her Medicean and Machiavellian notions of a youth of promise as a soldier and statesman.

So few Huguenots had been engaged, that but for Condé's death the battle of Jarnac would not have been a great loss. Coligny fell back to Tonnay Charente, and there, lest his army should be discouraged, Queen Jeanne hurried to meet him, bringing her own son Henri, Prince of Béarn, and his cousin Henri, now Prince of Condé, and seventeen years old. "Your cause is my cause, your interests are my interests," said the Prince of Béarn. "I swear on my soul, honour, and life, to be wholly yours!"

The other Henri took the same oath. Coligny was named lieutenant-general, but all official acts were signed by the two young princes, who were called the Admiral's Pages.

Another great loss to the Reformed cause was that of Coligny's brave brother, François d'Andelot, who died of a fever shortly after Jarnac. However, a junction was effected with a body of Germans under Count Mansfield, and the Huguenots gained the advantage in a skirmish with the young Duke of Guise at a place called Roche Aveille.

For two months Coligny besieged Poitiers in vain, and then was forced by the Royalists to retreat. In the beginning of October the two armies were opposite to one another on the banks of the river Dive, near Moncontour, in Poitou. Two gentlemen came in the evening from the Royalist army, and had a conversation in secret with some of their Huguenot acquaintance. They bade them strenuously advise the Admiral not to risk a battle, as Monsieur's army was then very numerous with the reinforcements that had come in. "Let the Admiral only temporise for a month, for all the nobility have sworn to Monseigneur that they will not stay with him any longer, though they will do their duty while they are with him. Let the Admiral remember that it is dangerous to encounter the French fury, but it soon passes away, and if they have not a victory, they will disperse. He will get a peace, and an advantageous one."

But the Admiral was much in the same case. Nothing but a victory could save his army from disbanding; and besides, he did not quite trust the advice. So the battle began on the morrow, the 5th of October, and lasted two days. The first might be considered as only a great skirmish, and was indecisive. Coligny tried to retreat the next morning, but the Germans would not move without pay, and the delay made the battle inevitable. Young Henri of Navarre rode up and down the lines, speaking and giving his hand to the leaders and nobles, but he did not take any part in the battle. He was only fifteen, and, like Charles V. and some others who afterwards became great captains, he was still a prey to strong nervous timidity.

The French fury was terrible. The onset was fierce on both sides. The Admiral was wounded, and could hardly be dragged out of the throng; and the Duke of Anjou had a horse killed under him. All the German landsknechts, 4,000 in number, were killed except 200, by the Swiss in the royal pay, and 2,000 Huguenot foot; and the retreat of the army was covered by Prince Louis of Nassau, brother to the Prince of Orange.

As Coligny was being carried along, another severely wounded Huguenot gentleman, finding himself near, caused his litter to be carried close up to the Admiral's, withdrew the curtain, and looking at him fixedly, said, "*Ni est ce que Dieu est très doux?*" The Admiral declared that nothing had ever done him more good than these few words; and at Niort, the Queen of Navarre came to meet the broken army with all the encouragement her high spirit could give.

The Royalists did not gain much advantage from their victory. It made Charles IX. inclined to be jealous of his younger brother's fame, and two months were spent in taking the little fort of S. Jean d'Angely, which was held out to the very last extremity.

In the winter, Nismes was won by the Huguenots in a curious manner. This ancient Roman city, full of wonderful ruins, had been taken in the early part of the war by the Royalists, and the garrison had expelled the Huguenot inhabitants, or forced them into conformity. One of these expelled citizens, a carpenter named Madaron, devised a plan for regaining the city. A stream of water flows through the town, and the place, where it issues, was protected by a strong iron grating, a little below the spot where a sentinel stood on guard. The guard was relieved every hour of the night, but the sentinel did not wait for the new comer to arrive—only struck a few notes on the city bell, and then walked off, so that the station was always left unwatched for a short interval. Having observed this, Madaron came at night and climbed down into the gorge by the grating, with a rope round his waist, held by a companion on the top of the bank, who was to jerk it on any token of danger. Then he began to file the bars, trusting to the noise of the wind and water to veil the sound, or that if heard, it might be taken for the gnawing of a bone by a dog. He had to stand knee deep in mud, and the wettest nights were the safest; he could not work when it was calm and moonlight, and he always had to hide the marks of the file with a composition of wax and clay. After fifteen nights' work the grating was movable, and only then did he confide his plan to his fellows. A troop of Huguenot soldiers was in the neighbourhood, who willingly put themselves under his guidance. Three hundred were hidden in an olive wood, accompanied by a minister, who was to guide them in prayer and meditation; but a severe thunderstorm had nearly disconcerted everything, for some took it as a sign that Heaven was unfavourable to their enterprise, and others thought the lightning must have betrayed them. However,

CAMEO VIII.
Surprise of Nismes. 1570.

the minister found precedent for converting it into an omen of good promise, and while they were thus impressed, the captain and a few others climbed down the ravine, removed the grate, stole into the city, and opened the gates! Shouts and trumpet blasts rang through the streets, the garrison were overpowered, the governor fell and broke his leg, and was disgracefully slaughtered, as were many others of those who should have been received to quarter. A few were able to gain the citadel, where they held out for three months, but were at last obliged to surrender.

Coligny came thither and refreshed his army. He meant to advance upon Paris, and straiten the city, and had proceeded as far as Forez, when he fell ill of a malignant fever. He wished the army to press forward with Louis of Nassau, but they had no confidence in a foreigner, and nothing could be done, though in Saintogne several cities were taken. At Fontenaye, the commander, La Noue, was shot in the right arm. Its place was supplied by another, on account of which he was called Bras de Fer; and he not only used the sword but the pen, for he is the chief historian, on the Huguenot side, in these earlier wars, as Blaise de Monluc is on the Royalist side.

The Court was weary of the war. The two defeats of Jarnac and Moncontour had not materially weakened the rebels, and had made the King jealous of his brother's fame. Catherine could deal with the Huguenots much better in peace than in war, and she was determined to come to terms once more. The Pope, Pius V., strongly remonstrated, and Philip II. offered 9,000 soldiers if she would go on to exterminate the heretics, but her mind was made up, and by the peace of St. Germain en Laye, most favourable terms were granted.

On condition that the Huguenots restored the Church of France in all the places where they had suppressed her worship, they were tolerated everywhere, and allowed to hold any secular office. Everywhere but in Paris and ten leagues round, and for two leagues round any places where the Court was, they might have services in the châteaux of Huguenot nobles, and in the suburbs of the provincial cities where they were numerous.

Moreover, the cities of La Rochelle, La Charité, Montauban, and Cognac were to be held by the Princes of Béarn and Condé for two years as securities for the performance of the terms. The treaty was signed at St. Germain en Laye in August, 1570, and was again called a halting peace, and indeed it was the third within seven years.

The Huguenots took advantage of it to hold a great synod at La Rochelle, at which were present the two young Princes of Béarn and Condé, and Count Louis of Nassau. It condemned the doctrines of Socini, and very impertinently admonished the English Bishops to examine and condemn *Les Tables de Couzain*, namely, a work of Richard Cosin, Dean of Arches, called *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Politicia in Tabulus Digesta*, which told strongly against Presbyterianism. It also gave the Queen of Navarre a very wholesome admonition against selling magis-

CAMEO VIII.
—
Treaty of St. Germain. 1570.

tracies and other offices, according to the frequent custom in France. The Count de Montgommeri took refuge in England, and Catherine desired to have him either put to death, or delivered up, but Elizabeth would do neither, saying she had no mind to become hangman to the King of France, and Montgommeri became a pirate, with Jersey for his chief haven.

This year of peace was also a year of marriages. Good man as Maximilian II. was, papal dispensations prevented him from having any scruple in giving his eldest daughter Anna to her uncle, Philip II. as his fourth wife. The second, Elizabeth, was promised to Charles IX., and his first gentleman of the bedchamber, Albert de Gondi, Count of Rex, was sent to Spain to fetch the bride. She was one of the softest and gentlest of beings, and Brantôme says that the pair were like fire and water together, for the young King was violent in all his ways, full of strange oaths and furious gestures, passionately fond of the chase, active and clever in all manly sports, and even able to forge armour and weapons.

The Queen also wished her next son, Henri, Duke of Anjou, to wed Queen Elizabeth, and a long and very ridiculous courtship on his behalf was carried on by La Mothe Fenélon. Elizabeth highly enjoyed his civilities, and was the more ready to keep him in play that this negotiation was the best security against the French taking up the cause of Mary of Scotland. So she exchanged letters and presents, chattered a great deal in a foolish unguarded way to the ambassador, and took him with her in great state to dine with Sir Thomas Gresham on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Exchange.

Marguerite, the King's youngest sister, and Henri, Duke of Guise, were deeply in love with each other, but the Queen Mother and the King had made up their minds that Marguerite should marry the Prince of Béarn. When she persisted in her promises to Guise, Charles flew into a passionate state of fury, and even talked of having Guise assassinated at a hunting-party. He was overheard, Guise was told, and his mother persuaded him to espouse in great haste, Catherine of Cleves, widow of the Prince de Porcienz—by way of saving his life; but it was always an unhappy, unloving marriage.

At the same time, Guise's sister married Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, head of a fiercely Roman Catholic branch of the house of Bourbon; and Marie of Cleves, a Huguenot lady of the same family as Madame de Guise, was given to the young Prince of Condé.

The most curious wedding was, however, that of the Admiral. He had been three years a widower, when he received a letter from a great lady in Savoy, Jacqueline de Montbel, daughter of the Count d'Entrémont, a widow of thirty years old, who wrote that she desired to marry a hero and a saint, and that hero and saint was the Admiral!

Coligny, who was sixty-two, replied that he was only a tomb; but the lady persisted. The Duke of Savoy, who disapproved of his vassals marrying out of his duchy, was not likely to make an exception

CAMEO VIII.

Death of Cardinal de Chatillon. 1570.

in favour of the Huguenot leader; but Jacqueline was not to be daunted. She escaped secretly from her castle, went down the Rhone in a boat, rode from Lyons—escorted by five friends—and arrived at La Rochelle. Coligny's friends overpowered his reluctance in consideration of her lands, but the Duke of Savoy confiscated them all, and she actually brought the Admiral no treasure but the diamond buttons of the cloth of silver robe she wore at her wedding.

This marriage came soon after the tidings of the death of Coligny's brother, the married Cardinal, Odet de Chatillon, who was living at the Savoy palace under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. His death was, of course, attributed to poison, and his body was placed in a sarcophagus against the wall of Canterbury Cathedral, waiting to be carried to the family vault at Chatillon, and there it still waits.

CAMEO IX.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

(1569—1571.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO IX.

Condemnation of Elizabeth. 1569.

PIUS V. could not but view Queen Elizabeth with detestation. His predecessor, Pius IV., had dealt gently with her, and tried to obtain of her to send clergy to the Council of Trent; but as they would not have been received on equal terms, and would only have been called on to receive sentence, she had refused. Still no strong measures had been taken against her, and those of her subjects who still clung to the Papal authority, and the old rites, only obtained them in private, and went to Church on Sundays, according to the law so stringently enforced: but the captivity of Queen Mary filled up the measure. There was no question in the Pope's mind but that the heretic, illegitimate usurper, was oppressing the Catholic, rightful heiress, and as soon as the commission of inquiry began to sit, Pius called upon the Auditor Riario to commence proceedings against Elizabeth in the Papal Court, and summoned the Kings of Spain and France to take up arms for the release of the captive Mary, declaring that he was ready to give all the treasures of Rome, to the very last crucifix, in her cause.

The King of France had too much employment at home, besides that Catherine de Medici was likely to do nothing in Mary's cause; and the King of Spain was very unwilling to enter on a war with England, viewing that country as the balance of France, and aware that no other could be so dangerous to his American possessions.

However, the knowledge that twelve exiles, chiefly Roman Catholic Bishops and beneficed clergy, were being examined at Rome, greatly excited the gentlemen in the north, who still held the old faith, and many of whom had been fascinated by Mary when holding her little court at Bolton Castle. A banner was worked like that which had been used in the Pilgrimage of Grace, bearing the Chalice and the Five

CAMEO IX
Rising of the North.
1569

Wounds; but the ostensible purpose of the conspirators was only Mary's liberation and restoration to her Scottish throne. Some, no doubt, would have deemed this enough, but in the present state of things, it was dangerous.

The Earl of Sussex, who was governor of the north, hearing of secret meetings, sent for the two brothers-in-law, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, to explain themselves; but they made such plausible excuses that he was satisfied, and sent them home.

The court took alarm, and ordered Sussex and Scrope to come and give an account of the state of the north, but before the order reached them, all was in a flame. It is not quite clear whether the first spark was lighted by the zeal of some loyal gentlemen who proposed to apprehend Northumberland, or whether he only fancied they were about to do so. At any rate, on a midnight panic, on the 14th of October, 1569, he started from his bed at Topcliffe, and fled to Brancepeth, where Westmoreland then was; while his wife made her way to Tutbury in the disguise of a nurse, hoping to obtain admittance, change clothes with the Queen, and set her free. This, however, failed; but the banner was set up at Brancepeth, and Northumberland's kin of Percys, Westmorelands, Nevils, the Tempests, Nortons, Marguarfields, even Egremont Ratcliffe, Sussex's own brother, came flocking in with all their retainers, and many a northern statesman and peasant besides who grieved for the old days of the great abbeys. Leonard Dacre had been expected to join them, but did not, owing to some private jealousy of Norfolk, and there were also vain hopes of help from Spain.

The numbers were so great that on the 16th of October the insurgents marched into Durham; where Northumberland burnt the English Bible and Prayer-book, set up a crucifix, and caused Mass to be celebrated, 6,000 people being present; many of them delighted to see the old ceremonial restored.

Five hundred horsemen were told off to surprise Tutbury, and set Queen Mary free; but long before they could get there, Lord Shrewsbury had had notice, and carried her off to Coventry. They tried to seize Newcastle, but were unable; and Sussex with the royal banner was at York.

However, after a siege of ten days, they took Barnard Castle, and they also fortified Hartlepool, where they hoped to receive help from the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, but in vain. Bands of them overran the country, and made expeditions up to the gates of York; where Sussex, having only 5,000 men, could not come out to fight, though the Queen was getting very angry at the delay, and beginning to suspect his loyalty.

Like a sturdy old soldier, he bided his time, in spite of outcries from the Queen, who was in a terrible fright, and sent Sir Ralph Sadler to York, nominally as paymaster to the troops, but really to act as a spy upon Sussex. Happily, Sir Ralph was an honest man, and explained the unavoidable delay, which after all was doing no good to the rebels,

since they obtained no help from Scotland or the Low Countries; and as neither of the two Earls had much money to dispose of, they were without supplies, and their forces were melting away. Moreover, the southward counties viewed them as rebels, and many of the Catholic gentry joined the royal standard.

At the end of a month, Leicester's brother, the Earl of Warwick, brought 12,000 men, and Sussex marched out with him. The Earls made no stand; they fell back on Hexham, but their forces were melting fast away, and again they retreated to Naworth Castle.

Then with five hundred horse, they dashed across the border, and were met and protected by the Scotts of Buccleuch, and the Kerrs of Ferniehurst. With these Westmoreland remained, but Northumberland took shelter in Harlaw, which belonged to the Armstrongs.

Sussex called on Moray not to let them escape, and he commanded the ports to be watched, while he made such offers of gold to one of the Armstrongs—Hector of Hadow—that he delivered up Northumberland. This particular kind of treachery was esteemed so hateful that the borderers swore that they longed to have Hector's head and eat it. However, Northumberland was not given up to the Queen, but kept a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, while Moray negotiated for exchanging him for the Queen, whom the Scots wanted to have in their own hands, and execute.

The Countess, as well as Lord and Lady Westmoreland, and Egremont Ratcliffe, escaped to the continent; and then came terrible vengeance—Sussex laid the country under martial law; and severe as was his chastisement, the Queen, who had been frightened into the ferocity of her race, urged on his hands.

In two days, the 4th and 5th of January, 1570, sixty-six persons were hung in Durham alone; gibbets studded the country. In some places, every fifth man was put to death, and the numbers were so large that trial by jury could only be allowed to the gentlemen.

Old Christopher Norton, of Norton Conyers, and all his sons, who had borne the banner into Durham, there suffered. These are the heroes of Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone," which however is unfortunately not founded on fact. At last, Elizabeth published a pardon, but made conformity its condition.

The treaty for the exchange of Northumberland for Mary was in hand; Moray was urged on to obtain his sister and put her to death by Knox, who signed one of his letters about it, "John Knox with his one foot in the grave."

Another of the parties was even nearer to the grave than he. On the 23rd of February, 1570, as the Regent Moray was riding in state through Linlithgow, a shot was fired from the balcony of a house, and, passing through the body of the regent, killed a horse beside him. Moray was able to walk as far as the palace, and the surgeons at first gave hopes of his life, but he began to sink, and died at nightfall. He behaved with firmness and devotion. It was known that his murderer was a Hamilton.

CAMEO IX. *Murder of Moray.* 1570.

The house whence the shot had been fired belonged to the archbishop, the assassin had been seen galloping towards Hamilton, and the balcony had evidently been prepared before, for there was a feather-bed on the floor and a black cloth hung up behind.

When told that his mercy had been his ruin, the dying man said he could not repent of anything good that he had done. He was but forty years old, and in those evil times his household seems to have been purely and modestly ordered. To some he is a hero of the Reformation and a stainless gentleman; to others he is an arch plotter of the blackest and foulest ingratitude and treachery, shielding his own crimes at the expense of others—a recreant priest and a most accomplished villian.

The last view is probably nearest to the truth. The only excuse for him is, so far, that his orders had been imposed on him without vocation as the means of provision for him, whose very existence was a token of his father's license. It does seem probable that his hatred of the Church was the outcome of all this horrible corruption, and that he was religious after the exaggerated pattern of Calvinism taught by Knox. But that religion had twisted the denunciations in the Old Testament into authorisation for every imaginable atrocity in falsehood and murder against the enemies of the faith. "And if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

His murderer was indeed a Hamilton—Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh—and a piteous tale is told to account for his vengeance, namely, that the retainers of Moray had turned his young wife and her babe out of her house in the depth of a winter's night, and she had been found in the morning a raving maniac, with the child dead in her arms.

But Bothwellhaugh certainly had a living wife at the time of the murder; and it is more likely that the deed was done with the general consent of the family, whose chief, the Duke of Châtelherault, Moray had imprisoned. Moreover, whether as guardian to his nephew or as a Stuart himself, Moray was the chief obstacle to Châtelherault's hoped-for reversion of the crown.

It was two days after Moray's death, on the 25th of February, 1570, that Pius V. signed the bull excommunicating Elizabeth. On the witness of the twelve English exiles, she had been convicted of calling herself head of the Church, imprisoning canonical bishops, accepting a new worship, and communicating in heretical fashion, also of imposing an oath contrary to the rights of the Holy See. The judges had taken some months to decide, and when the bull was prepared, the Pope still delayed to sign it till he should learn the result of the rising in the North; but when he heard of its failure and of the terrible executions by which it was followed, he doubted no longer, and signed the bull.

The next thing was to get it published in England; and for this purpose several copies were sent to the Duke of Alva, who forwarded them to the Spanish ambassador, Don Guerran de Espes. On the 15th of May the bull of excommunication was found fastened to the door

CAMEO IX.

Excommunication of Elizabeth. 1570.

of the palace of the Bishop of London. Search was made through the courts of law, and a fellow copy was found in the chambers of a student of Lincoln's Inn. Though torture was never legal in England, it was practised at times during this century, and the student confessed that he had received it from a gentleman of Southwark named Felton. This person was a man of property and well-educated, and an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, whose wife had been one of Queen Mary's ladies. He was arrested, and boldly confessed that he had set up the bull; but nothing would make him give up the name of any other person, nor say how it reached him. He was tried and sentenced to a traitor's death. He went to it as to a martyrdom; and in order to show himself in love and charity with all men, and though he would only call Elizabeth the pretender, he declared that he bore her no malice, begged her pardon if he had offended her, and sent her by the Earl of Sussex, who attended his execution, a diamond ring worth 500*l.*

Elizabeth was at heart much grieved at thus being cut off from reconciliation with Rome. She made light of it to those of her court who only despised it, but she knew the harm it would do to her relations with her Roman Catholic subjects and with foreign powers; and she obtained the intercession of the Emperor Maximilian, always a peace lover, that she might be relieved from it. But the Pope replied by asking whether Elizabeth considered the sentence valid or invalid. If valid, why did she not submit; if invalid, why should she care about it? He despised her threats of personal vengeance, welcomed English exiles warmly, and declared himself ready and willing to shed his blood in the cause for which they suffered. The excommunication did in truth invite the attacks of foreign sovereigns, and rendered the oath of allegiance no longer binding on the consciences of her Roman Catholic subjects. In point of fact, many, whose perference was for the doctrine and ritual rather than for papal dominion, remained just as faithful to the Queen as before; but there were others who held themselves released from all obligations, and it was necessary to watch them all with double vigilance.

Leonard Dacre, one of the family of Dacre of Gilsland, had been strongly suspected of intending to join in the Rising of the North, though, as soon as he saw how things were going, he had joined Sussex's standard, and shown much apparent zeal; but he was detected in correspondence with Mary's partisans. The Hamiltons, with the Earls of Argyle and Huntly, had, on Moray's murder, taken the government of Scotland in Mary's name, and had been admitted into Edinburgh Castle by Kirkaldy of Grange, while the Scotts and Kerrs made a raid across the border. Orders were sent from the Council to arrest Leonard Dacre on a charge of high treason; and upon this he set up his banner, and soon had 3,000 English borderers round it, and sent a defiance from Naworth Castle to Lord Hunsdon, who thought it prudent to decline it, and marched to join Lord Scrope at Carlisle. Dacre, however, followed him, and charged him vigorously on the

CAMEO IX.
Revolt of Dacre.
1570.

banks of the Chelt; but though they gave what Hunsdon called "the prowdest charge he ever saw," he defeated them totally. Leonard Dacre escaped into Scotland, and thence to Flanders, and Hunsdon put down the insurrection, with less harshness than had been shown by Sussex.

Then Sussex and Scrope crossed the border, and made a terrible wasting of Scotland, but they tried to confine their ravages to the possessions of the Queen's party, so that Sussex wrote from Dumfries, "I have not left a stone house to an ill neighbour within twenty miles of this town."

The King's party had decided on appointing as lieutenant-governor Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, and with him negotiations were begun at Stirling by Sussex; and he was acknowledged as actual governor, in a strange, dubious way, by Elizabeth, who neither owned king nor queen as reigning in Scotland, but could dictate to Lennox, who was a subject of her own, and husband to her first cousin. His election was a blow to the Hamilton family. To the Queen, after her son, they had been direct heirs, being descended from Mary, daughter of James I. of Scotland, while Lennox descended from Walter, son to Robert III. But to the little King personally, his paternal grandfather and uncle were direct heirs, and it was then an open question whether this rule applied to the crown as well as to private property. This threw the family more strongly than ever into the Queen's party. The chief members of the family were the Duke of Châtelherault, his second son, Lord Claude Hamilton, since the elder, the Earl of Arran, was imbecile, and his brother John, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was then in Dumbarton Castle, the stronghold that Queen Mary valued most as the port where succours from France or Spain could be admitted, and it was under the charge of the trusty Lord Elemyng.

This place, Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill—that same retainer of Lennox's who had given the account of Mary's visit to Darnley at Glasgow—undertook to seize, under the guidance of a man named Robertson, who had once been a warder there, and had been accustomed to steal out at night to visit his friends in the town. Standing on an exceedingly steep black rock, cleft in twain at the top, and with every ledge occupied with strong fortifications, the place seemed entirely secure; but when at one at night, with a hundred chosen men, Crawford came to the spot, Robertson showed them a place where he was able to climb, drive in a cramp of iron, and fasten a rope ladder to it, which the others fastened below and ascended, with their hackbuts slung to their backs; Robertson going on to another ledge, letting down another ladder, and so on, all the men holding by one rope in the dark. Morning light began all too soon for them, and what was worse, the third man from the top was seized with an epileptic fit, and clung convulsively to the ladder. Crawford caused him to be fast bound to it. Then the ladder was turned round, and the others climbed past him.

CAMEO IX.
Murder of Lennox.
1571.

The ladder ended twenty feet from the foot-ledge; but here Crawford grasped a young ash-tree, and swung himself up, thence sending down ropes for the others. They climbed the wall, which was here little guarded, because it was thought inaccessible, and were only seen when descending within. It was the highest part of the fortress; they had only to turn the cannon round, and all the castle below was at their mercy. Only four of the garrison were killed. Lord Flemyng slid down such a path as Crawford had descended by, and gained the port, whence he escaped to France. His wife and all within were received to mercy, except Archbishop Hamilton, who was sent off under guard to Stirling, and there put to death, as having been concerned in the murder of Moray.

The Parliament was convened at Stirling this summer of 1571, and the little King, a solemn child of five, was brought to its opening. The furniture was not in the most perfect state, and as the child sat in his chair at the head of the board, he pointed with his finger at a rent in the cloth covering of the table, and gravely observed, "There is ane hole in this Parliament."

The words were taken as prophetic, for five days later a sudden raid was made by three hundred horse of the Queen's party, chiefly Border horse, who broke into the town of Stirling by night, crying out for vengeance for the Archbishop. The King was safe in the castle, but Lennox and Morton were seized and dragged off as prisoners. It would have been a most successful attack if the Borderers had been able to resist ransacking the stables for the horses belonging to the nobles of the Parliament. This gave time to the Earl of Mar to collect his men, rally the burghers, and attack them, so that they were forced to abandon their captives and make off; but Captain Calder, who had charge of Lennox, fired a parting shot, which mortally wounded the Regent. He was able to ride back to his lodgings, but died soon after. His last words were of "his poor wife, Meg"—the Lady Margaret Douglas—with whom, thirty years before, he had made a love-match at the court of Henry VIII. One son was left, who was married to Lord Shrewsbury's daughter and died early, leaving one child, Arabella Stewart.

After this, the Earl of Mar, the King's faithful guardian, was Regent, and the boy was put in charge of George Buchanan, the most elegant Latin scholar in Europe, but the author of the savage libel against his mother. Reports came to Mary that the child had been taught to lisp foul and opprobrious epithets respecting her, and in her grief at this she had a sharp fit of illness.

Elizabeth's pity was excited; she sent her two physicians, and some friendly letters passed. Elizabeth even entered into negotiations for restoring Mary under good English care, and with little James given up to herself both as a hostage and to be educated in England. This, considering that he was likely to be king there, was far from a bad proposal; and, in spite of the difference of religion, his mother might

CAMEO IX.

Negotiations with Scotland. 1571.

rejoice in his deliverance from extreme Calvinism and utter contempt for her.

So the Bishop of Ross came to London as a sort of ambassador for her, but the Earl of Morton came on the other hand from the Scots, and made it clear that nothing would induce them to yield their little crowned King, or receive their Queen; and the matter was broken off again. But as the plague had broken out in the Tower, Norfolk was allowed to repair to his own estates, after making on his knees the strongest professions of loyalty, and promises to abstain from future plots. Mary was meantime at Sheffield Castle, under the care of Lord Shrewsbury.

CAMEO X.

THE RIDOLFI PLOT.

(1571—1572.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO X.
—
The two Parties.
1571.

EUROPEAN politics were arranging themselves into two great parties, dividing all those central portions where the Teuton and Kelt were mixed. Philip II. was the thorough-going chief of the one, Elizabeth the vacillating head of the other, and indeed owing her position rather to accident than to taste or conviction. The Emperor held aloof, and was really tolerant and upright; and it was Spain, guided by Italy, that fought the battle, and with it went the captive Mary of Scotland, her partisans both in France and England, the main body of the Irish people, and the House of Guise with all their adherents in France.

On the Reformed side—looking to Elizabeth as their natural head, and finally forcing her out of self-preservation into that position, in spite of all her shortcomings—there were the main body of the English people, the King's party among the Scots, the German Protestants, the unfortunate Reformers of the Netherlands, and the Huguenots of France.

Like the Emperor, Elizabeth and Charles IX. would have been glad to have kept on good terms with all their subjects, but Maximilian had the good fortune to have fallen upon a calm spot in the middle of the hurricane, while England was still rocked by the subsiding waves of the tempest, and the storm was still raging in France.

Conciliation was the main idea with Charles IX. and his mother. Without heed to Elizabeth's state of excommunication, they continued to press upon her the Duke of Anjou as a suitor, though he openly made game of the notion of marrying a princess older than his mother. La Mothe Fénélon, the French ambassador in England, had plenty of sugary speeches; but Sir Francis Walsingham, who had been sent to Paris, told Cecil a very different tale.

CAMEO X.
The Puritans.
1571.

Meanwhile, the bull of excommunication had given the Queen an impulse away from the Catholicism she had striven to maintain. Cecil, whom she had just created Baron Burghley, had, in spite of his conformity in Mary's time, been always a strong Puritan; so was her favourite Leicester; and these influenced her policy, so that Archbishop Parker found himself almost deserted in his struggle to maintain what was ancient and catholic. Thomas Cartwright, formerly Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, had visited Geneva, made friends with Beza, and returned with all the old dislike to ancient usages revived in him—such as the cross in Baptism, the ring in marriage, surplices, Confirmation, and even episcopacy—with all, in short, that the English Church had not sacrificed to the Calvinists of Edward's time. The Puritans rallied round him, and in the Parliament of 1571 an attack was made on the Prayer-book, and seven bills were brought forward for further reforming the Church, by a member named Strickland, one of them intended to overthrow the Thirty-Nine Articles, which were far too catholic for this party.

Greatly angered, Elizabeth, in the Tudor fashion, ordered Strickland to absent himself from the House of Commons. His friends moved that he should be summoned to the bar of the House to account for his non-attendance; and on hearing it was by command of the Queen, the House declared that she had exceeded her privileges, since alone, she could neither make nor break laws. Elizabeth yielded so far that Strickland appeared in his place the next day, but his seven bills were quashed, and all he obtained was that a commission should be appointed to hold council with the Lords spiritual on the reforms he requested.

The foremost in this committee was Peter Wentworth, who placed his abstract of the measures desired in the hands of Archbishop Parker. The first clause that the Primate saw, was that the Order for the Consecration of Bishops should be struck out of the Prayer-book. He courteously asked why, and Wentworth replied, "Because the Bishops are so occupied with other matters that they cannot attend to the Word of God, to see whether the doctrines of the Church agree thereto."

"Methinks you are mistaken, sir," courteously said the Archbishop; "these are matters on which men should defer to the Bishops."

"No!" broke out Wentworth, rudely, "we will pass nothing till we understand what it is, for that were to make you Popes. Make you Popes who list, we will make you none."

The next year Wentworth spoke in the House with equal politeness of the Queen, and as she did not bear such treatment as patiently as did the Archbishop, he had to spend some time in the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms. All this was secretly supported by the Earl of Leicester, probably with the view of preventing the possibility of the Queen's marriage with a Roman Catholic prince. In another year, 1573, Cartwright actually set up a conventicle at Wandsworth, appointing eleven elders for its government; and thus began the first Dissent

CAMEO X.

Act against Romanism. 1572.

in England, but with so much secrecy and caution that there were no proceedings against the society for some time.

This Puritan Parliament had been returned in the zeal excited by the excommunication of the Queen, and by her own desire it enacted stringent penal laws against the Roman Catholics, such as might compel them to choose between the Pope and the Queen. Three bills were brought forward. The first made it treason to declare the Queen a heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, or usurper, and punished with a year's imprisonment any who should declare any person—save a child of her own—to be her heir; and the bill made it treasonable to receive or use any bull or writing from Rome, and laid under the statute of præmunire all who should receive crosses, beads, or other "objects of devotion" blessed by the Bishop of Rome. The third forced every one not only to Church, but to Communion in the Anglican form, under penalty of forfeiture of goods. This bill struck at the Puritans as well as Roman Catholics, while the other was aimed at the partisans of Queen Mary. Indeed, whatever the persecution of Romanists in England afterwards became, it was at first wholly political; since, between the Pope and Queen Mary, the presumption was that a Roman Catholic could not be a loyal subject to Elizabeth; though many, honest and inconsistent, still contrived so to remain. However, in the April of 1572 another of those plots was detected which did so much to harden the Queen and the nation against both Mary and the Romanists.

One Charles Bailly, a Fleming, in the service of the Queen of Scots, was arrested at Dover, because, on his baggage being searched, a packet of letters in cipher had been found, and this was a suspicious circumstance, added to a bundle of printed copies of a Vindication of Queen Mary, written by her constant supporter, David Leslie, Bishop of Ross. One of these ciphered letters was to Lord Lumley, a well-known Roman Catholic; one to the Duke of Norfolk, who had been released from the Tower since the rising in the north, but kept under surveillance at home; and one to the Bishop of Ross, who was residing with his brother Bishop of Ely, half as a prisoner, half as ambassador from Queen Mary. This very clever Bishop begged to see the packet for himself, and by wonderful adroitness exchanged it for another parcel, outwardly exactly the same, but with perfectly innocent letters within. On hearing, however, that Bailly was sent to the Tower, his anxiety was such that he fell into a burning ague, and kept his bed four months. He might well be anxious. Bailly, it appears, had been desired to leave his packet at Calais, to be brought by some one not known to belong to Queen Mary, but he had chosen to carry it himself, and, poor man, he had to rue his disobedience, for he was put to the torture, and though he held out the first time, the second he confessed that the letters had been given him by one Ridolfi, a banker at Brussels, who had a house of business in London, and that he knew they were from the Duke of Alva, promising to co-operate with numbers thirty and forty in the Queen's cause. Who thirty and forty might be Bailly

CAMEO X.

Letters Seized. 1572.

did not know, but he did know that the Bishop of Ross was to send the letters.

Thereupon Leslie was interrogated and his house searched, both without effect. He declared himself an ambassador, but the plea was not allowed, and he was thrown into that part of the Tower called the Bloody Tower, a very close and unwholesome lodging for a sick person. Still, nothing was really proved till August, when one Brown, a carrier of Shrewsbury, brought to the Council a bag of money, which he said had been given him by a man named Higford to carry to Bannister, steward at Shrewsbury to the Duke of Norfolk, as silver coin, but being sure that the weight was too much for silver, he brought it to Lord Burghley. It was opened before the Council, and proved to contain, not silver, but gold, and therewith a letter in cipher. Higford was summoned, and at first pretended ignorance, but he was forced by threats into reading the cipher. It was an order to Bannister, the Duke's steward, to send the gold to one of the clan Lowther in Westmoreland, whence it would be transmitted to Kirkaldy for the maintenance of his garrison in Edinburgh Castle, the money itself being the proceeds of Queen Mary's French dowry, transmitted through La Mothe Fénélon. Here was proof positive that Norfolk in his own captivity was still in the confidence of Mary, in spite of all his professions, when he left the Tower, of perfect loyalty to the Queen. Bannister, and Barker, the Duke's secretary, were sent to the Tower. The first, as soon as he was placed on the rack, told all; the second spoke at first sight of it, and Higford told still more. He even produced some letters from Queen Mary, which the Duke had been so foolish as to give him to burn instead of doing it himself, and which he had preserved.

Now this discovery came the more opportunely that Burghley already knew that there was a secret Spanish plot for invading England, and setting Mary on the throne, and he wanted much to know what English help was expected. His knowledge came in a not very creditable way. When Hawkins's slave ships had been attacked by the Spaniards, a large number of his men had been made prisoners and thrown into dungeons at Seville, where they might either be hung for their piracy, burnt for their heresy, or left to pine to death. Hawkins longed to release them, and after going to Lord Burghley and explaining his plan, he repaired to Don Gueraldo de Espes, the Spanish ambassador, and declared that being disgusted with the English Queen, and devoted to the Scottish one, he was ready to fight in the cause of Mary, only requiring the aid of the King of Spain, and the release of his comrades, when he would bring over a large portion of the ships and men to the Spanish service.

Don Gueraldo consulted Alva, who was incredulous; whereupon Hawkins sent an officer named Fitzwilliam straight to Madrid, where he produced a favourable impression, but was asked for credentials from the Scottish Queen. He went home to procure these, if possible,

having actually obtained letters of recommendation to her from the Duke of Feria and his English wife.

How to get to Mary was the next thing, and Fitzwilliam applied to Burghley, who wrote to Lord Shrewsbury that here was a gentleman who had friends in prison in Spain, and hoped to get them released, if the Queen of Scots would give him a letter to the King of Spain. Thus Shrewsbury allowed him access to the prisoner, and she, deceived by the Feria letters, gave him a strong letter of recommendation, such as to inspire Philip with full confidence.

Back went Fitzwilliam, and so satisfied the King that he set all the prisoners free, and even gave them money enough to defray their expenses on their homeward journey. Further, Fitzwilliam found that there was to be a great invasion of England, led by Alva from the Netherlands in the autumn, when Hawkins and all his supposed partisans were to desert, bringing over half the fleet with them, in return for which Hawkins was promised a free pardon for all the damage he had done to Spanish ships and settlements, and to be made a grandee of Spain.

Hawkins did not know what appears in the correspondence of Philip and Alva—that the Duke had always averred that such an expedition would be utterly vain if Elizabeth were alive and at large. Cecil, however, was quite sure that the scheme of invasion could not have been devised without more efficient support than that of Hawkins, and he had been trying all the summer to detect the secret enemies he knew must be around, when Brown the carrier thus had given him the clue.

Norfolk was thereupon arrested. At first he boldly denied all knowledge of any plot, but when he heard of the confessions of his servants he broke down, and cried out for mercy, which no man ever deserved less, for he had been led away by ambition, not love, to plot the destruction of his Church, of his Queen, and of his country, and to bring in the ferocious ruthless Spaniards who had shed the noblest blood in the Netherlands, and were making havoc of her fairest cities.

The plot had been hatched by Ridolfi, a restless Florentine banker, and zealous Roman Catholic, who had got into communication with Mary, just as she was disappointed of her treaty with Elizabeth, and persuaded her that she must look abroad for deliverance, not at home. He obtained leave from her to do what he could in her name. Then, going to the Duke of Norfolk, who was able to see him in private, he gradually disclosed as much as the Duke was likely to endure of the plot, namely that Don Fadrique de Toledo, a son of Alva, should land with a body of Spanish troops, restore Mary, marry her to Norfolk, and allow Elizabeth the crown for her life on condition of her returning to the Roman Catholic Church. The old Earl of Arundel, Lord Montague (nephew to Cardinal Pole), and Lord Lumley, were expected to concur in this scheme.

Norfolk made some demur, but was brought to promise that if the

CAMEO X.

Ridolfi Scheme.
1572.

Spanish force landed, he would aid them. And a letter was written in his name, probably by Ridolfi, Bishop Leslie, and Don Gueraldo, declaring that he was only a Protestant by expediency, and giving advice that the Spanish troops should land either at Harwich in Norfolk, or Portsmouth in Sussex, when he would at once join them with 20,000 foot and 3,000 horse. This letter is in Italian, not signed by Norfolk, and probably never seen by him, as he would hardly have so misplaced two English towns. Mary of Scotland likewise wrote, calling her marriage with Bothwell a pretended one, and showing herself not disinclined to Norfolk; but she was in a mood to grasp at any chance of escape.

Ridolfi then went to the Netherlands. Alva heard him, but did not think much of the plan, writing to his King that Ridolfi was a great talker, that he had no trust in Norfolk, and had much rather marry Queen Mary to Don Juan of Austria, the brave son of Charles V.

Thence Ridolfi went to the Pope, who listened to him more eagerly, promised money, and gave him letters to Philip. At Madrid, he was watched carefully, but at last convinced the King that he was in earnest in the cause. Nay, whereas he had salved Norfolk's English conscience by assurances that Queen Elizabeth should lose neither crown nor life, he now told Philip that her death must be the first preliminary; advised the deed to be done in the autumn when she went into the country, and recommended the Marchese Vitelli as the assassin.

Philip was always slow in deciding, and neither Alva nor his best councillors had much trust in Ridolfi; but there were the hopes of Hawkins and the fleet, and the assurances of Espes that there was much indignation at the penal laws. Thus the King had just made up his mind, consented to the scheme, and sent orders to Alva to prepare his force, when Bailly was arrested, and the letter to the Duke of Norfolk read. It was from Ridolfi, telling him as much of the plan as was good for him to hear; but not that his Queen was to be murdered to begin with, and he himself thrown over for Don Juan or for the Duke of Anjou!

There was treason enough in the matter as it was. Norfolk was imprisoned in the Tower to await his trial, and orders were sent to Lord Shrewsbury at Sheffield to examine his prisoner on the plot, keep her under closer restraint, and dismiss all but sixteen of her attendants. Indeed, Mary seems to have expected immediate death; but her high spirit did not forsake her. She declared that whereas Elizabeth had no right to keep her a captive, she had a full right, as a Queen, to deal with other princes to obtain her liberty; but she disclosed nothing, and betrayed no one. As to her servants, the parting was grievous. Among them was Willie Douglas, the page of Lochleven, and all who had clung to her so faithfully that she could not bear to choose between them, and Shrewsbury himself made the selection. They could not go to Scotland, where they would have been in danger; but she gave them letters to the King of France and his mother, begging that favour

might be shown to them. She was very ill after this blow, partly from want of air and exercise, and her griefs had nearly ended that winter in death.

CAMEO X. — *Detection.* 1572.

As to the English people, they were furious with all sorts of vague alarms for themselves and their Queen, and the dread of Alva's Spaniards sailing into the Thames, or landing at one of Ridolfi's seaports. Burghley longed to put Don Gueraldo safely into the Tower with the Bishop of Ross, but did not dare.

Feelings were further aggravated by reports from France. One represented Charles IX. as saying of his sister-in-law that "the poor fool would never cease plotting till she had lost her head," and another represented the Court as persuading the Duke of Anjou to woo her instead of Elizabeth, declaring that she was the most beautiful princess then living. Monsieur, who had a love of his own in the French Court, was not in the least disposed to marry either of the ladies, in spite of the polite speeches of his mother and Fénélon; and reports of a sore which Elizabeth had in her leg for some weeks, and of a sprain she gave her side, were made the most of, and canvassed in very uncomplimentary terms, none of which Walsingham spared in his letters to Burghley, no doubt in hopes of disgusting Elizabeth. However, she sent Fénélon a basket of apricots that he might report on English fruit, and a stag which she had herself brought down at Oatlands; and she showed an eagerness for Monsieur's portrait.

The coarsest construction was openly put in France upon Leicester's favour, and also on that of Christopher Hatton, a young gentleman of the Inns of Court, whose handsome person and fine dancing of a *galliard* had so struck the Queen that she ordered him to become one of her band of gentlemen pensioners, then made him vice-chamberlain, and finally the Keeper of the Seals.

> "My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
> The seals and maces danced before him."

Hatton was in the main an honest, though dull man, but he presumed in these young days of favour to cast his eyes on the garden belonging to the Bishop of Ely's town house on Holborn Hill—twenty acres of beautiful ground, where, it may be remembered, the strawberries grew that Richard III. asked for on the day he sentenced Hastings. The Bishop of Ely, Dr. Cox, who had been tutor to Edward VI. and had upheld the English Prayer-book at Frankfort, tried to prevent this shameful despoiling of his see; but he received the following imperious note:—

"PROUD PRELATE,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you.

ELIZABETH."

Dr. Cox had not the moral courage to try whether she could have done so. He yielded, with the poor compensation of free admission

CAMEO X.
Trial of Norfolk.
1572.

through the gate-house, and the right for himself and his successors yearly to gather twenty bushels of roses in the grounds, still called Hatton Garden, though all the roses the present Bishop of Ely is likely to obtain there must be artificial. Dr. Cox perhaps yielded the more readily that he had felt his ground insecure ever since his Calvinism had led him to object to the crucifix and lighted candles the Queen retained on the altar of her chapel, and thus had made her very angry.

Walsingham's reports, however, convinced the Queen that Anjou was not likely to be forced into the marriage; and either this, or the fact of having disconcerted the whole Ridolfi plot, made her put an end to the affair by refusing the Duke on the ground of religion.

All this time Norfolk's affair had been going on, assisted, sad to say, by the torture of his poor officers. The examination was conducted in their prison, but on the 16th of January the Duke, after four months' imprisonment, was arraigned before the High Steward in Westminster Hall for high treason.

Trials of this kind were conducted on the principle that a prisoner was to be hunted down, so he was allowed no counsel and no witnesses in his own defence, nor even to see and cross-examine the witnesses against him, only to hear their written depositions; and his judges were his greatest enemies, such as Burghley, Bedford, Leicester—all new Tudor creations, the natural foes of the small remnant of the old feudal peerage.

Treason was involved in his intended marriage with Mary, because in the time of her first husband she had borne the arms of a Queen of England! This could not be more than a mere pretext; but what his guilt turned upon was his complicity in the scheme of landing Spanish troops. This he flatly denied, and the strongest available proof against him was a sentence in one of Mary's letters, saying, "If the Duke of Norfolk think Ridolfi's scheme good." No doubt he *did* know of part of it, though not of its full blackness, and he thus deserved the sentence of death pronounced against him, though probably no modern jury would have convicted the poor, vain, foolish man.

He had behaved with dignity at his trial, and received his sentence bravely, declaring himself to die a true man to the Queen, as perhaps he thought he was, though it is hard to say how this was consistent with making her life and crown depend upon satisfying Philip II. of her orthodoxy. And yet Norfolk had been a pupil of George Foxe, the martyrologist!

Elizabeth could hardly bring herself to consent to the execution of her kinsman and old companion. She signed the warrant, and revoked her signature. Leicester declared his life would be saved, and the Queen continued to hesitate, while Burghley and the Council assured her that his execution was necessary to her safety, as was also the death of the Queen of Scots. Mary had recovered, and when Lord Shrewsbury returned from Norfolk's trial and allowed her again to take

CAMEO X.

Betrayal of Northumberland. 1572.

exercise, she was so delighted, that the first time she went out she plunged into the snow up to her ankles. Elizabeth could not make up her mind to put her captive cousin to death, but to satisfy her advisers she at last yielded Norfolk, and after five months' suspense his warrant was signed, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, much regretted by the people, who had by this time forgotten his treason, in June, 1572.

His unfortunate sister, the Countess of Northumberland, had been all this time collecting a sum with which to ransom her husband, who had been two years shut up in Lochleven Castle. The Regent, Mar, would perhaps have accepted her 2,000*l.*, but he was in the hands of a much worse and more rapacious person, the Earl of Morton, who proposed to see whether the English would not bid as much; and Elizabeth, after chafing at the amount, consented, rather than have the head of the Percys abroad with Alva. The price was weighed out to the Scots by Lord Hunsdon, and poor Northumberland, setting out in the hope of meeting his wife at the Firth of Forth, was taken to the Border and given up to Hunsdon.

That honest noble hated the whole affair, and when he found Northumberland was to die, he flatly declared he would have nothing to do with the execution, and absolutely refused to obey the Queen's orders to take him to York to be beheaded, on the old act of attainder for the Rising of the North, without fresh trial. Sir John Foster was sent to take charge of the prisoner, and he was beheaded at York, with a common carpenter's axe, in the September following the death of his brother-in-law. The indignant north country sang—

"The noblest lord of Percy kind,
Of honour and possessions fair,
As God to him the place assigned,
To Scottish ground made his repair,
Who after promise manifold
Was last betrayed for English gold.

"Who shall hereafter trust a Scot,
Or who will do that nation good,
That so themselves do stain and blot
In selling of such noble blood?
Let lords of this a mirror make,
And in distress that land forsake."

The Scots meantime had made a truce with Lethington in Edinburgh Castle, and were holding a parliament and a convention of the clergy. No formal act of the State had yet recognised the Reformation, and there were still supposed to be Bishops, Archbishops, and Abbots, mitred and unmitred. Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, and by old papal favour Archbishop of Athens, preserved the titles and the estates of the first, though an ardent Calvinist minister; the Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews, John Hamilton, died, and a John Douglas, a Presbyterian, was appointed in his room; Kirkaldy of Grange was prior of St. Andrews, and so on.

CAMEO X.

Tulchan Bishops. 1572.

However, in the winter of 1572 an agreement was made between Kirk and Privy Council, leaving all the dioceses and parishes as before, and actually appointing titular archbishops and bishops, who were of course not consecrated and who had no real jurisdiction, but were subject to the General Assembly. Their use and purpose was to collect the dues that legally belonged to the original prelates, and pay them over to the great lord who obtained the appointment for them and who was usually head of their family. Now when a cow had lost her calf, it was the custom to place by her side when she was milked, a calf-skin stuffed with hay to induce her to yield her milk. This figure was called a "tulchan," and these mock prelates became known as "tulchan bishops."

CAMEO XI.

THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

(1568—1572.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1566. Pius V.

CAMEO XI.

William the Silent 1568.

THE deaths of Egmont and Hoorn, and the cruel persecution raging in the Netherlands, while all the rights of the States were trampled down by Alva and his terrible army, angered rather than daunted the sturdy spirits of the Hollanders. William the Silent was the man to whom all looked. He had hitherto been a Roman Catholic, not very devout nor regular in life, nor had the subject of religion interested him; but on the one hand, Philip's conduct could not but disgust him with the Church that accepted and promoted such services, shocking to the natural instincts of humanity; and on the other, as the champion of the liberties of his country, he could hardly work with the Reformers while adhering to the Church that persecuted them. So he examined their forms of faith, and ended by declaring himself a Calvinist, but at the same time he recommended the followers of Luther and Calvin alike to sink their differences in their resistance to the common enemy.

Meantime he collected German troops, and when the Emperor Maximilian, who had just given his daughter to Philip, commanded him to desist, he replied with an elaborate justification, showing the legal rights of the Low Countries, which the Spaniards were trampling down.

On the 31st of August he put forth a Proclamation, headed with the motto, "*Pro rege, lege, grege*" (For king, law, and flock), and with these verses from the Book :—

> "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness:
> But the expectation of the wicked shall perish.
> The way of the Lord is strength to the upright:
> But destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.
> The righteous shall never be removed:
> But the wicked shall not inhabit the earth." (Prov. x. 28—30.)

CAMEO XI. — *Revolt of Holland.*

With this challenge of the justice of his cause, he declared the King to be misinformed, pronounced that the Spaniards were subjugating the country, and claimed the right to withstand them as patriots, thus making the war, not rebellion, but resistance to foreign invasion. He therefore called for contributions to enable him to raise his army. 300,000 crowns were promised by the chief merchants and gentlemen, but only 12,000 were brought to him, not from the rich, who were afraid to stir, but from the very poor, who could hardly afford what they sent by the hands of a preacher.

William collected his troops at St. Trond, in the province of Trèves. Some were German mercenaries, others volunteers from the Low Countries. Among these was Lumey, Count de La Marck, a descendant of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and like him in savagery. He had vowed never to trim his hair or beard till the freedom of his country was gained and the death of his kinsman, Egmont, revenged; and his troops were as ferocious as himself, bent only on plunder and indiscriminate revenge, and ready for any atrocity.

Orange crossed the Rhine, with 90,000 foot and 8,000 horse, at S. Feit, a place which was his own property, and on the 4th or 5th of October, likewise crossed the Meuse so unexpectedly that the tidings were not believed at Amsterdam, and a burgher was scourged at the whipping-post for only mentioning the report.

Alva marched out with his veterans, resolved, however, not to fight, but to starve his enemy out. So in vain William offered battle, the enemy did nothing but follow him, and cut off his supplies. In one month he had changed his encampment twenty-nine times, Alva keeping close behind him like his shadow, while the soldiers were wild with provocation at being thus dogged, and with want of pay, forage, and provisions. They grew so tumultuous that on one occasion William's sword was struck out of his hand, and the mutiny could hardly be appeased.

But William's hope was in a body of French Huguenots, who were being led by the Count de Genlis to the assistance of the Dutch. They were to meet at Waveren, and the Dutch had to cross the river Geta to come up with the French. Count Hoogstraten, with 3,000 horse, was left as rear-guard. Don Fadrique de Toledo, Alva's son, and Count Vitelli, were detached to cut him off. They did so, and were ardent to attack the whole Dutch army; but Alva would not hear of this, and they had to content themselves with the slaughter of the whole rear-guard. Hoogstraten escaped with a wound, apparently slight, but which caused his death a few days later.

Orange went on to Waveren and joined Genlis, but the French—being afraid to leave their families behind—had brought such a number of women and children as to add to the general penury. Genlis wanted to persuade the Dutch to return with him, and assist in the French war. Orange himself would gladly have done this, but his followers would not hear of it, and he was obliged to lead them back

CAMEO XI.
Alva's Finance System.
1571.

across the Rhine, having done nothing but lose the brave young Hoogstraten. Alva was rewarded for his success by the gift of a hat and sword from the Pope—emblematic gifts, as he was reminded in a letter from the hand of Pius V. himself, betokening the helmet of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit.

The Duke then set himself to regulate the finances. He had promised the King that the expenses of the Spanish army of occupation should be defrayed by the unfortunate provinces themselves. The great towns were thought a mine of wealth, and political economy did not understand how exaction paralyses trade. Viglius in vain opposed Alva's decisions, and imposts and taxes of every tenth penny were laid on, which added to the universal exasperation; and the misery of the people was increased by a great inroad of the sea, which broke down all the defences and ravaged the whole coast from Friesland to Flanders. Dordrecht and Rotterdam were almost entirely under water, and great ships were carried far inland, and stranded in orchards and gardens; and such was the loss of life that it was reckoned that 100,000 persons had perished. This was on the All Saints' Day of 1570, and the Spaniards declared that the destruction was the vengeance of the neglected saints, whom they supposed to be equally cruel with themselves.

Philip had more and more cause to think himself the favoured champion of Heaven. The Moriscos, or descendants of the Moors of Granada, had revolted under the oppression they suffered, and there was a terrible war for two years, which was ended at last by the victories of Don Juan of Austria, Philip's half-brother, the pupil of good old Don Luis Quixada. The hapless Moriscos who could not escape were carried from their province of Granada into the inland provinces, where they were treated as slaves, and lived under continual suspicion. The same year (1571), at the head of a grand fleet from Spain, Venice, and the Knights Hospitallers, Don Juan defeated the Turkish fleet in the battle of Lepanto, and thus put a stop to the aggressions which threatened every Mediterranean island. It was the first great check the Turkish power received. Pius V. was full of rapture and thankfulness, gave Juan the consecrated hat and sword, and even applied to him the text, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

This year, 1571, was perhaps the height of Philip's success as the champion of Rome. Turks had been defeated, Moors crushed, and Netherlanders lay prostrate. William the Silent however, from his retreat in Germany, kept up an extensive secret correspondence in ciphers with his friends all over the world. He authorised privateers to scour the sea, and fall on all Spanish ships. They called themselves *les Gueux de la mer* (the Beggars of the sea), and used swift vessels or fly-boats, whence they were also termed *Vlie bootieren*, or as the English made it, freebooters. The fierce La Marck was one of the chief of these sea beggars, or rather robbers,

CAMEO XI.

Seizure of Brill. 1572.

and it was given to him to achieve the first success in the struggle with Spain.

There was much sympathy for the Dutch in England, but after Queen Elizabeth had made up the quarrel with Spain about Norfolk's conspiracy, she was obliged to forbid her ports to give the pirates shelter, or to sell them bread, beef, or beer. Twenty-four ships were lying off Dover, commanded by La Marck, Treslong, and other noted "beggars of the sea." This command reduced them to such a state of starvation that they determined to make a descent on some place on the coast of the Low Countries, and obtain supplies.

On the 1st of April, 1572, this squadron entered the mouth of the Meuse, and suddenly appeared before the town of Brill. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and a ferryman, named Pieter Keppelstock, was the first to see them. He rowed out to inquire who they were, and was taken on board Treslong's ship. On finding that there was no Spanish garrison, and that the tyranny was hateful to the inhabitants, Treslong took the ferryman to La Marck, and persuaded him actually to summon the magistrates to surrender to him as Admiral for the Prince of Orange. Pieter undertook to be the messenger, carrying La Marck's signet-ring as his credential. He contrived to make the magistrates believe that 5,000 men were in the fleet, and that their choice was between surrender and an assault. The magistrates asked for two hours to deliberate, and spent it in making their own escape and leaving the town to its fate!

Getting no answer, Treslong broke down one gate and sent a party to do the same by the other. Nobody opposed them, and 250 men secured the town; and thus began the independence of Holland! There was no plunder of the inhabitants, but there was sacrilege in the churches, and even one of the foremost captains arrayed himself in the sacred vestments at the riotous feast that followed. Moreover, thirteen priests and monks were thrown into prison and afterwards executed in the cruellest manner the savage La Marck could devise, and this precedent was unhappily followed in almost all the wars of the Dutch. Every one of the clergy, however innocent, was made to pay the penalty of the cruelties practised by the system of his Church. Priests and Spaniards were alike viewed as noxious monsters.

There was great joy over this acquisition of Brill, and a punning rhyme was made, *brill* being in Flemish, as well as in German, the word for spectacles :—

"Der eersten dag von April,
Verloes Duc d'Alva zijnen Brill!"

And a caricature was handed about showing La Marck stealing the glasses from the eyes of the solemn Duke, who, with Spanish dignity, was observing "*Es nada*"—"It is nothing." However the Duke, without loss of time, had sent Count Bossu off to recover the place with a troop from Utrecht. But the inhabitants were resolved to hold out.

The water was let in so as to cut them off from one gate, Treslong beat them away from the other, and their ships were burnt. Bossu could only march on to garrison Rotterdam, but there he found himself shut out likewise. He then demanded leave to march through the place, pledging himself to offer no violence. It was a flagrant case of no faith with heretics. No sooner was he within the place than 400 citizens were slaughtered, every possible outrage was committed as if the town had been taken by assault, and it was secured by the Spaniards.

However, Flushing, on the Isle of Walcheren, rose just in time, before the fort intended to restrain it was finished, and expelled the small Spanish garrison. The body sent to re-capture it was beaten off, and Treslong came to the aid of the insurgents, bringing 200 men, every one of them arrayed in the vestments of the clergy. The Spanish engineer, Pacheco, who had been sent to finish the fort, was seized and hung by them, amid his entreaties at least to die a gentleman's death by the sword. On receiving the tidings the Prince of Orange sent a commissioner to take the command of Flushing, attended by a French garrison, and swarms of the adventurous youth of England hurried to join them as volunteers.

Town after town around the Zuyder Zee successively threw off the hated yoke, and declared themselves under the government of the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder. They did not deny the hereditary rights of Philip, but they claimed their rights as citizens, and freedom of worship. New magistrates were chosen in each revolted place. They took an oath to be faithful to the King and Prince of Orange, to resist Alva and his tax of the tenth penny, and to maintain the laws of the country, do justice, and seek the welfare of the citizens. There was at this moment more hope of aid from other quarters than ever before.

The Ridolfi plot had made the outward peace with Elizabeth more hollow than ever, and the French court could never forget the old enmity to the House of Austria and the crying after the Burgundian inheritance. The Queen and her son had moreover apparently made friends with the Huguenots. The peace of St. Germain had given great offence alike to Rome and Spain, and Pius V. called it the greatest blow that had been given to the faith since the religious troubles had begun.

Coligny, full of the recollections of St. Quentin, as a Frenchman, and as a Calvinist, burning to aid his friends, was at Blois, in high favour with Charles IX.; and the marriage between Henri of Béarn and Marguerite of Valois was being pressed forward by the Queen with all her might; but when application was made by Marshal Biron, as envoy to the Pope, for a dispensation for the marriage of the second cousins, he absolutely refused it. Pius placed his hand on his throat, and declared that he would rather lose his head than grant the dispensation. Biron softened the refusal in his report, but the affair did not look hope-

CAMEO XI.

Proposals of Marriage of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of France. 1571.

ful. Queen Jeanne of Navarre replied cautiously that such a marriage was matter for deliberation, and Marguerite herself was desperately in love with the young Duke of Guise. The Queen Mother and the young King were however resolved; and when the Pope wrote strong remonstrances declaring that it was his duty to make Marguerite's religious welfare the first consideration, and his ambassador, Cardinal Alessandrino, personally argued with the King, Charles made answer that he only consented to this marriage for the sake of being avenged on his great enemies. This rests on the authority both of the Huguenot historian De Thou, and of the Cardinal himself, so that there can be no doubt of his having said so; but the doubt is whether he really meant it, or only was trying to persuade the Pope, in which he never succeeded.

However, Catherine never ceased inviting Jeanne to bring her son to the Court at Blois, but without success. The Admiral came, and was received by Charles in the bedchamber of Catherine, who was, or pretended to be, sick, and Monsieur likewise kept his room; but Charles was very affectionate, called Coligny father, and exclaimed "Now we have you we shall not let you go!" Coligny was restored to his place at the Council, and allowed to lodge a guard of fifty gentlemen in two or three rooms round his chamber in the palace. Moreover, the King gave him 100,000 livres out of the treasury as a wedding present, and granted him the year's revenues of all the benefices of his brother the Cardinal. Charles seems to have been really delighted with the old warrior, who talked to him of victories to be won over the old enemy, Spain; and when it became plain that the Queen Mother would never consent to a war, Charles began to remember that he had attained the years of manhood, and to think of his father and grandfather.

Coligny went home for a short time to Chatillon, where he spent his last happy days with his children and his enthusiastic wife. A letter is extant written by some of the children to Renée, the old Huguenot Duchess of Ferrara, the daughter of Louis XII., during these few weeks of enjoyment. No doubt his favourable reception induced Jeanne of Navarre to accept at last Catherine's invitations, and come to Court, though she would not bring her son with her. She had arrived at Blois in the first week of March, and was affectionately welcomed by Charles, who called her his dear aunt, his good aunt, and was ready to promise her anything. It was quite otherwise with the Queen. She had always hated Jeanne, and took no pains to repress the insolent laughter of her squadron of pleasure-loving ladies at the grave, serious, Puritan-like Queen. There is a long and curious letter from Jeanne to her son:—

"I must negotiate," she writes, "quite differently from what I hoped and had been promised, for I have no liberty of speech to the King or Madame (Marguerite), only to the Queen Mother, who treats me *'à la fourche'* (probably as if she kept her off with a hayfork). As to Monsieur, he governs me, but very secretly, half-jesting, in the fashion you know, half-dissimulating. As for Madame, I never see her save in the Queen's apartment—a most unsuitable place—whence she never moves to go to her own room but at the hours most inconvenient to me. Besides, Madame de

Curson, never quits her, so that there is no speaking to the one without being heard by the other. I have not yet shown her your letter, but I will do so. She is very discreet, and answers in general terms for her obedience and reverence to you and me when she is your wife. Thus, my son, we see that nothing is going forward, while they want to hurry me and do nothing in order. I have several times spoken of it to the Queen Mother, who merely laughs at me, and tells the next comer the exact contrary to what I said to her; so that my friends blame me, and I cannot contradict the Queen, for when I say 'Madam, I told you such and such things,' she laughs in my face, and denies it *au beau meurtre*, using me so that I need the patience of Grizel. On leaving her I have to converse with a party of Huguenots, who come to entertain me, but rather to act as spies. . . . I fear to fall ill, for I am not at all well. I liked your letter, and will show it to Madame. I will send for the picture to Paris. She is fair, sensible, and graceful, but bred up among the most accursed and corrupt companions in the world. I see no one who does not smack of it. . . . It is a pity; I would not have you living here for the world. This is the reason I wish you to be married, so that I may withdraw you and your wife from this corruption. I believed it great, but I find it greater!"

Catherine had asked the Marshal de Tavannes how to read in Jeanne's heart. He answered, "Put her in a passion, and if you keep cool, you will learn from her, not she from you." So that all these provocations were probably studied, but Jeanne kept her temper, and the King remained on friendly terms.

When talking of the dispensation, she said she dreaded the delay in the obtaining of it. "No, no, aunt," said Charles, "I honour you more than the Pope, and love my sister more than I fear him. I am not a Huguenot, but I am no fool. *Si M. le Pope fait trop la bête*, I will take Margot by the hand, and lead her to be married in the midst of a preaching." And the articles of marriage were actually signed on the 11th of April, 1572, but the Queen's forebodings were justified, she fell sick, and died a few weeks later. Of course she was said to have been poisoned by a pair of gloves presented to her by René, called by some the Queen's perfumer, by others her poisoner. The body was examined, and an abscess in the lungs discovered; but this did not set the matter at rest, for the Huguenots complained that her head had not been dissected, supposing that there would have been found the traces of poison. Poor Jeanne! she had toiled hard for her cause, and left it at a critical moment. She was the most sagacious person among the Huguenots, and most earnest and conscientious, and it must have been a piteous thought for her that nothing would now stand between her young son and daughter and that den of corruption in which she was perishing.

The Pope's death became known at this time. Pius V. died early in May, after a progress through all the sacred shrines in Rome; in the course of which he met some of the English fugitives, and told them that he would gladly shed his blood in their cause. Pure and pious, he had been terribly stern, and had done much to form that frightful policy of no compromise with schismatics, which thenceforth ruled the councils of Rome and her supporters.

Cardinal Alessandrino, and the two brother Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, sped to Rome, to the Conclave. The choice fell upon Ugo Buoncompagno, of Bologna, a man who had been bred as a lawyer, and

CAMEO XI.

Election of Gregory XIII. 1572.

had then led a life not more regular than that of most laymen in those evil days. Of this there was a witness in a youth named Giacomo Buoncompagno, whom Ugo acknowledged as his son, and tenderly loved. His habits had been reformed on taking Holy Orders, and he gave no scandal, although he was never austere. He became more pious and conscientious as he advanced in years, and he scrupulously did his duty as Pope Gregory XIII., with all a jurist's strong appreciation of the exact limits of the law.

Thus he was no more likely than was his predecessor to grant the dispensation; and though the Cardinal of Lorraine continued at Rome on pretence of soliciting it, the Court of France was resolved to do without it and to be forgiven afterwards. So a dispensation was to be forged, and invitations were sent out, against the will of most persons concerned.

Under all these influences, aid was promised to the Dutch when they should have secured two fortified towns on the frontier. Louis of Nassau was at this time in France, where he collected 500 horse and 1,000 foot. Meantime a citizen of Mons, a map-drawer by trade, named Antoine Oliver, had obtained the confidence of Alva, who employed him as a spy, and set him to watch the proceedings of Count Louis, little guessing that the man was a spy upon himself!

On the 22nd of May, Oliver came to his native city with some waggons, which his connection with the Duke enabled him to bring in unexamined. They were filled with fire-arms, which he distributed among his friends. The same day Louis and his little band came to the forests. Twelve were sent into the city in disguise to ascertain when the gates were open in the morning, and they found that the proper hour was four, but that for a small fee they could be opened much earlier. They said they had some wine which must be in the city before sunrise, and accordingly, coming to the gates, they offered the money. The guard unbolted the gates, the fee proved to be a death stroke, and fifty horsemen rode in, proclaiming "The Prince is coming!" "Down with Alva!" "Down with the tenth penny!" and shooting at every man who showed his face at the window.

No one came out. None of their friends showed themselves, and the rest of the troop did not come in. Louis, in much alarm, rode out in search of them, and found them at last, having lost their way in the woods. Mounting a foot soldier behind each horseman, he led them back; only just in time, for the citizens had found out how few their enemies were, and the drawbridge was in the act of being drawn up, to catch the fifty in a trap, when Guitry de Chaumont, a Frenchman, made his light Spanish horse leap on it with him, so as to weigh it down till his comrades could crowd on it. The place was won, and 2,000 French came to garrison it, but not with the good-will of the inhabitants, who were mostly Catholics. No violence was offered them, and the churches and convents were respected, except that the plate and treasure in them was seized, and this included much that had been sent to them for safe keeping from the country.

CAMEO XI. — *Defeat of Genlis.* 1572.

Alva was again taken by surprise, and when he heard the tidings, swore they were false; for he had just had certain news that Count Louis had been seen at Paris playing at tennis, and then he blamed the bad faith of the French Queen Mother, who was then in Lorraine nursing her daughter, the Duchess, in an illness. Valenciennes likewise revolted, and both France and England began to think the insurgents worth helping.

The Lisbon fleet, with soldiers and large treasures, also the Duke of Medina-Celi, who was to relieve Alva, came into the Scheldt, and not knowing of the revolt of the Isle of Walcheren, obeyed the signals of the Dutch, and was entirely captured, except a few transports, and the Duke himself, who landed in another place.

Queen Elizabeth promised her help, and actually sent a squadron with that gallant sailor, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who captured Sluys; and there was to be a great alliance between her and Charles IX. for supporting Orange and the liberties of Orange. The Duke of Montmorenci was sent to offer her the hand, not of Anjou, but of his younger brother, the Duke of Alençon; and all the usual civilities and coquetries were gone through, and bear fights, bull fights, and even horse and monkey fights were exhibited. Montmorenci was made a Knight of the Garter, which was buckled round his knee by Burleigh himself. Every conspiracy and attempt at assassination seemed to make it more expedient that Elizabeth should marry, and have a direct heir; and she therefore did not refuse, though she lamented over Alençon's extreme youth, and his disfigurement by the small-pox. Montmorenci went home without a definite answer, but La Mothe Fénelon in England, and Sir Francis Walsingham in France, continued the negotiations for the marriage.

Orange continued to raise troops in Germany to support his brother in Mons; Genlis had been sent to collect volunteer Huguenots in France, and Charles IX., burning to fight like his father and grandfather, free from his mother and the Guises, discussed his plans with the Admiral and Teligny, and gave Genlis a letter to Louis of Nassau personally promising his aid.

Genlis and a considerable force had advanced within two leagues of Mons, when they were met by Don Fadrique de Toledo and Vitelli, and outnumbered greatly. Twelve hundred fell. One hundred managed to enter Mons, and Genlis himself was made prisoner. Charles's letter was found on him and taken to Alva. There was no hope that Louis, with unfriendly citizens, could hold out till his brother's arrival. The blow to the cause was a terrible one, and Genlis, after sixteen months' imprisonment, was strangled by Alva's command. This defeat took place on the 11th of July, 1572.

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CAMEO XII.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(1572.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1592. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XI. — *Forebodings.* 1572.

FACTS are plain enough, but the motives are utterly mysterious, and the more documents come to light the greater is the doubt whether the horrible action now about to be described were accident or design; or if, as is probable, some part of the horrors were premeditated, by whom they were planned? The Queen Mother, Henri of Anjou, and Henri of Guise were the most deeply implicated in the crime, and it seems certain that some general destruction of the Huguenots had been proposed to them. Henri of Guise burned to avenge his father's death on Coligny, whom he persisted in believing its author, and Monsieur thoroughly enjoyed both deceit and ferocity. Charles wavered, fearing his mother, but greatly attracted by the Admiral and his friends, and Catherine was probably entirely undecided, dreading the Guisards and the Huguenots alike.

There was a general sense that the air was fraught with danger. Queen Jeanne had begged that the wedding of her son might take place at Blois, out of reach of the Parisian mob; and the people of Paris were equally loth that it should be celebrated among them, for they had learnt to look on the Huguenots as fiendish, sacrilegious robbers, and feared to be plundered by them.

The old Baron de Rosny, father to Maximilian de Rosny, the friend of the young King of Navarre, declared that if the wedding took place in Paris the favours would be crimson. And when Coligny set forth from Chatillon, a poor woman threw herself before his horse, crying "O my good lord, if you go to Paris we shall never see you more! Have pity on us, or at least on Madam and your children!" and when the Admiral tried to console her, she turned to his wife, entreating her

CAMEO XII
Coligny at Court. 1572.

to hold him back from death and destruction. Jaqueline had been likewise invited, but she could not leave home, and she never saw her hero again.

Charles welcomed him warmly. The young king had much that was really winning about him. He was full of activity, sometimes remaining in the saddle for twelve hours at a time, hunting the same stag; he was moderate in eating and never touched wine, loved music and poetry, and himself composed some tunes for the hunting horn, and kept up an interchange of verses with the poet Ronsard. He also wrote a little treatise on hunting, dedicating it to his master of the chase, in modest, graceful terms. He had a forge in his palace, and himself made horse-shoes and other iron articles as well as any blacksmith, and he was good at tennis, jousting, and all athletic exercises. He was warm-hearted, and except his connection with Marie Touchet, a lady who had been thrown in his way, and who gave him a son, he was comparatively little touched by the horrible corruption of the Court of his mother, though, unfortunately, he was addicted to profane and violent language. He used to say that till he was five-and-twenty he meant to play the fool, and enjoy himself, leaving everything to his mother. Perhaps this was his fatal mistake. Coligny's great object was to send aid to the insurgents in the Netherlands. To keep the peace with Spain, and to maintain her power over her son, were the two matters Catherine de' Medici really cared for most, and on the tidings of what was going on she hurried home from Lorraine, and the Guise party began to rally round her again. She is said to have asked Charles what he and the Admiral could say to one another in their long conversations, and that he answered, "Madam, he shows me that I have no greater enemy than my mother." Catherine thenceforth viewed Coligny no longer as a makeweight against the Guises, but as her own chief foe, and she began to attend to those suggestions which Alva and Philip already had made, that the Huguenots must be destroyed by some means or other.

Meantime young Henri of Navarre arrived at Paris, and rode in on the 8th of July, at the head of a cavalcade consisting of the Prince of Condé, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and eight hundred other gentlemen, all dressed in mourning. At the gate of St. Jacques he was met by the King's two brothers, between whom he rode, and Guise rode by Condé. Henri was full of delight at the welcome, and in after years called this the happiest day of his life.

But the people were muttering "accursed Huguenots," and feared and hated them, looking on with anger when they passed crosses or images without saluting them. No one went about without arms, and Walsingham looked on uneasily, as did his young guest Philip Sidney, the son of the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The atmosphere of Paris seemed heavily charged; Montmorency, who had just returned from England, retired to his estate at Chantillon. The Sieur de Langireau also went home, telling the Admiral that he

CAMEO XII.

Charles IX brought back to Paris. 1572.

did not like so much caressing, and had rather save his life with fools than lose it with the wise. The tidings of the defeat of Genlis, at Mons, made the warlike eager to revenge his death, but greatly increased the distaste of the Queen Mother to being driven into a war with Spain, and she told the Admiral at the Council that the King refused to begin such a war.

Charles himself, however, openly called his mother "*le brouillon*," and withdrew from Paris to a hunting lodge at Montpipeau, taking Coligny with him, promising to return in time for his sister's wedding, which was fixed for the 18th of August. While he was there Madame de Sauve, the wife of his secretary, reported to Monsieur that a scheme was in progress for his riding off from a hunting party with the Admiral to Fontainbleau, there raising his standard, collecting his vassals, and marching on Flanders.

At the same time came a letter from the ambassador in England, La Mothe Fénélon, with a report that Queen Elizabeth was not in earnest in her treaty, and would never really make war on Spain. Armed with this report Catherine set out for Montpipeau, making such speed that two of her carriage horses died in coming up the last hill. Shutting herself up with her unhappy son, she seems to have convinced him that it was vain to withstand her will. She carried him away with her to Monceau, and from that moment he was passive, a mere miserable tool in her hands, moody and wretched, and now and then giving way to bursts of wild merriment or fierce passion. It was as if his last hope of being a brave or a happy man was over.

No dispensation for the marriage had come, but it cost the Court nothing to declare that it was on the way. The bride declared that she would never consent, but that too was considered immaterial. Paris was crowded to the fullest, Huguenot gentlemen thronging in, crowding the lodgings of their chiefs, and sleeping on staircases and in galleries, all armed to the teeth, and the younger ones boasting and swaggering a good deal at their triumph. The Duke of Guise and his brothers likewise had filled their abodes with retainers closely packed, and bravos in their service. Guise was cut to the heart by Marguerite's marriage, hated Coligny, whom he believed to be the instigator of his father's death, and as the people of Paris adored the tall, handsome, liberal, and courteous young duke with passionate enthusiasm, and equally dreaded and loathed the Huguenots, wise men felt as if they were walking on a volcano, and as if the Armagnac and Burgundian horrors might at any time begin.

So felt Sir Francis Walsingham, who cautioned all the English in Paris to take shelter in his house, and so felt one Haton, a Parisian *bourgeois*, who has left memoirs of the time. So felt the Queen Mother and her council, but apparently the influence that Coligny had established over the King had so awakened her jealousy, that it backed up all the suggestions of her religious advisers, and gave her a more decided bias than ever before to the party of Guise.

CAMEO XII.

Marriage of Henri and Marguerite. 1572.

Thus came the wedding-day—a day whose splendours seemed a mockery of the dark schemes and deadly hate of so many hearts. The bride slept at the palace of the Bishop of Paris on the previous night. She was arrayed in the morning in a cloth of gold robe, with a bodice so thickly sewn with pearls as to be like armour. Over this she wore a mantle of blue velvet four ells long, and her long loose black tresses were studded with diamond stars, while a hundred and twenty of the loveliest ladies in France formed her train. She was considered as a great beauty, but the portraits that are extant of her show puffed cheeks and unrefined features, and we can only suppose that her wit and vivacity concealed all defects.

The bridegroom had a dark, Gascon face, hawk-nosed, keen-eyed, beaming with life, good-humour, and intelligence, and his figure was full of alert and graceful strength. His dress was of pale yellow satin, embroidered with silver, and covered with precious stones. For love of him, the two princes, Anjou and Alençon, each assumed the same dress. The set of thirty-two pearls worn by Anjou cost no less than 23,000 crowns of the sun. The love this similarity was meant to betoken was not quite a farce. Henri of Navarre, with his frank sweetness, did fascinate all who held intercourse with him; the affection borne to him by his namesake of Anjou was the most redeeming feature in the character of that wretched being, and poor Charles IX. was wont to say, "Everybody hates me except my brother of Navarre, but I love him, and he loves me."

The Duke of Guise, with his nearer connections, all left Paris on that morning, since he could not bear to witness Marguerite's marriage; and no doubt this was one cause for the ominous silence of the multitude who thronged every foot of ground, every window, every roof, which commanded a view of the raised platform along which the bridal party walked from the Bishop's palace to the west front of Notre Dame, where a stage was erected for the performance of the first part of the ceremony. No dispensation had come, but it was easy to pretend that it was on the road; and a still greater difficulty was that not a word of consent could be extracted from the unwilling bride. Her brother Charles actually put his hand on her neck, and forced down her head into a nod of acquiescence in the sight of the whole populace. After this, she was led up to the high altar that the nuptial mass and benediction might be performed, and Henri could not but share in it. His more staunch followers remained in the nave, and the Admiral walked about there, pointing out to one of the Montmorency family some of the banners taken at Jarnac and Moncontour, and saying he hoped soon to replace them by more suitable trophies.

A great banquet at the Bishop's palace followed, and after that a supper at the Louvre. Then came a day of tilt and tournament, at which Henri of Navarre showed his wonderful agility and grace, and festivals were arranged for every day in such profusion that the Admiral was heartily sick of them, and longed to go home; but the Huguenots

CAMEO XII.

The Duke's Ballet. 1572.

entreated him to remain and support a deputation which had been sent up from their congregations.

No wonder he was weary of such a ballet as was arranged by Monsieur at the Hôtel de Bourbon on the night of the 20th of August. Down the centre of the stage flowed a river, supposed to represent the Styx, with Charon plying his boat upon it. To the right lay Elysium, a sort of mechanical representation of the circles of Paradise as shown in illustrations to Dante. It was a series of revolving wheels, tier above tier, the upper ones with lamps for the sun, moon, stars, and planets in their several spheres, while the lowest was covered with verdure and flowers, among which were bowers, each containing one fair nymph—a court lady, and beyond, on the bank of the stream, stood Charles, his brothers, and some others in gilded armour, as guardian angels.

On the further side, another tier of wheels, lighted with red flames, showed emblems of the infernal circles described by Dante, and at the bottom leaped and danced about all who were inclined to act as demons, in black suits with masks, cloven hoofs, tails, forks, or brandishing other hideous weapons. Henri of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and their Huguenot gentlemen, had actually agreed to come from this side, and endeavour to make an assault on Paradise, which the guardian angels repulsed, with much show of glittering foil, leaps, feints, and other drolleries, while the demons came to their assistance, and dragged each defeated knight off to a prison with tall gates lighted by red flames. The whole ended by a dance of the nymphs and their guardians. Such were the pleasing and edifying sports of the Court of France.

The Guisards were now returning to Paris, and Charles told the Admiral that he was so much afraid of a collision between them and the Huguenots that it must not be taken ill if he brought in a body of his guards to keep the peace.

"I believe myself quite safe," replied Coligny; "but I leave the matter in your hands."

So 1,200 men were marched in the same day, and quartered in and about the Louvre.

But Monsieur's mind was full of thoughts very unlike the ballet. We have his own word for it, in memoirs dictated somewhat later. He had found his brother closeted with the Admiral when he wished to speak with him, and he was—like his mother—persuaded that the Huguenot influence was taking Charles out of their hands.

Mother and son held council together. Coligny must be taken out of the way. It was only to let the Duke of Guise have his will, and pay off the debt of vengeance that he believed himself to owe to the Admiral. They sent for Guise. How was the thing to be done? If we are to believe Anjou, the Duke actually proposed that his mother—now Duchess of Nemours—should, with her own hand, stab the Admiral to the heart in the middle of the Court; but it is much more likely

CAMEO XII.
The Admiral Wounded.
1572.

that he only said she would be willing to do so, as a sort of figure of speech. She was called into this bloody council, and if asked, refused to become the executioner; Albert de Gondi, Count of Retz, and the Marshal de Tavannes, as commander of the guard, were also called in. They were the only French persons concerned, except the King and his brother. The others were all Italian, except Guise, who was German with an Italian mother.

There was a ruffian named Maurevel, who was nicknamed "*le tueur du roi.*" He had already shot at the Admiral, but had missed him, and killed a gentleman named Mouy instead. In spite of this blunder, the charge of murdering Coligny was committed to him chiefly by Anjou and Guise; the King thus far being really quite innocent, and Catherine only intended to rid herself of the one enemy whom she believed to be overthrowing her power.

On Friday, the 22nd, the Admiral had been at the Louvre on business, and then stood in the tennis court watching a match between the King and the Duke of Guise, against his son-in-law, Teligny, and another gentleman. He then set out to walk back to his lodging in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, but as he passed along the Rue de St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a shot was fired from the window of a house called the Hotel de Retz. The Admiral, who had been reading a letter, exclaimed—"I am wounded!" and staggered, falling into the arms of a friend; but Maurevel had again failed, and only his hands were injured.

He was helped home, while his followers burst into the house, where they found no one but an old woman and a boy. The arquebus was lying in the window, and was known as belonging to Anjou's guard, and the boy said the murderer had gone off through the cloister of the adjoining church.

A man rushed into the tennis court shouting—"The Admiral is killed!" Charles, in much dismay, questioned him, then broke out—"Am I never to have a moment's peace! Must I have fresh troubles every day!" He ordered Teligny to ride after the assassin, and sent orders to the Provost of Paris to guard against an outbreak.

Ambroise Paré, his Huguenot surgeon, was with the Admiral. One finger had to be amputated, and a ball to be extracted from the other arm. It was a painful operation, for the surgeon's instruments were not prepared for such wounds, and Coligny, and his chaplain Merlin, spoke together the while like pious and resigned men.

Visitors flocked to the patient; Navarre; Condé, escorted by 200 Huguenot gentlemen; Damville, the younger brother of Montmorency; and Teligny, to whom Coligny mentioned his great wish to see the King.

Teligny went to the Louvre with the message. He found that Henri and Condé had just been requesting leave to quit Paris, declaring that their lives were not safe, and that this had put the King in

CAMEO XII.

Visit of the King to Coligny. 1572.

a great passion. He was using furious language, and declaring that the deed should be atoned for, so that his sister Marguerite declared in her memoirs that if M. de Guise had not kept out of the way, he might have been hanged.

Charles insisted on going to see the Admiral in the afternoon. His mother and brother would not let him go without them, but they were greatly disgusted to find the street and house thronged with Huguenot gentlemen armed, who had mustered as a guard round their chief. Charles called him his father and his friend, and declared that if the Admiral bore the pain, he bore the grief. A few words passed between the Queen and the wounded man, and then the King made a sign to her and his brother to retire. They were obliged to stand out of hearing while the King and Admiral conversed, till Catherine could bear it no longer, and called her son away on the pretext of the health of the patient. They pressed Charles hard to make him tell what had been the subject of the interview, and at last he cried in a fit of anger—

"He told me kings are only respected according as they have power to punish or reward their subjects, and that I had let all mine slip into your hands. Of this, as a good subject, he wished to warn me before he died."

The Queen was much agitated and in great wrath and terror, while the Huguenots held consultation on their side. They wanted to carry the Admiral off to a place of safety that very night, but the physicians declared that this would be dangerous in his state. They therefore only paraded the streets, armed to the teeth, thundering out the metrical Psalms they used as battle songs, threatening the Guisards, firing off pistols in the air, and doing all they could to make themselves further terrible and obnoxious to the Parisians and the Queen Mother.

She was full of fright, and when her son Anjou came to her on the morning of the 23rd (Saturday), he found her decided that the murder of Coligny must be completed, so as to leave the Huguenots without a leader, and to get rid of his rival influence over the King. But how? He was too well guarded for a fresh assassination, and an attack by an armed force was impossible without the King's consent. How could that be obtained, when he really loved the Admiral?

The Louvre was far too full of people for private consultations, so Catherine appointed a meeting in her private garden at the Tuileries, of herself, Anjou, Tavannes, Retz, and one or two more; but what was decided on is only known by the results of that summer day's conference.

There was also a great entertainment given by the Duchess of Guise; and the Huguenots, fearing it might result in an attack on the Admiral's house, sent to ask the King for a guard. Anjou, who was standing by, said, "Take Cosseins and fifty arquebusiers."

It was answered that six would be enough, but the King said

CAMEO XII.
Coercion of Charles. 1572.

impatiently, "Take Cosseins, you could not have a fitter man." For he was at feud with the Guises, but then he was also a deadly foe to the Admiral. He took his fifty soldiers to the nearest houses, and later in the day came orders that the inhabitants of the street should leave their houses to the Huguenot gentlemen. It is not clear whether this was done honestly by the King, or maliciously by the Duke of Anjou.

After dinner, which was at eleven o'clock, the council took place. This was the crisis. Catherine was resolved to force consent from her son to the Admiral's death, and that of his guards, if to no more. She beset Charles with stories of a Huguenot plot to dethrone him in favour of Henri of Navarre, and then added that the Catholics were likewise weary of civil war, and determined no longer to endure Huguenot influence.

"I am as weary as they can be," cried Charles. "What would they have? Were not Jarnac and Moncontour enough?"

"Nay," she said; "the only way is to cut off the head and author of all these dissensions—M. de Chatillon."

Charles was vehemently enraged, and swore passionately that nothing should induce him to give up his friend, and to argument after argument he replied, "Woe to him who injures a hair of his head! He and Navarre alone are honest. All the rest are rogues and knaves!"

The murder of an innocent man without trial does not seem to have shocked the unhappy King. He never thought of justice, only of his friendship, and he stormed on, calling on all his council to support him, but in vain. They only brought stories of Huguenot threats and violence, except de Retz, who said it would be a shameful deed, and do infinite harm both at home and abroad; but all the rest agreed with Catherine that the Admiral must die, and if a few of his followers were slain at the same time, it would be no great mischief; peace must ensue, and the civil war end.

Still Charles held out, until his mother whispered in his ear—

"Perhaps, sire, you are afraid?"

The fiendish suggestion did its work. He started up like one stung by a serpent, swore horrible oaths, and with a raving gesture, cried—

"Kill the Admiral then if you will; but kill them all. Let not one escape to reproach me!" and he dashed furiously out of the room.

These words were enough for that horrible conclave. They would go to work before the unhappy youth could retract or give warning. That very night it must be done. Guise was sent for, and undertook that not only the defenders of the Admiral should die, but that all the unwelcome visitors of Paris should perish. The plot grew, Guise and Tavannes told the leaders of the mob of a supposed plot, that the Admiral had sent for German troopers, and that Montmorency was

CAMEO XII.

Forebodings. 1572.

coming to burn the city. The Huguenots must be dealt with while yet there was time, and they could make no resistance.

The King saw the Provost of Paris, and ordered the gates to be shut, and other precautions taken; but apparently he still only dreaded a great disturbance if an attack were made on the Admiral, and as yet had no notion what his own wild words would be made to authorise. He supped in public, and went to his own room about eight o'clock, with his arm on the Count of Rochefoucauld's neck, begging him to come and stay to converse all night.

Rochefoucauld begged to be excused, saying he was tired, and Charles then said he might sleep with the servants, no doubt meaning to keep him from joining Coligny's garrison; but he went away early, before the palace gates were shut.

The bride, Marguerite, knew nothing. Her sister Claude, the Duchess of Lorraine, must have known more, for when their mother bade good-night, she cried, "I entreat you, my sister, to remain with us to-night!"

But Catherine, who feared that her absence would excite suspicion, ordered her to retire to her husband's apartments. Claude declared it was a shame to sacrifice her, for the Huguenots would revenge themselves on her; but her mother declared that she was in no danger, and ordered her off. Her sister embraced her with tears in her eyes, and she went, wondering what was the matter.

Bed seems to have been her husband's favourite place for holding council, and all the early part of the night the room was full of Huguenot gentlemen, consulting over the Admiral's wound, and declaring that at the King's rising they would go and demand justice on the Duke of Guise. This lasted till the early summer morning, when Henry rose, dressed himself, and went out with the rest to await the King's rising.

Meantime the Queen Mother, who had gone to bed, rose at midnight and went to her son's chamber, with no one but Guise's mother. The unhappy Charles was pacing about the room, convulsed with impotent rage at the horrible meshes in which he was entangled, with grief for his friends, and shame at what he knew not how to prevent. Anjou durst not say a word, and it was not till the rest of her blood council had arrived that even his mother durst address him.

"It is too late to retreat, even were it possible. We must cut off the rotten limb, at whatever cost of pain. Delay will lose the finest opportunity Heaven ever gave man of cutting off all his enemies at a blow." And then she quoted an Italian proverb, "*E la pietà lor ser crudele, e la crudeltà lor ser pietoso.*" "Piety (or pity, for the word expresses both) to them is cruel to them, cruelty is to be pitiful to them."

This woman he had obeyed all his life, backed by his sneering brother, the domineering Guise, the Chancellor Birague, and three more old soldiers of his council, were too much for the miserable youth,

CAMEO XII.
Murder of Coligny.
1572.

and they forced from him what they could accept as orders, with which Guise left the Louvre. The others, in restless anxiety, flocked into a room overlooking the tennis court, and waited there till the silence of the sleeping city was broken by a pistol shot. Then the Queen's will for a moment wavered, and as her son looked at her in inexpressible horror, she ordered Tavannes off to call back the Duke of Guise, and forbid all harm to the Admiral.

But Guise was far too eager for his vengeance to wait for the chance of relenting counter orders. It was at about three o'clock that he, with his band of soldiers, wearing his white badge on their sleeve, and the white cross of Lorraine in their caps, tramped into the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Some were hired Swiss, and Cosseins and his arquebusiers joined them.

There was a knock at the house door, and a call, "Open, open in the King's name." The servant who opened was instantly killed; the other servants, half awake, were some slain, while others barricaded the door of the stairs.

The sounds awoke the Admiral, who, guessing that it was an attack of the Guisards, desired to be lifted from his bed and wrapped in his dressing-gown. A servant coming in was asked what the noise meant.

"Ah! my beloved master," he said, "it is God calling us to Himself. They have broken in, and we can do nothing."

"I have long been prepared to die," said the Admiral. "Flee and save yourselves. I commit my soul to God's mercy."

The attendants, all but the surgeon, Paré, escaped by the window on to the roofs, but all were shot down except two, one being the Pastor Merlin, who lay hid for three days in a loft, supported by the eggs which a hen daily came thither to lay.

Paré stood by the Admiral till the door was dashed open, and Cosseins, Behm (one of Anjou's Swiss) rushed in, and paused for a moment on seeing only two defenceless men. Then Behm stepped forward, saying—

"Are you the Admiral?"

"I am; but, young man, you should respect my grey hairs, and not attack a wounded man. But what matters it? You cannot shorten my life save by God's permission."

Behm swore a great oath and pierced the Admiral's breast, and the other ruffians then struck, and called out that all was over. Guise was in the street with Angoulême, an illegitimate brother of the King, and they called out to have the body thrown down to them. There was a faint effort to move the foot, and Behm crying out, "Is it so, old fox!" stabbed him several times more, another shot him through the head, and then threw him out of window. Angoulême wiped the blood from the face, Guise struck the body with his foot, saying—

"It is he—I know him well. Well done, my men; we have made a good beginning! Forward, by the King's command."

CAMEO XII.

Commencement of the Massacre. 1572.

The Admiral's chain of office which he had thrown round his neck was torn off, his head cut off, and both carried to the Louvre, answers to that last relenting message given by Catherine in her terror. Every one in the house was slain except Paré, whose skill was too valuable to be sacrificed, and he was escorted by Anjou's guard to the King's bedchamber. He probably abjured; for the Roman Catholics claim him.

The company of murderers then fell upon the house where Teligny slept. He was twice seized, but he was so much loved that he was twice released, but the third time was stabbed. His wife, Louise de Chatillon, Coligny's daughter, was likewise stabbed, but not killed. Rochefoucauld thought the trampling of feet was caused by one of the wild pranks of the King, and himself opened his door, upon which he was at once cut down with a dozen wounds. All the Huguenots in the street who had come to guard their Admiral were at the same time slaughtered.

When Catherine received Guise's message, "Too late, the Admiral is dead," she dreaded the King's again interfering, and privately sent orders to ring the tocsin in the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, instead of waiting for the bell of the Palais de Justice, as had been intended. Every bell instantly answered all over Paris, torches flamed out; the mob, suborned by Guise, and fancying themselves in danger of a Huguenot plot, was all afloat, eagerly awaiting the moment.

It was just then that, at dawn of morning, Henry of Navarre had risen to go down to the tennis court. At the foot of the stairs he was arrested, led aside and kept in safe custody. The gentlemen who had been with him were then disarmed without resistance, and then M. d'O, the captain of the King's guard, summoned them one by one by name into the tennis court, where a double line of Swiss guards was drawn up, to slaughter them as they entered.

Two hundred, who had formed Henri's guard of honour, thus perished in the very palace, beneath the window where sat the Queen Mother and her sons, some crying out to the King for mercy, and reminding him of his promises; but he seems by this time to have been almost frantic with horror and despair, and to have begun to long to have all over as soon as possible.

His sister Marguerite had fallen asleep after her husband left her, but was presently awaked by loud cries of "Navarre, Navarre," and a loud knocking. Her maid, thinking King Henri had returned, opened the door, when in burst a gentleman bleeding from a sword cut in the elbow and a spear thrust in the arm, with four soldiers rushing after him. In desperate terror the man threw himself on the bed, and caught hold of its inmate. Marguerite sprang out on the other side; but he still clung to her, and she was dreadfully frightened, not knowing whether she or he were in danger. At the screams, a captain of the guard came in, and absolutely laughed at her plight; but he ordered off the men, and at her urgent request spared the life of the fugitive, whom she shut up in her closet, where his wounds were

CAMEO XII. — *In the Louvre.* 1572.

dressed, and he remained till the danger was over. She then changed her nightdress, which was covered with blood, and the captain took this strange opportunity of explaining matters to her. He then escorted her to her sister Claude's rooms, but not without having a gentleman killed close to her on the way, so that she was half fainting when she was brought in. Two attendants of her husband followed her and begged her to save their lives, and this she did by entreaties to her mother and brother.

Her husband and his cousin of Condé were taken to the King's rooms, where they began hotly to reproach Charles, but were cut short by his exclamation "Death or Mass!" Henri said he must have time to think, Condé that he would never change, and they were kept under a guard. When such scenes were passing in the palace, the city was enhancing on them. Tavannes was riding up and down the street saying, "Kill, kill! Blood-letting is as good in August as in June!" And that Sunday morning was spent by the men of Guise and Anjou, together with all the ruffians of Paris, in breaking into each house where the Huguenots lodged, and slaughtering them—men, women, and children alike—plundering their goods at the same time. Little children were tossed into the Seine and drowned. One baby, who played with its murderer's beard, and laughed in his face, was stabbed by the wretch and drowned. One little girl was indeed spared, but only when she had been dipped in her parents' blood, and told she should be so treated if she turned Huguenot.

The latent ferocity of the Paris mob was awakened, and murder and blood had become a joy to them. One band of about 200 Huguenots crossed the river, fancying the Guises were attacking the King, at about seven in the morning. These were all shot down, and then it was that Charles is said to have taken an arquebuse and fired on them. Either he was thoroughly maddened, or he was persuaded of the truth of the rising which had been made his bugbear. The story has been disputed, because he was said to have stood in a balcony which did not then exist, but the fact of the firing has been recorded by the most trustworthy authorities.

Hardly any resistance was offered. Many were slain in their beds, or scarcely awakened. One gentleman, named Taverny, stood a siege in his house till his ammunition was exhausted, when he rushed out and was killed. His wife was taken to prison, but his sister was dragged naked about the streets till she died.

Probably the only actual orders were for the men's death, but the women and children perished from the general brutal violence of the murderers. The gentlemen were for the most part alone in Paris, without their families, but there were a good many tradesmen and artisans on whom the jealousy and fury of their rivals wreaked itself. The intelligence and sobriety of the Huguenot rendered him a superior workman, and therefore hateful, and he paid the penalty of his skill with all his family. Thus the King's perfumer killed with his own

CAMEO XII. — *The Slaughter.* 1572.

hand a crippled young man whose goldsmith's work was admirable. The Queen's goldsmith and his son were killed; his wife leapt out of window, but broke both her legs in the fall. A neighbour took her in, but was frightened by the threats of the mob into yielding her. Her hands were cut off at the wrists for the sake of her bracelets, and she was dragged about the street and left at the door of the shop of a cook, who, annoyed by her groans, pierced her with his spit. Scarcely less dreadful was the fate of the wife of the King's *plumassier*, who was stabbed and thrown, still alive, into the river. She drifted against a pier of the bridge, and there was pelted to death, but, entangled by the long hair, the body lay there for four days, till another, said to be that of her husband, loosened it and they floated down together.

The Seine literally ran red with blood, and whole heaps of dead bodies began to float against the banks and encumber its course. The whole of that horrible Sunday the massacre lasted, and the greater part of the Monday. A whitethorn in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents was in untimely blossom, and some of the fanatic priests pointed this out as an evidence of the approval of heaven! Nay, it was declared heretical to whisper that the buds had appeared long before.

Charles, however, was sickening with horror, though he sometimes put on a furious air, half from frenzy, half to satisfy those before whom he quailed. His wife, the gentle German Elisabeth, spent these hours in praying and weeping, so that her face was quite disfigured; and when he was threatening his cousins of Condé and Navarre, she rushed in with her hair on her shoulders, and saved their lives, when they consented to go to mass, and remained as prisoners at large.

King, Queen Mother, and half the ladies of the Court had walked past the ghastly row of gentlemen laid out in the tennis court, breaking horrible jests on them; but the young Duke of Alençon, who had been fond of Coligny, wept and bewailed these brave men so bitterly that he was forced to keep out of sight of his mother and Monsieur. Charles himself was miserable beyond description. "I burn with fever," he said to Paré. "All around me grin pale, blood-stained faces. Ah! Ambroise, if they had but spared the weak and innocent!"

Guise was gone. Montgomeri, who lodged on the other side of the river, was warned by a friend who swam across with the tidings, and he, with some sixty others, made their escape before Guise, who was detained by finding the gates locked, could attack them, and he pursued them in vain all the Sunday, only returning on Monday afternoon. Then measures were taken, and the Queen Mother made Charles write letters ascribing the horrors to a conspiracy of the Huguenots, which had led to a tumult in which the house of Lorraine had prevailed against that of Chatillon. A solemn thanksgiving mass was ordered at Notre Dame, to which the Court went in procession. Frantic ruffians darted out to display their zeal by waving bloody swords before the King, and one Huguenot was hunted down and slain before him. "Would that he were the last in the kingdom!" cried Charles.

CAMEO XII. — *Escapes.* 1572.

He went, after this sickening mockery of thanks, to the Palais de Justice, and rehearsed his lesson about the supposed conspiracy, in which not a soul believed, but which the Parisians accepted as an excuse; and the Parliament thanked him for his vigilance by the mouth of the President de Thou. After this farce, proclamations were made that order should be restored in Paris, and the few surviving Huguenots began to believe their lives safe at last.

Walsingham had secured all the English in his own house, and admitted all the French whom he could save; but a guard had been posted at his gates, ostensibly for his protection, though really to keep out fugitives. Young Philip Sidney, on the alert there all those days of horror, conceived an abhorrence of Romanism that made him one of the party most opposed to it in his after-life.

The old Duchess of Ferrara, Renée of France, who had been the friend of Calvin, sheltered many in her hôtel, which her great-grandson, the Duke of Guise, durst not invade. The wife and daughter of the pastor Merlin were among them, and there, after his week's sojourn in the loft, he met them again. Her daughter, the grandmother of Guise, likewise tried to save life, and Guise and Tavannes are each reported to have spared *one* Huguenot supplicant. Hubert Langnet, a great scholar and friend of Sidney, was secured by the Bishop of Orleans, and there are a few other individual escapes recorded, which probably are specimens of many others. Young Maximilian de Rosny, who was eleven years old, was a student at the university. His tutor and servant went out at the sound of the bells, and were never heard of more. His landlord was threatened into promising to go to mass, and wanted to take him, but the boy refused, and set off in a scholar's gown to take shelter in his college, carrying a prayer-book under his arm. Three times soldiers set on him, but let him go at the sight of his book, and he reached the college safely. The porter, however, would not let him in till he asked for the Principal, backing his demand with some coins. The Principal La Faye received the poor lad, but not without protests from two priests, who were talking of the Sicilian Vespers, and declaring that the orders were not to spare even infants. La Faye took the fugitive away to a distant room, and kept him locked up till the danger was over.

Another boy, named Caumont, was thrown down unhurt under a heap of bodies, among whom were his father and brother. There he lay stifled till the marker of a tennis court pulled him out to plunder him, and as the lad felt a hand on his stocking he begged for mercy. It was promised, but he had to lie there till a band of murderers were out of sight. Then he was taken to the arsenal, where the commander Biron was friendly to the religion, and dressed him as a page.

Charlotte d'Arbalête, the young widow of M. de Feuquières, was in Paris with her little girl Susanne. On the first alarm she sent the child away with her maid. She was sheltered, with forty more, in the house

CAMEO XII. — *Duplessis Mornay.* 1572.

of one of the King's attendants, but hearing that the house was to be searched, they dispersed, and she received shelter from another of the maid-servants, whose husband, a blacksmith, was captain of the ward, and received in his house the plunder brought in by the murderers. At last she embarked in a boat for Sens.

Her future husband, Philippe Duplessis Mornay, a sagacious man, had taken alarm some days before and sent his mother out of Paris. When the shouts of "Kill! kill!" sounded on his ear, he burnt his papers and hid under the roof, where he stayed all Sunday, and then his host, a Catholic, begged him not to bring destruction on his house. He dressed himself in black, as a clerk, and reached the office of his agent, who gave him a seat at a desk for the rest of the day. The next morning he left Paris as a clerk going to Rouen for a holiday. He was soon stopped, and had to send back to his supposed master for a certificate; but by this time there was more danger to the Huguenots outside Paris than within. He found his home at Buley, in the Vexin, desolate, his family gone no one knew whither, and he had no rest till he reached Rye, in Sussex, where a whole colony of his fellow fugitives were establishing themselves. They numbered more than 1,500, and have left appreciable traces in the dialect of Sussex.

For the horrors of France were not over. It seems that the moment that Charles's wild assent had been forced from him on the Saturday, orders had been sent verbally to each royal garrison to destroy the Huguenots within their city. Some refused, as at Nantes and Alençon, where no harm was done. At Angers the governor himself stabbed the pastor after having embraced him, and the massacre was begun by the soldiers, but stopped by the citizens. At the places near Paris—Meaux, Troyes, Orleans—the murders took place on the Sunday and Monday, and were very horrible. At Rouen the governor could not believe his orders, and sent to have them repeated; but he executed them too faithfully, and killed 600 men and women.

Lyons, always noted for deeds of blood, saw the death of more than 1,000, whose corpses poisoned the Rhone all down its course. Toulouse was also the scene of great horrors; but at Bayonne the governor said he had plenty of good soldiers and not one executioner. At Lisieux the Bishop declared that it was not the shepherd's business to slaughter strayed sheep. At Dieppe the governor declared the order only concerned the rebellious, and that he had only good citizens. At Nismes the town council were convoked, and determined to arm the citizens of both religions and keep out all strangers. The Montmorenci family too stood firm against the execution of the bloody edict. Thus in several cities the cruel orders were never put in execution, and in many towns, especially in the south, the Huguenots were too strong to be attacked. There were also many strong chateaux, little fortresses in themselves, where the inhabitants were safe; but in the northern provinces marauders roamed about sacking undefended houses and villages, murdering the inhabitants, and killing fugitives on the roads.

CAMEO XII. — *Numbers Massacred.* 1572.

All through September, Huguenots were being drowned in the Seine by ten at a time, and besides the multitudes carried away by the river, 2,000 corpses are known to have been buried in Paris alone. Nobody can estimate the numbers butchered in the kingdom between the 25th of August and the middle of October. It was certainly not less than 6,000,—probably more.

The horrible story itself has been so long that another chapter must tell its immediate effects. Only let us tell how it was in the palace of the murderers. About a week from the day of St. Bartholomew, a multitude of ravens, no doubt attracted by the corpses, flew round the Louvre and settled on the roofs. Every one was unnerved; and that same afternoon the air was filled with indescribable sounds of groans, yells, and shrieks, for half an hour filling the hearers with horror. At night the same noise was renewed. The king woke, leapt up, and called for the King of Navarre; and for seven nights this awful disturbance was renewed, and heard by every one in the palace. The King was pining away with horror and remorse. His mother retained her composure, and quietly said, "I have *only six* of them on my conscience."

CAMEO XIII.

THE EFFECTS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

(1572—1573.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XIII. — *Rome on the Massacre* 1572

THERE have been other massacres. Paris and Lyons have both seen their streets flowing with blood, and have sent down their fair rivers contingents of corpses to the sea; but there never has been one equal in atrocity to that of 1572, or which has so befouled the kingdom of France and the Church of Rome.

For if the actual execution rose out of the revenge of Guise, and the bloodthirsty jealousy of Anjou, finding ready instruments in the terror-stricken ferocity of a brutal mob, backed by savage soldiery, the Church of Rome so treated the deed as verily to

> "Stain her pure ethereal pall
> With many a martyr's blood."

There is no question that Gregory XIII. was a pious and conscientious man, and probably he was misled by the earliest tidings. He had been exceedingly afraid that Catherine and her son were falling under Huguenot influence, and would be led by the old Valois hatred to take up arms against Philip II., who was regarded as the only trustworthy champion of the Church. Thus it was a great relief to find that they were on the side of Rome, and the letters, sent to him from Charles IX., and presented by the Cardinal of Lorraine, alleged the story of a great conspiracy of the Admiral and his friends, which had been discovered in time to let the Guisards loose on them, and thus had resulted in their utter destruction without the loss of a single Catholic! The history was thus presented as that of a signal deliverance; the bells were rung, the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo fired salutes, the Pope and Cardinals went in procession to

CAMEO XIII

The Golden Rose. 1572.

hear a *Te Deum* chanted by the Cardinal of Lorraine. If they ever felt any misgivings, they had already committed themselves to approval of the deed; and no Roman Pope ever owns himself to have been deceived, though Gregory is said to have privately remarked that he pitied the innocent among the victims. So a medal was struck in honour of this same deliverance, the golden rose was sent to Charles IX., and the Vatican was decorated with three frescoes, representing the King planning the stroke, the death of the Admiral, and the slaughter in the streets. That men, really pious, should have learnt to look on these slaughtered fellow-creatures as mere vermin to be exterminated, is one of the most horrible things in the history of humanity; above all, when it was their own system that had raised the stumbling-blocks which had created the schism.

Philip II. laughed for joy—some say for the first time in his life—at the tidings. It was a triumph to what he thought his religion, and likewise a riddance of a great number of his national enemies, and the great auxiliaries of his revolted subjects in the Low Countries, upsetting the league with England that he dreaded. When the French Ambassador would have told him the tale of the accidental conflict, he treated it as an injustice to the French king, and an insult to himself, to suppose that he did not know better. He told his Ambassador to compliment Charles on his honourable, Christian, and valiant resolution, and to declare the news one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known.

The Duke of Alva was, however, shocked at the treachery to so many brave soldiers, and thought the act impolitic; and Michieli, the Venetian Ambassador, wrote that all men condemned it, and that no one would have been capable of it but a Florentine of the house of Medici, with Italian instruments.

The Emperor Maximilian was horror-struck, and declared that his unhappy son-in-law had so stained his honour that he would not easily wash out the blot.

When the tidings began to reach England, the horror and dismay were great. La Mothe Fénélon, in his private capacity as an honourable gentleman, declared that he was ashamed of the very name of Frenchman, but as Ambassador he had to make the best of the story; and bitterly must he have felt his position.

For three days Elizabeth refused to give him an audience at Woodstock Palace, where she then was. When at length she admitted him, it was not to her gay, unguarded gossip, but the whole Court was assembled in her presence-chamber in dead silence, and the Queen, as well as all her councillors and ladies, was in the deepest mourning. When he entered, Elizabeth, with a grave, stern face, came forward to meet him ceremoniously, and leading him to a window, demanded of him whether the strange story she had heard of the prince she had loved, honoured, and confided in could be true. Never, perhaps, did

CAMEO XIII.

Elizabeth's displeasure. 1572.

Elizabeth figure more nobly as queen or as woman than when she thus expressed her righteous wrath as a sovereign; and sorely must Fénélon have grieved to have to reply that he had come to lament the sad accident that had occurred, describing the supposed discovery of the plots of high and horrible treason which had compelled the King to cut off so many persons with as much pain as it would have cost him to sever his own arm.

Elizabeth eagerly inquired into the same high and horrible treasons, and demanded why the authors of them had not been brought to trial and justice. However, she let herself be persuaded that the "accident" was a true plea, as it was in poor Charles's own case, and even accepted a letter from Alençon, who was really guiltless; but for many days Fénélon was in marked disgrace; no one at Court except the Queen would speak to him, and Frenchmen were execrated wherever they showed themselves.

Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, between wrath and terror, wrote to Burleigh to recommend that the Queen of Scots should be instantly beheaded, and all the chief Papists imprisoned in the Tower; no Papist be allowed access to the Queen, nor to have any authority. The Queen and Burleigh knew very well that they could not put Mary to death for what her cousin and brother-in law had done, but they did consider far more seriously of sending her back to Scotland for her subjects to deal with. They had protected her hitherto from them; they would protect her no longer.

Le Croc, the French Ambassador in Scotland, was as ill off as Fénélon in England. John Knox, an old man, and near his end, gave him a terrible message: "Go tell your master that God's vengeance shall never depart from his house; that his name shall remain an execration to posterity; and that none of his children shall enjoy the kingdom, except he repents."

The many families who had sons in the Scottish guard were in great anxiety lest they should either have perished or have assisted in the massacre. Kirkaldy of Grange had had a narrow escape, and some seem to have conformed to the Roman Church, but had to do penance for it when they came back to Scotland. In fact, the feelings of all the Reformed everywhere had been so stirred that every Roman Catholic in a Protestant country was in a far more dangerous situation than hitherto, and could not fail to be looked on as a beast of prey. The worst of it was that when falsehood as well as murder had been, not only employed, but approved, all trust and confidence were at an end, and the most truly pious, loyal, and merciful Catholic might, for aught any one knew, be a wolf in sheep's clothing, or forced to become so at the bidding of superiors whom he durst not resist.

For Mary, a Papist, the ally of Spain, the daughter-in-law of France, to succeed to the throne, was the greatest misfortune the English could conceive; and in this first excitement Elizabeth consented to send off her diplomatist, Henry Killigrew, to Scotland,

ostensibly to reconcile the Hamiltons to the King's men, but in reality on a secret mission to the Regent, Lord Mar, to arrange for the yielding up of Queen Mary. No one knew of the purpose of his going but Elizabeth, Burleigh, and Leicester, before whom he took a solemn oath of secrecy.

Mar and Morton alone were informed of the proposal, and a council was held between the three at Morton's Castle of Dalkeith, where he lay sick. He sat up in bed and declared the Queen's death would be a sovereign salve for all their sores, but neither thought the surrender and execution could be carried out unless Queen Elizabeth would send a sufficient escort to prevent a rescue, "in case the people should not like of it." 2,000 or 3,000 men they demanded, who were afterwards to reduce Edinburgh Castle and give it to them, and all arrears of pay were to be made up to the Scottish army. In plain English, they expected to be paid for executing their own Queen.

Elizabeth held back, Burleigh thought the terms too high, and, in the midst, Mar died suddenly, on October 28th, 1572. Morton became Regent, and would readily have carried on the negotiation, but by this time Elizabeth had recovered from the first shock of the massacre, and would not give up her kinswoman, who never heard of the peril she had escaped. Burleigh greatly regretted what he viewed as the weakness of his royal mistress.

Killigrew succeeded in his other mission. The Hamiltons had lost all vigour with the Archbishop, and the whole party, Anjou, Huntley, Seaton, Flemyng, and the rest, were so horrified by the massacre, that they could no longer uphold the desperate party connected with Henry of Guise. Thus the St. Bartholomew destroyed the last hope of Romanism in Scotland. Only Maitland of Lethington, and Kirkaldy of Grange, in Edinburgh Castle, and a few Highlanders out of reach remained Queen's men.

The tidings of the St. Bartholomew came to the Netherlands fraught with joy to the Spanish party, who held illuminations in their cities, and thanksgivings in their churches; while to the Gueux the news was almost despair, since the French Calvinists were their staunch allies, and it was to the King whom they had looked for aid.

Louis of Nassau, within Mons, heard of the catastrophe from the besiegers without, and he soon after fell ill of a violent fever. His brother, the Prince, was advancing to relieve him, receiving the adherence of many Flemish towns on the way, when these terrible tidings arrived, destroying the hopes with which he had set forth. Nevertheless he advanced to Peronne, and at the same time the Dukes of Alva and Medina Celi joined the besiegers before Mons. An envoy was sent from France to explain to the Duke that the many French Huguenots now in Mons were to be cut to pieces, as their King did not mean to be embarrassed by having them sent back to him. The two armies of Alva and Orange lay opposite to one another. William,

CAMEO XIII.
Surrender of Mons.
1572.

whose horse were the superior, was eager for battle, as the only chance for Mons; and the Archbishop of Cologne, with pistols at his saddle, besought Alva to fight; but the Duke was far too politic. On the 11th of September, he detached his son, Fadrique, and Julian Romero with 600 arquebusiers to make a night attack on the Prince's camp. With shirts over their armour, the arquebusiers stole in, cut down the sentinels, and began slaughtering from one o'clock till three. Every one round William's tent was fast asleep, and he would have been taken or slain but for a little spaniel which always slept on his bed, and which began barking furiously, and scratching his master's face with his paws. William had barely time to spring on a horse, which he kept saddled outside, before the enemy burst into the tent, and killed all his attendants. He never afterwards slept without a dog of the same kind in his room. Presently a tent caught fire, and the glare showed the surprised army how few their enemies really were; but, before they could rally, Romero had called his arquebusiers together, and drawn off, leaving 600 slain in the camp, and having only lost sixty.

Orange was forced to retreat towards Peronne, his mixed army of Germans and Dutch refusing to wait any longer, or even to give time for bringing off Count Louis if he could be taken out of the city. The Prince could only send him tidings, and advise him to make the best terms he could, and then marched away towards the Rhine. The troops, furious at their disappointment, and at having no pay, rose, clamouring for the life of Orange, who was rescued with difficulty by their officers, and, while they disbanded themselves, he made his way almost alone to Holland, declaring that if he could not save that one province, it should be his sepulchre.

Mons could of course only surrender, and the terms were honourable, all the garrison being allowed to depart in safety, even the French, though La Noue with the iron arm was among them. Count Louis was treated by the Spaniards with great politeness; when still weak and half recovered he passed through the army in his carriage, in a long wrapping-gown, escorted by a Spanish guard. He went with La Noue to Picardy, where the Duke of Longueville, an old friend of *Bras de fer*, was governor and undertook to protect them. Such citizens as had joined him left the place with his army, if they were prudent. Those who stayed underwent the full horrors of Spanish cruelty. Not only such as had fought were beheaded or hung, but people were put to death for having heard a sermon, or tasted meat on a fast-day. It was not a sack, but a slow investigation, and for a whole year there were daily executions.

Mechlin, which had received the Prince of Orange, fared even worse, for it was given up to plunder. Spaniards were let loose on it for one day, Walloons on the next, Germans on the third, to slay and destroy. Churches and convents were just as much rifled as private houses. Nothing was too sacred for the savagery of these ferocious troops.

CAMEO XIII.

Plunder of Mechlin. 1572.

The city was viewed as rebellious, and therefore Catholic must suffer as much as heretic, and the bloodshed, sacrilege, and horrors of all kind might compensate to the soldiery for being withheld at Mons, while the slower arm was doing equal execution. Thus was the revolt stamped out in the Belgian provinces, and therewith the Reformation.

The Swiss were treated by the French court to the regular apology, which they admitted because they could not go to war, but they were sheltering a great many fugitives. Coligny's Jacqueline, having lost her hero, fled to Switzerland to give birth to his little daughter. His eldest daughter Louise, widow to Teligny, and the rest of his family were there, except the eldest son, who was in a French prison. Alsace and the Palatinate likewise received many Huguenots, and in France the fortified cities of Sancerre, Rochelle, Montauban, Nismes, and numerous smaller ones were places of refuge.

At Paris there were strong efforts to believe in the fiction of a conspiracy. Coligny's papers were examined, and nothing more treasonable was found than a note saying that the large appanages of younger sons impoverished the crown. Catherine showed it to her son Alençon, twitting him with the grief he had manifested for the Admiral.

Nevertheless Coligny was sentenced by the obsequious Parliament of Paris, literally imitating the proverbial Lydford law of Dartmoor—to kill a man first and then try him. Search was made for his body, which had for several days been dragged about the streets by the gutter children; it was dragged on a hurdle to the Place de La Grève, and there gibbeted, and afterwards hung on the great gallows of Montfaucon, but thence it was taken down by the intervention of Coligny's cousin, Montmorency, and buried at Chatillon.

The King was in the same state of semi-frenzy. He met with compliments at all hands. Sermons, horrible to tell, upheld his justice, the Pope rewarded him, poets likened his mother to Pallas Athene, and the slain Huguenots to the suitors of Penelope, who was compared to the crown of France. He did helplessly as he was bidden by his tyrants, and tried to cheat his own misery by horrid jests, such as triumphing in the way "our Margot caught them all," shocking Walsingham by his flippancy. Indeed, he seems to have hoped that the whole race were extirpated, and that he should hear no more of them, as reports of the massacres in the provinces came in, and seemed to tell of utter destruction. With this trust, he continued to storm at the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé, till they, disheartened by the tidings of bloodshed that poured in, consented to abjure the reformed religion, in which they had been bred, though baptised in the old form.

So, too, Charles was pitiless in the case of Cavagne, a councillor of Toulouse and Briquemaut, an old warrior past seventy. This last had escaped the massacre, by stripping himself as though already plundered,

CAMEO XIII

Charles IX.'s passion. 1572.

and lying down as if dead among a heap of corpses till he could escape to Walsingham's house, where he was disguised as a groom. He was dressing a horse when he was recognised and arrested. Both were offered their lives if they would confess the supposed conspiracy, or even not deny it; and when they refused, they were put to the torture; then, when all this proved vain, they were made to sign blank papers, which were afterwards filled up with accounts of the conspiracy, to be shown to the German princes. Still, they were condemned. The young Queen did her utmost for them. On the morning of the 27th of October, which was fixed for their execution, she gave birth to a little daughter, and when her husband came to her she implored him, in return for her gift, to grant her these two lives, but he would or could not; and when at sunset he was taken to see them hanged, he shocked people by having a torch held close to the faces, that he might see the features writhed by the death-agony. Navarre and Condé were forced to come with him, and all then went to a great supper in the Hôtel de Ville.

Walsingham, who gives these particulars, says "the king is grown so bloody that they who advised him do repent the same." Indeed, they were beginning to feel that though the Reformed might be crushed, they were by no means made an end of, and that there were quite enough of them to continue the civil war.

The fortified cities where they had the ascendant refused to admit the royal troops, viewing them as so many butchers. Marshal Biron, who was so nearly a Huguenot that he would not have been safe on the 25th of August, had he not been govenor of the arsenal of Paris, and able to secure himself there, was sent down to take the command of La Rochelle. The inhabitants would have admitted him, but for the threats of the officers in his army, which made them expect a massacre on its entrance, so that they closed their gates against him.

The court found that to carry on the work of extermination was beyond their power. The moderate Catholics would have permitted no more cruelties, and it was time to conciliate. La Noue had come back from Mons, and had been received by his old friend the Duke of Longueville, the governor of Picardy. The Duke advised Charles to send him as governor to Rochelle, and was thereupon requested to bring him to meet the King at the house of Albert de Gondi.

Longueville told La Noue that he would find the King quite altered from the gentle prince he remembered. He had been stern, fierce, and violent ever since the massacre, and swore wilder oaths than ever. However, he was very gracious to La Noue, gave him the lands of Teligny, whose sister was his wife, and explained that his mission was to be to bring the Rochellois back to their obedience. These lords joined with him a Florentine, named Guadagni, to watch his conduct. In November he arrived at a village near La Rochelle, where deputies from the city came out to meet him; but when they came, they showed themselves surprised.

"We came," they said, "to confer with M. de la Noue, but we do not see him."

"What!" said the General, "have you so soon forgotten one who has received so many wounds, and lost an arm while fighting for you?"

"Yes, there was once a M. de la Noue on our side, who bravely defended our cause; but he never gave us false hopes, nor invited us to conferences to betray us."

La Noue was angry.

"I only ask of you to report to the senate that I have to speak to them," he said.

He was allowed to come into the city to confer in person with the town council, and he laid before them the favourable conditions offered by the King. They were not accepted. "We will not treat for ourselves separately," said these brave men. "Our cause is the cause of God and of all the churches of France. We will accept nothing that does not apply to all the brethren alike. As to yourself, we give you your choice between three proposals. You may live in our city as a private burgher, when we will give you a dwelling. If you will command us, all the nobility and people will gladly own you for their chief, and fight with confidence under your orders. If neither proposal suits you, we will provide a ship for you to go to England, where you will find many of your friends."

Guadagni agreed with La Noue that the second proposal had better be accepted, since La Noue's heartfelt loyalty and good faith was trusted. He, therefore, became captain of La Rochelle, under the authority of the mayor, Jaques Henri, and used his power to strengthen the fortification. La Rochelle was already one of the strongest places in France. Standing at the head of a bay, forming a huge harbour from the storms of the Bay of Biscay, it had an inner harbour for its own fleet, protected by a chain between two forts. There was a wall of great thickness round the city, flanked with numerous towers, and there were creeks and inlets from the sea which led the tide into the moat, whence floodgates prevented it from escaping, 15 brass cannon, 60 fieldpieces, 100 smaller ones, and 160,000 pounds of powder were prepared for the use of 2,000 soldiers and 3,000 burghers, all hot and enthusiastic in the cause, deeply feeling the brutalities of the massacre, and further excited by the preachings of at least fifty pastors who had found a refuge within the walls.

Marshal Biron remained outside, and, though overtures for peace were made on either side, he destroyed all the adjacent windmills. In the month of February, the Duke of Anjou arrived at the camp, bringing as a sort of prisoners his cousins of Navarre and Condé, so lately the hope of La Rochelle, and accompanied by Guise and all the deadliest foes of the Reformed. Tavannes had set forth with them, declaring that he would reduce Rochelle within a *month*, clear the way to Montauban, "And then," said he, "let the heretics look to their consciences; they shall recant or perish to a man."

CAMEO XIII.
Attack on Rochelle. 1572.

However, he fell ill at Chartres and died there. One account says he was full of horror and remorse; another that when asked why he did not refer to the slaughter of the 24th of August among his sins, he replied that he considered it as a meritorious action, a set-off against all the rest.

The Duke d'Aumale was killed by a cannon-shot immediately after the siege was commenced, and these two deaths were improved to the utmost by the Huguenot ministers, whose preachings were almost as sanguinary as those of their enemies. They were determined against any accommodation, as indeed there was no trust to placed in the royal word; but La Noue felt himself pledged to do his best for peace. So he was preached at, compared to all the traitors and half-hearted men in the Bible, and accused of treacherous correspondence and want of trust in God.

"I do trust in Him," said La Noue, "but I do not expect Him to work miracles which He has not promised."

On this a minister named La Place struck the General. La Noue quietly sent him home to his wife, with a message that he ought not to go abroad without a keeper. But, while such sermons went on, even La Noue could do little good; Montgomeri, whose violence he always disliked, was coming with a fleet; he had done his utmost for the King, and he decided on leaving the place with a safe conduct from the Duke of Anjou.

The siege went on, and Cosseins, the head of the treacherous guard sent to Coligny, was killed, to the great satisfaction of the Huguenots; Montgomeri's fleet of fifty-three sail arrived, manned by adventurers from Holland, France, and England.

Fénélon complained to Elizabeth, who was again on friendly terms with his court; Michel de Castelnau had been sent to ask her to be sponsor to the infant princess, who was to bear her name. She was much gratified, no doubt partly by this recognition of her as no heretic. She called it an especial mark of the King's friendship that she should be asked to be his gossip, and sent warm thanks to all the kindred of *la petite Madame*. She sent the Earl of Worcester, a Roman Catholic, to represent her, but he and all her rich christening gifts were very nearly captured at sea by the Huguenot cruisers, and thus it was with all her heart that she answered that the English contingent to Montgomeri's fleet were a pack of outlawed ruffians, whom she should be thankful to see hung. She refused all public aid to the besieged, and sent her fleet to clear the channel of pirates. Montgomeri did no more for the Rochellais than the sending them in a supply of ammunition, and taking up his station at Belle Isle, at the mouth of the Loire, so as to afford them means of escape if matters should come to extremity.

Anjou was very weary of the siege. An illness called Poitou colic, but very like cholera, was making havoc of his troops, and Alençon, Navarre, Condé, and other young men, among whom the chief was

CAMEO XIII.

Election of Anjou to the throne of Poland.
1573.

Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount of Turenne, were drawing together in the camp, talking of their hatred of the bloodthirsty councils now prevailing, and making wild plans of escaping to Montgomeri's fleet, whence Alençon would declare himself protector of the Reformed. The assaults were uniformly beaten off with heavy loss, and the royalists found the reduction of the stronghold of their enemies a tedious matter. Moreover tidings came that the Duke of Anjou had been elected King of Poland; there was need for him elsewhere, and Catherine and Charles made up their minds to hold back their hands, for the present, and grant peace. The Rochellais declared themselves willing, when they found that they were not asked merely to capitulate on terms for themselves alone. They would have held out to the last, though they were already reduced to great straits, and were thankful for an unusual supply of shell-fish which were washed in by the tide in such numbers that they accepted them as a miracle. A peace to include all the Huguenots was a different thing. So on the 10th of July, 1573, the new peace concluded the fourth religious war, which had been begun by the massacre.

Freedom of worship was granted in the three cities of Rochelle, Montauban, and Nismes, which were exempted from receiving a royal garrison, provided they kept two hostages at court. No one was to be persecuted for his faith, and assemblies for worship by tens together were sanctioned; in fact matters were not very unlike what they had been before that horrible day, except for the loss of the flower of the Huguenots. Sancerre, which had been holding out all this time against La Châtre, and was reduced to such famine that five hundred persons were actually starved to death, was not included in the treaty, and when it yielded at last its constancy was requited with great cruelty. Still for the fourth time a hollow peace prevailed in France.

The young James of Scotland, now six years old, had been the personal ward of the House of Erskine, and he so continued after the death of their head, the Earl of Mar, who had carried him at his coronation. The new Earl was his hereditary guardian, but, being about his own age, was his playfellow. One day when the two boys were at play, Mar gained some advantage, and James called out in the broad Scotch he spoke then and through life, "Johnnie Mar had slaited me." Johnnie Slaites was ever after his name for his friend, and was the first of the many such titles he bestowed.

The Countess of Mar was considered to be a strict ruler, but the boy loved her well, as indeed he was of an affectionate nature. He already had no lack of masters, Sir Alexander Erskine was his governor, and as tutors he had George Buchanan, a Calvinist, Peter Young, an Anglican, and the Erskines, who, though titular Abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, were Catholics. James loved all warmly, except Buchanan, whom he disliked heartily, and Calvinism with him. Indeed Buchanan was a harsh tutor, and beat him on one

CAMEO XIII. *James VI.* 1572.

occasion so severely that Lady Mar came to his rescue, with remonstrances against lifting a hand against the anointed; but the grim tutor laughed at her, and defied her.

The boy was, however, an apt scholar, and when Killigrew saw him in his eighth year, at Stirling Castle, and was bidden to try him with any chapter of the Bible, he translated one with perfect ease from Latin into French and from French into English; and when walking up and down the garden, hand in hand with Lady Mar, he discoursed of knowledge and ignorance to the extreme delight of the Reverend James Melville, who thought him "the sweetest sight in Europe."

Meanwhile the Estates of Scotland had met and elected almost unanimously James Douglas, Earl of Morton, as Regent, not because they loved him, but because they feared him, and felt moreover that he was the only man able to hold the helm in these difficult times. No one loved him, and it could scarcely be said that any one trusted him, for there was in him a terrible compound of craft and violence, and he had been engaged in all the great crimes of his day just so far as suited his own interests; but those interests were those of the dominant party, and they gave themselves to him, though he was a close-handed, avaricious man, without the lavishness that wins popularity, while in his castle of Tantallon stood a terrible machine, a kind of garotte facetiously named the Maiden, and a grip of Morton's Maiden was far too easily incurred.

He was still lying sick at his castle when he was chosen, and the day of his election, the 24th of November, 1572, was the day of John Knox's death. The great Reformer was only sixty-seven years old, but his body had long been failing, though his spirit was as fierce and energetic as ever. He was the last noted man of that first generation who had personally come out of the church of Rome, and hated it for the blindness in which it had bred them up. His own character and the circumstances of his nation conduced to make that hatred manifest itself in forms of ferocity and treachery unequalled save by the opponents of his cause. He was after his own fashion pious, sincere, and devout, but he sanctioned doings much more resembling those of Catherine de Medici herself than any recommended by other Reforming clergy.

One of his last acts was to send his friend the minister, David Leslie, his dying warning to Kirkaldy of Grange, who had returned to Edinburgh Castle, to give up the Queen's cause, predicting that neither the craggy rock, nor Lethington's carnal prudence, should save him from a disgraceful death by the gallows unless he should leave the Queen's party, yet even then his soul should find mercy. About eleven o'clock at night Knox held up one of his hands, said "Now it is come," and in a few moments expired.

The truce between the King's and Queen's party was over, and so many of the latter had passed to the other side, that nothing remained

CAMEO XIII.

Siege of Edinburgh Castle. 1573.

but the Castle of Edinburgh, where Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange still held out. They could have had little hope in so doing, for there was no one to come to their rescue, and it seems as though all they could have aimed at was to escape the humiliation of surrender to their enemies by falling nobly. The strength of their rock was such that they could bid defiance to all Scotland, as long as they had provisions, and France still thought it worth while to send them aid, by sea, while all Queen Mary's personal income was laid out by her agents to procure means of maintaining them. Indeed they were so much suspected of having intercourse with Alva and expecting Spanish allies that they were commonly called in Scotland the Castillians. They began the war again by firing the castle guns on the 1st January, 1573, and when the Parliament met, a tinsel crown and sceptre had to be carried in procession because the real ones were shut up in the castle, and the guns were extremely inconvenient both to the Estates of the realm and the burghers of Edinburgh.

To obtain Queen Elizabeth's help so as to have the supplies cut off by a fleet was the only chance of the Council. Burleigh was exceedingly desirous that it should be done, but the Queen as usual equally hated assisting rebels and spending money. She thought she might be led into a war with France, and she did not want to summon a Parliament. Killigrew had gone back to Scotland, and wrote desperately of the real danger that mercenaries paid by Rome, Spain, and the captive Queen might be admitted by the castle into Scotland in force, seize the little James, and carry him off to have a French education, the very worst thing that could befall England. A vessel full of arms stores, and provisions had actually been sent to the relief of the castle under command of Sir James Kirkaldy, brother of the Laird of Grange, but his wife and James Balfour (the arch traitor) persuaded him to put into Blackness Castle, on the Firth of Forth, where a force from the Regent was prepared to capture them as soon as he entered the trap. Killigrew's letter decided Elizabeth, and she consented to assist the Scots in reducing Edinburgh Castle.

Sir William Drury, an old friend of Kirkaldy, was sent with 1,500 Englishmen, to whom only 500 were added by the Scots. High towered the Castle-rock above the city, a fortress within a fortress, but not inclosed on all sides. A great square block called David's Tower was the principal strength of the Castle, and it was really impregnable in the old feudal times, and with such modes of warfare as were then understood in Scotland. The new comers were, however, instructed in engineering. They made gabions, *i.e.* baskets filled with earth, which were put between cannon so as to form a rampart, and placed batteries thus formed wherever there was a height. Six batteries thus constructed, shot great balls at the massive old buildings, which crumbled away under the shock. David's Tower began to fall, and a mass of masonry stopped up the well. Then the outwork called the Block-house, the approach

CAMEO XIII. *Surrender of Edinburgh Castle.* 1573.

from the High Street, was taken, and the besieged began to lose all hope. Maitland and Kirkaldy might still have held out as desperate men, but their troops mutinied, and threatened to deliver them up, and Kirkaldy stood forth with a white flag, and obtained from Drury a respite of two days to treat of surrender. The Laird of Pitarrow was let down by a rope to carry his proposals, and in the evening Kirkaldy met Killigrew, Drury, and Lord Boyd. He demanded safety for the garrison, leave for Maitland to retire to England, and for himself to remain on his own estates. The Englishmen would have granted these conditions, the Scots would not hear of them. The soldiers might come out singly and unharmed, and might depart unhurt, but their nine leaders, including Kirkaldy and Maitland, must surrender unconditionally. Kirkaldy returned to communicate these hard terms, and found the soldiers in a state of mutiny, threatening to hang Maitland over the walls, and to give the captain up to the enemy. There was no choice, so in early morning they surrendered themselves to the English, not to the Scots, from whom they looked for no mercy. Sir William Drury kept them in his lodgings, and would not give them up. Morton wrote to the Queen insisting on their surrender. Killigrew recommended it, and Elizabeth, after some hesitation, yielded to the general opinion that it was due to the Scots to let them deal with their own countrymen, and commanded Drury to deliver them up, only making an exception in favour of Sir Robert Melville.

Before the moment came for the surrender, Maitland of Lethington was found dead in his bed, having, it was believed, taken poison. George Buchanan had called him the Chameleon, others termed him the Ulysses of Scotland. He had played an unprincipled part, assisting in the ruin of the Queen, and when she was ruined, turning round on the victors in a manner that deprived him of all sympathy.

Kirkaldy was of nobler mould, and though he too had changed sides and held out the Castle against those who had put it in his charge, there were many who thought, in those bewildering times, that his offences were less than those of many who went free, and two hundred gentlemen offered their bond for his leaving the country and resigning all his property to the Regent; but Morton was inexorable, and Sir William and Sir James Kirkaldy were condemned to be hung together at the Market Cross on the 1st of August. Though his friends described him as humble, gentle, and meek, a lamb in the house and a lion in the field, the citizens of Edinburgh could not forget how long he had kept them in terror from his eyrie, and then quoted Knox's death bed warning as a prophecy. David Lindsay, the minister who had been its bearer, attended Grange before his execution, and besought him that if Knox's augury of mercy to his soul should be verified, he would give some token. This sign was thought to be given when, some "bonny while" after the ladder had been removed,

CAMEO XIII.
Death of Kirkaldy.
1573.

the body not only turned from the eastward to the westward facing the sunset, but "when all thought he was away," he lifted up his bound hands that were before him and laid them down again. Upon which Mr. Lindsay glorified God before all the people.

This was the final ruin of Mary's cause in Scotland. Sir Adam Gordon, her last adherent, fled to France, and no one durst confess himself a Queen's man from that moment.

CAMEO XIV.

THE KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND.

(1573—1575.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1560. Charles IX.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XVI — *Mission of Montluc.* 1572.

So peaceful was England through the greater part of Elizabeth's reign that the home history is little more than a record of the Queen's progresses, and the splendid entertainments with which her nobles were obliged to receive her. We have to look to the neighbouring countries for the real history of the period.

Catherine de' Medici had been told by a soothsayer that all her sons would be kings, and, as if this were to be fulfilled at home, it meant short life and childlessness to the seniors, she was urgent to obtain its accomplishment abroad; and with this view she persisted in her endeavours to secure Elizabeth's hand for one of them; and she likewise cast her eyes upon the throne of Poland, though the race was entirely alien, and nobody at court knew anything about it except Jean de Montluc, that Bishop of Valence who had once gone to some length in sympathy with the Reformation. Slavonic in race, but Roman Catholic in faith, the Poles had long been the barrier between Germany and the wilder nations to the eastward. Their culture came from Germany, and thence proceeded a sort of primitive feudal system which placed the chiefs, or palatines, as Europe called them, on an equality with their sovereign, almost like that of the Homeric chiefs in Greece. Their council assembled on horseback in the open air, and claimed the right of choosing their king; but for a century and a half the family of Jagellon had reigned, until it became extinct in the person of Sigismund Augustus II., who left no child nor brother, only sisters, all married except one.

All through Sigismund's last illness there had been intrigues for the succession. Every royal younger son had his designs. Ivan Basilewich,

son to the Tzar of Muscovy, hoped to unite Poland to Russia; Archduke Ernest of Austria, son to the Emperor Maximilian II., had good hopes; Albert of Prussia put himself forward; and so did Henri de Valois, Duke of Anjou, or rather his mother did so for him.

M. de Balagny had been sent to feel the way in the king's lifetime, and returned on his death, on the 7th of July 1572, with the tidings that Monsieur's chances were good, since several palatines were resolved against heresy, and viewed him as the hero of Jarnac; but he also declared that he would be expected to marry the late king's sister Anne, a small, swarthy, dark-eyed, heavy-browed, grave, and decorous person of forty years old, accustomed to preside over her brother's court. This was worse than Queen Elizabeth; and Henri, who passionately admired beauty, had entangled himself by a promise of marriage to Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf, and then, deserting her, was hoping to get the marriage of the beautiful, light-minded Marie de Clèves with the Prince of Condé annulled, much disliked the whole affair, thinking it far pleasanter to be prince in France than king in Poland. However, eight days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Bishop Montluc, of Valence, was sent off as ambassador to try to obtain the crown of Poland for Monsieur. He was in Lorraine when the tidings from Paris arrived, and was very near being murdered for a heretic by the populace; indeed he was actually detained at Verdun till the court was consulted, and it was strongly suspected that the Duke of Anjou himself had had some hand in the endeavour to stop him.

Montluc was probably anxious to rid France of the Duke, for he praised him everywhere up to the skies, and when the Lutheran party, who were numerous in some parts of Poland, brought forward the massacre, the Bishop did not scruple to declare him entirely innocent and ignorant of it! The most formidable competitor was Ernest of Austria, but a letter had been opened addressed to one of the persons in his embassy, describing the Poles as *gens barbara et gens inepta*, and this had given great offence. There had also been an attempt to communicate with the Princess Anne Jagellon, who was kept in the castle of Blonie under strict surveillance, lest she should marry any one secretly and give him an unfair advantage.

Before the day of election, Montluc had seen and talked to, if not bribed, all the chief electors, and solemnly pledged his master to tolerate the Reformed, and respect the constitution. The diet met on the 3rd of August, 1573, on a vast plain near Warsaw; 60,000 persons were present, the people of each palatinate being marshalled round their palatine, and a tent containing 6,000 persons was pitched in the midst. Each ambassador put forward his master's pretensions in long Latin speeches, and after a month's discussion, on the 3rd of May, the voting began, after the *Veni Creator* had been sung by the whole assembly, which must have presented a magnificent spectacle. Every man of noble blood had a vote; any one, according to the

CAMEO XIV.

Election of Henri. 1573.

constitution, might have been chosen king; but not a single Polish candidate had presented himself.

On the 9th, Henri of Valois was declared to have an enormous majority. When there was an outcry of the few wise men who disapproved, his partisans at once assumed white scarfs and cockades, and their numbers were made evident to the eye. He was proclaimed king, a *Te Deum* was sung, and Montluc wrote to Catherine—"I have kept my promise; Monsieur is King of Poland."

This was what made Henri ready to give up the siege of Rochelle, and go back to Paris to meet Montluc and the Polish ambassadors, who brought him the record of his election in a silver casket. To the surprise of the court, these palatines spoke French as if they had been born on the banks of the Seine, as well as Latin and German. They were stately figures, with shaven heads, long beards, caps adorned with jewels, scimitars at their sides, bows and arrows on their shoulders, wide boots studded with iron spikes, and robes of cloth of gold edged with rich furs. One of them, Dambrowicz, the Palatine of Cracow, was head of the Polish Protestants, and when he spoke, it came to light that the Bishop of Valence had gained their support by promising that Henri should grant full toleration, and should obtain the like from his brother for the French Reformed. Montluc confessed that this had actually been his promise, but neither Charles nor Henri chose to be bound by it.

Brilliant *fêtes* were taking place, and Henri wanted to prolong them as much as Charles did to shorten them and to be free from his brother's presence. Charles had been trying to stifle his misery and remorse by violent exercise. He had hunted so desperately that he had killed 5,000 dogs, his horses cost 30,000 francs a year, and he blew his horn so violently that he was injuring his lungs; there was a constant low fever about him, giddiness, and pain, and it was plain that his days were numbered; but the idea that his brother was waiting for his death made him so furious that Catherine insisted that Henri should set off, assuring him that he might trust her to secure the throne for him in case of the king's death.

He therefore left Paris on the 29th of May, 1573, accompanied by his mother and sister, Marguerite. Charles had an attack of fever at Vitry, and Henri visited him in his bed at five in the morning, gave up his staff as lieutenant-general, and embraced him. Charles must have felt himself rid of at least one evil genius.

At Nancy, Henri's sister, Claude, the Duchess of Lorraine, had just given birth to a daughter, and the honours of the court were done by the wife of the Count de Vaudémont, uncle to the duke. On his first arrival, the young King of Poland declared himself extremely smitten with the gentle, lovely, retiring Louise, eldest daughter of the Count de Vaudémont. She had lost her mother in her infancy, and had been bred up at first by a kind and wise stepmother, afterwards by a harsh and jealous one, who kept her back as much as possible.

CAMEO XIV. — *Henri's Journey to Poland.* 1573.

She loved books, work, and music, was very devout, and wished to enter a convent; but Henri singled her out at once for her quiet grace rather than her beauty, and spoke of making her his queen. His mother, however, was resolved against having another daughter-in-law connected with the house of Lorraine, remembering the slights which Mary of Scotland had put on her, and Henri then tried to persuade the young Viscount of Turenne to deliver her from her dreary home; but this he refused to do, thinking that such a marriage would embroil him with his Montmorency kindred.

At Blamant, where the little princess was christened, Catherine and Henri had a wonderful secret conference with Louis of Nassau. Affairs in Holland were almost desperate. Each city held out against Alva to the last gasp, but each fell in time, and its constancy—or, as its enemies called it, its obstinacy—was rewarded by all the atrocities that ferocious Spaniards could perpetrate. So had fallen Zutphen, Naarden, and Haarlem, and the extremity of need induced the brothers of Nassau to listen for a while to Catherine's proposals that the King of Poland should be declared head of the Dutch army. She hoped thus to give him an excuse for remaining near home till his brother's death, and then perhaps gaining the old desire of France, the supremacy of the Low Countries; but matters could not be pushed forward enough to prevent the necessity of his journey, and his mother bade him farewell with many tears, but assuring him that he would soon return.

Henry halted on his journey at the splendid castle of Heidelberg, the abode of the Pfalzgraf Friedrich III., an old man and zealous Calvinist, who received him rather as he deserved than as he liked. The gates of the castle were indeed open, but no preparations of welcome appeared; no attendants flocked to welcome the royal guest; the Elector did not even come down stairs to welcome him, but sent a message that he was indisposed. Indeed Henri found him supported on the arms of two gentlemen, but on the wall above hung a very large picture representing the death of Coligny.

The Elector demanded what the King thought of the likenesses. Henri said they were good, and the old man gravely added, "Those persons who caused the death of so many valiant captains are to be deemed truly miserable. They were verily true men and brave soldiers."

"If they had had the will, they might have served his Most Christian Majesty well," said Henri, coldly.

He had one whole day longer to endure the grave ceremony, nay, the absolute reproofs of the Pfalzgraf, who used the privilege of age to make a pointed panegyric of Coligny before his portrait, while the French nobles of the suite heard many a whisper of "Lorraine butchers! Italian traitors!" Henri shut himself up in displeasure, and considered himself to have taken his revenge by having mass celebrated there in the morning before his departure, and revenge it really

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Reception of Henri. 1573.

proved, for the old Calvinist was in a transport of anger when he heard of what he deemed an act of idolatry having taken place in his castle. Friedrich was in truth the most ardent of Calvinists. The Heidelberg Catechism, which was drawn up under his patronage, put the doctrines in their sternest form; he himself declared his longing to Calvinise the world, and his many sons fought in every Reformed army in France or Holland.

Poland, which Henri had expected to find barbarous, welcomed him with an orderly magnificence surprising to him and his suite. When he entered Cracow, he was received by the palatines, each at the head of a band of picked men, well mounted, and with a bannner at their head, kettledrums, cymbals, and trumpets playing, each troop in its own picturesque Slavonic array, some with eagle plumes, others with leopard skin housings, others with gold and embroidery. They tossed their spears aloft, and caught them in the air, and performed strange feats of Tartar horsemanship.

The municipality and university of Cracow came forth to meet the King, and he entered the city under a canopy of cloth of gold; feasting, triumphal arches, and pageants at every turn, and the splendour of the scene surpassing all he and his Frenchmen had seen.

Still the Palatine of Cracow, the leader of this magnificent train, was deeply displeased that Henri had eluded the oath to preserve the constitution and grant religious liberty. When, on Quinquagesima Sunday, the coronation service had actually commenced, the Palatine stood forth on the altar steps, so as to be seen by all, and called on Henri to ratify the engagements made in his name, otherwise Dambrowicz made his solomn protest against the coronation. He was not seconded by any one of equal rank, his followers were driven out of the choir into the senate, the King quietly sat down on the throne, one of his French suite replied that he would consult the senate, the Palatine turned on his heel and departed, and the ceremony proceeded.

On the Shrove Tuesday, however, Henri went to the wedding feast of the Palatine's daughter, and there met Anne Jagellon, with whom he danced several times; but at Easter, Dambrowicz died suddenly, and of course suspicion could not but fall upon his enemies. Henri was however exceedingly popular, people flocked to see him from all parts; but he was very miserable, feeling himself an exile among barbarians, and keeping up a passionate correspondence with the Princess of Condé, sometimes actually signing his letters in his own blood. All his French suite, except about a dozen persons, were sent home, and the remainder were jealously watched by the palatines, who had a right of admission at any hour of the day or night, so that he had no chance of the wild frolics and pranks he had enjoyed at home. He fell into low spirits, spent hours in bed, and there dictated to his physician, Miron, the whole story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, not with perfect veracity, but so as to give the clue to much of the mysteries of those evil days. His spirits were not improved by hints

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Slight of Condé. 1573.

that he ought to begin his courtship of the Princess Anne, and likewise by slights and insults lavished by the proud Polish nobles upon his remaining French favourites. To drown care, he began a series of gay jousts, revels, hunting-parties, and tournaments, but avoided attending to business, or pledging himself to anything, awaiting indeed the tidings he longed for, which would recall him to France.

Charles had recovered enough to leave Vitry and return to St. Germain, but he was evidently wasting away, broken down by grief, and conscious that he was surrounded by plotters whose only thought was whether the King of Poland or the Duke of Alençon should come after him. He was sometimes heard to rejoice that his child was a daughter, so that she would not know the wretchedness of wearing his crown.

Alençon meantime, who was known to have had no hand in the massacre, and even to have wept for it, was the hope of the Huguenots and of the whole moderate party, headed by the Montmorencys. They incited him to demand the staff of the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, but the Queen would not hear of what would put so much power in his hands, to be used against her favourite, and she alternated between plans for sending him off to England, to court and marry Queen Elizabeth, or of having him kept in arrest till Henri was safe back again. In the meantime, he conversed and plotted with all the malcontents of the court, Navarre and Condé in their semi-captivity, Turenne, and others. Condé was specially miserable. A grave, earnest, stern youth, hating Romanism at heart, he had yet been recreant enough to follow every outward Romanist observance to the utmost, and never did anything without first publicly crossing himself, while his whole soul was embittered by the correspondence between his wife and the King of Poland. High words often took place between them. Marie took refuge with the Queen Mother, who caressed and comforted her, and Condé was left to eat his heart with the sense of his own degradation. Henri of Navarre felt it less. Personally he was as much liked as his cousin was disliked, and it may be feared, had less conscience to make him turn, though at least he showed no hypocrisy, and made but light profession of the faith that had been forced on him. He was apparently perfectly absorbed in amusement and in rivalling Alençon in the good graces of Madame de Sauve, the same who had betrayed Coligny's plans at Montpipeau, and who now was instructed by Catherine how to keep both princes in play.

Condé, unable to bear it any longer, escaped from the court to Amiens, and thence to St. Jean d'Angely, where he instantly abjured the faith he had been professing, and went off to Germany to collect an army. A new party had arisen, called "Les Politiques," chiefly moderate Roman Catholics, who hated the Guises, and were ready to join the Huguenots to obtain liberty of conscience for them. Montmorency and his brother Damville, who had really loved the Chatillons, their cousins, were the heads of this party, and Alençon threw himself

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Shrove Tuesday Conspiracy. 1574.

into it. La Noue (breaking the truce) was up in arms again, declaring it his object to deliver Alençon and Navarre from their bondage and he promised to send an escort of 200 horse to the neighbourhood of St. Germain to conduct Alençon to Poitou, which that prince would raise in arms. They were to have come on the 10th of March, but, owing to some blunder of Guitry, their leader, they came too soon, on the 22nd of February, Shrove Tuesday, and the report of their arrival (thirty miles off) put the Duke into the wildest perplexity. The King of Navarre and Viscount of Turenne implored him to set out at once to join them, but when it came to the moment of action, the lad (he was only eighteen) was quite unnerved; he wept, tore his hair, and threw himself about, so that, before they could bring him to reason, the Queen Mother heard what was going on.

There was the greatest possible alarm, all the court thought the Huguenots were coming in force, to be revenged for St. Bartholomew's Day, and a report was spread that there was a plot to kill the King. The guards were doubled, troops of Swiss were sent to protect the road to Paris, every chamber in the palace was searched to find some concealed assassin, and though it was late in the evening, and the King very ill, his mother insisted that they should at once leave St. Germain, which she said an astrologer had told her was an unlucky place.

"Oh, why cannot they wait for my death!" sighed the unhappy Charles, and he absolutely refused to move, though all his court rushed off on whatever animals they could get, cardinals and councillors on high-mettled steeds, who alarmed them as much as the fear of the enemy, racing on towards Paris, so that their riders had to grasp the pommel of their saddles to keep on their backs!

Alençon, finding himself carefully watched, sneaked off to his mother, unknown to Navarre and Turenne, and told her the whole plot, with all the names of the conspirators! Catherine insisted that a messenger should be sent off to Guitry, to disavow all connection with the rebellion by the princes, and this messenger was Turenne. Then, in high good humour, at midnight, she put Alençon and Navarre into her carriage, with the captain of the guards, and Madame de Sauve, and carried them all off with her to Paris, where they woke up Madame de Retz in the middle of the night to take them in.

Charles came slowly in his litter, attended by his wife, the next day, and took up his abode in the Louvre, whilst Alençon, Navarre, Montmorency, and many more, were arrested and examined, but only two of the meaner intriguers suffered death, and thus, at court, closed the Shrove Tuesday conspiracy.

The Huguenots were up in arms under La Noue and Montgomery, the latter of whom Elizabeth had refused to shelter in her harbours, and who had therefore made a descent on Maine. He was shut up in Domfront, and there besieged by 5,000 men while he had only forty. He fought in desperation, and held out for three days, but yielded at

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Death of Charles IX. 1574.

last, and was brought to Paris on the 28th of May. The court was at Vincennes. Catherine came triumphantly to announce to Charles that the slayer of his father was *in* her power. "What care I for that or for anything else?" he replied.

He was in spirit out of his mother's reach by this time. His lungs and liver were in the last stage of disease, and his only relief was in sitting near an open window, surrounded by green boughs to remind him of the forests where alone he had been happy. Violent attacks of hæmorrhage were frequent with him, and these always renewed the horrors he had suffered on St. Bartholomew's Day. "What blood! what horror!" was his constant moan, and no one could comfort him for a moment but his old Huguenot nurse, Philippine Richard, whom he had saved. She wiped the sweat from his brow, the blood from his mouth, and spoke to him of the hope of sinners.

On Whitsun Eve he asked for a picture of his brother Henri, regretted his absence, and rejoiced again that he left no son. At eight the next morning, he made his last confession to Sorbin de Ste. Foy, in a low whisper, and then received his last communion, while a relic from the shrine of Ste. Geneviève was placed upon his brow. Then his mother and brother came in, and he solemnly warned Alençon against making any attempt to obtain the crown, saying it would only bring him to a miserable end. They then went to attend mass in the castle chapel, where the young Queen already was, and remained all day. The old nurse, probably as a heretic, then had to take leave of him, and his confessor remained addressing pious words of comfort. At one o'clock his breathing became so difficult that it was plain that the end was drawing on. Queen Catherine returned. Extreme unction was administered, and then, as he sank, he was heard to murmur, "If JESUS my Saviour should indeed number me among the blessed—" and soon after, at 3 P.M., apparently in sleep, departed the spirit which had been goaded into one of the most fearful of crimes, and had rued it so bitterly ever since. Surely those dying words allow us to trust that his grief was not despairing remorse, but hopeful repentance.

Catherine immediately took measures for securing the succession of Henri, and, on the request of the Parliament, assumed the regency. She brought Alençon and Navarre back to the Louvre, whence they were never allowed to issue for a moment without a special pass from her, and she kept Montmorency closely imprisoned. She also had her vengeance upon Montgomery. Nobleman as he was, and companion of King François I., he was put to the torture, under pretence of wringing from him a confession of the imaginary conspiracy which had been the pretext of the massacre; but not a word could be extorted from him, and he was dragged on a tumbril to the Place de la Grève, and there executed. He turned from the crucifix, and appealed to the Bible, uttered a short prayer, and laid his head on the block, Catherine herself watching from a window the death of the involuntary slayer of

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Execution of Montgomery. 1574.

her husband fifteen years previously. An outlaw and homeless man, he had been such a ruthless pirate as to lessen our pity for him.

Catherine told two direct falsehoods respecting him. She wrote to Henri that Charles had commanded her to take vengeance on him; and to La Mothe Fénélon, that she was driven to execute him by the hatred of the people, and that he had declared Queen Elizabeth to have a deadly hatred to the new King. At the same time she made a truce with La Noue, whom she had in vain attempted to assassinate by means of *le tueur du roi*.

The tidings of his brother's death came to Cracow just as Henri had been dismayed by an open demand from the senate that he should espouse their elderly princess. On the 13th of June, M. de Chemerault arrived, did homage to him as King of France, and presented him with his mother's letters. He was still so popular that the Polish senate sent him an address imploring him not to leave them yet, and whenever he should do so to appoint a viceroy; and they showed signs of watching him so closely that he tranquillised them by buying up all the black serge in Cracow, to hang his apartments, and making arrangements as if for a continued stay. He was, however, really burning to escape from his exile, and to rush from Anne Jagellon to Marie of Cleves. At midnight, however, he convened his French friends, and declared himself determined to get home as fast and secretly as possible, lest he should be stopped by the Huguenots, or by any of their friends.

The French ambassador, Bellièvre, had to go home on his master's death, and set off on the 15th, making arrangements at each stage for members of his suite, who, he said, were to follow, and, further, carrying with him Henri's jewels and papers, with sundry Polish documents, and charters granted to the nobility. Such a quantity of coffers were sent off that the people took alarm, and Count Tenczin, the chamberlain, reported that the citizens were in an uproar, fearing that the King meant to leave them. At this Henri laughed as an absurdity, nevertheless nobles pressed in to satisfy themselves by gazing at him safely dining among them, and the senate posted guards at all the doors with orders to arrest any one who should try to leave the palace, even the King himself. Henri, always a practised dissembler, seemed neither angry nor disappointed, only a little amused. He supped and went to bed in a leisurely manner, talking gaily to the crowd of Polish officials who were watching him, and in due time pretended to fall asleep. Then the chamberlain left him, and went off to tell the Archbishop of Cracow that he was safe.

No sooner was the coast clear than Henri sprang up, and was hastily dressed, left, with one of his gentlemen, letters with a story that Condé was marching on France with the German Protestants, and that his presence was instantly necessary, and with three attendants made for a little postern door in the offices. A Polish noble actually had the key, and one of the Frenchmen was obliged to

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Flight of Henri from Poland. 1574.

feign that he had a private errand in the town as an excuse for borrowing it, while the King and the other three lay hidden behind an angle in the wall, and made a rush as soon as the door was opened. They gained a little ruined chapel, where others of his suite met them, with horses, and off they set. Nobody knew the way, or could speak the language, except that the King could just make himself understood; but after much stumbling about, a poor charcoal burner, coiled up in the straw, frightened to the last degree, was hunted out of a corner of his hut, and was made to guide the party to the town of Liszki. Riding through it, they met, three leagues further on, some more of the French who had missed them, but found a better road. Here, at the town of Oswiecein, some of the party were dismounting, intending to take an hour's rest, though the King chose to ride on, and it was well for him that he did so. His flight had been discovered! All Cracow was in pursuit, from the rabble rout of the street, with sticks and stones, up to the Grand Referendary in a coach and six. The Tartar cavalry, with bows and arrows, headed this most extraordinary hue and cry of a whole kingdom after a worthless runaway monarch! Miron, the physician, was the first to see them. He galloped headlong after his master shouting, "*Piquez! piquez!*" "Spur! spur!" Spur they did. It was a neck and neck chase for some miles down to the banks of the Vistula, which was crossed by a rude bridge of planks. Over went the Frenchmen, and they had just time to cut off the planks and throw them into the river before 500 Polish horse appeared on the banks! The river was impassable, and the Poles had to go nine miles up to find a ford, while Henri made the best of his way to Plesse in Moravia. His horse dropped down dead at the city gate, but he here found Bellièvre, and was on Austrian territory, comparatively safe. Count Tenczin still pursued him, but with only five followers, and, on coming up with him, had an amicable conference, in which Henri declared that he had no intention of forsaking Poland, though he was urgently recalled by France. Tenczin swore to protect his interests faithfully, and, to ratify the oath, drew blood from his own arm with the dagger and sucked the wound, also giving the king a bracelet of cameos, and receiving from him a shoulder knot and a diamond ring.

After this Tenczin went back to his countrymen, and Henri was free to proceed to Vienna, where he was received with full state and courtesy by the excellent Maximilian. Henri's manners could be most pleasing; he produced a very favourable impression at Vienna, and the Emperor gave him much excellent advice, such as to grant a general amnesty to his subjects, and to live in friendship with his brother. Maximilian, however, had in one respect been debased enough by the Roman system as to wish to marry his widowed daughter Elisabeth, Charles's wife, to Henri, and caused the proposal to be made to him. Henri, however, being bent on getting the marriage of the Princess of Cleves annulled, and taking her for his wife, returned

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Return of Henri III. 1574.

a cold answer, and as for Elisabeth herself, no Jesuit could persuade her that any dispensation would make it right to accept her brother-in-law, nor could she brook the thought of wedding one whom she knew to be the murderer of thousands. She only longed to escape from the slaughterhouse where her few years of married life had been spent, and she succeeded in retiring to Austria, though she was forced to leave behind her poor little girl, who, as a daughter of France, could not be trusted in a foreign country. The little Madame Elisabeth is described as a very dignified and precocious young lady, but she died at five years old.

Henri avoided hearing more of Maximilian's plans by going on to Venice, where the Doge Mocenigo and the Council of Ten came to meet him in the Bucentaur, draped with blue damask and cloth of gold, bringing forty gondolas for the gentlemen who had come from France to swell his train. Splendid feasts and balls welcomed him here. Two hundred ladies in white gauze looped with diamonds danced a ballet before him, and he was entranced. The Italian nature he inherited was in its element, and he lingered at Venice, Padua, Mantua, and Turin, while his mother wrote letter after letter, urging his return, for the truce was over and the war again beginning with the Huguenots in various quarters. Marshal Damville, brother to Montmorency, came to meet him there, and hopes were given of his brother's release. He did not cross the frontier till the 5th of September, 1574, when he was received at Beauvoisin by his brother and the King of Navarre, his mother and sister meeting him near Lyons, where the court remained for some time.

Henri seemed to have exhausted all his energy in his flight from Poland; he lay half the day in bed, and left the management of affairs entirely to his mother, avoided all active amusements, and seemed to attend to nothing. He was awaiting with anxiety tidings of the Princess of Condé, who had been left behind at Paris unwell. A daughter was born to her on the 7th of October, and the King instantly prepared to take measures for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of Condé's being a relapsed heretic, but an attack of inflammation of the lungs came on, and she died on the 30th of October.

Henri was in utter despair. He shut himself up for three days without speaking or eating, and then his mother and Guise made their way in and forced food upon him. He was frantic with grief, and dressed himself and every one about him in black, with all sorts of funeral devices, ribbons sprinkled with tears and death's heads, rosaries of skulls and the like. Spirit, sense, and activity had entirely deserted him, and though he could no longer endure to remain at Lyons, and moved on to Avignon, he carried everywhere with him the same dreary languor. His mother was as entirely Queen Regent as ever, in all but name, while he rose late, loitered away half the day in idle and often vicious sports, and spent the rest in extravagant forms of devotion and penance.

CAMEO XIV.

The Flagellants. 1574.

During a period of national calamity an Order called the Flagellants had arisen at Perugia. The members were at certain periods to go in procession disguised in sackcloth, with only sandals to protect their feet, with a torch in the left hand, and in the right a scourge, wherewith each man flogged the one before him.

Henri, whose conscience was no more at ease than that of his brother, and who saw the miserable state of his kingdom, devised the idea of thus interceding for himself and it. His dissolute courtiers gratified him by enrolling themselves, the King of Navarre laughed, but late in the Advent of 1574 the procession took place. Even Catherine and Alençon took part in it, each carrying a torch, but they dispensed with the sackcloth, sandals, and scourging, both active and passive, though nobody deserved it better than the Queen Mother. The King himself wore the sackcloth and a rosary of mimic skulls, went barefoot, and administered and endured the lash in transports of excitement and grief. It was a bleak December day, with the gusts coming down from the mountains of Auvergne, and for three hours the flagellating procession perambulated the streets of Avignon, the Cardinal of Lorraine at its head, in full pontificals, but with bare head and sandalled feet, holding aloft a silver crucifix. He had been unwell before, and the day's exposure completed the work; he became insensible during the night, was delirious in the morning, and died on the 23rd of December; in the midst of a tremendous hurricane, which overthrew a hundred houses in the city of Avignon. The Huguenots of course thought such a death just retribution for all the evils which the Cardinal had brought on them. Of course Catherine was said to have poisoned him for trying to foster the King's attachment to Louise de Vaudémont. This is most improbable, but there is no doubt that, as the Queen sat at supper she shuddered, let a cup fall from her hand, and, rallying the next moment, said, "No, I have no reason to fear the vision. M. le Cardinal has just passed me, doubtless on his way to Paradise." Every night, towards midnight, for weeks after the Queen declared she saw the form of the Cardinal beckoning to her to follow him, and her ladies had to sit round her bed, amusing her to allay the terrors that grew on her.

She durst not oppose Henri when he declared that he would marry no one save Louise de Vaudémont, whom he thought somewhat like the lamented Marie. Poor Louise, quietly working, praying, and reading, and hoping for a happy marriage with Prince Paul of Salms, was amazed on wakening one morning to see her stepmother standing by her bed and saying, "Madame, you are Queen of France." She thought the address the ironical prelude to a scolding, and made no answer, but the Countess informed her that an envoy had arrived the night before from the King to demand her in marriage from her father. The poor girl wept most bitterly, but she knew there was no use in pleading that her heart was elsewhere, and Madame de Vaudémont went on to entreat her pardon for all her harsh usage, "not for

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Marriage of Henri III. 1575.

her own sake but that of her brothers." The gentle Louise assured her that all was long forgiven and forgotten, they embraced, and Louise was left to compose herself, dress and prepare for the reception of the Marquis de Guast, who had brought her Henri's ring.

In three days more, she was escorted by the whole family to meet the King at Rheims, and be married to him immediately after his coronation, which was fixed for the 20th of February, 1575, the anniversary of his consecration as King of Poland. He travelled in a carriage, Henri of Navarre riding beside it as a special commander of his body guard, and was received by the chief citizens and the Cardinal of Guise. He rose at five on the morning of his coronation day, but wasted so much time in having his robes and jewels, and those intended for his bride, newly arranged, that the ceremony had to take place so late in the day that the *Te Deum* was omitted, and the uncanonical act committed of High Mass being said late in the afternoon. Many of the high nobles and hereditary officers of State were in exile, captivity, or rebellion. The Duke of Montpensier had quarrelled about precedence with the Duke of Guise, and had absented himself; others of the nobles had been so ruined by civil wars that they could not afford to be present at the pageant, and it was a dull and dreary coronation; but what was taken as the worst token of all was that, when the Cardinal of Guise placed the crown on the King's head, he complained that it hurt him, so loud that every one heard, while he started so violently that the crown fell forward, and was caught by the Cardinal with both hands. Two days later, he was married to the gentle, flaxen-haired, submissive Louise de Vaudémont, having himself arranged her jewels, and set in order her white satin robe and violet velvet mantle, powdered with gold *fleurs de lys*, and with a train twelve yards long, which was borne by the Princess Catherine of Navarre. After the espousals, the King placed a diadem on his consort's head, a great banquet ensued, and thus was inaugurated the most contemptible reign under which France ever suffered.

The Poles had too much sense to await the will of their runaway king. They chose the Waiwode of Transylvania, Stephen Bathory, who married their princess, and reigned over them. Henri had ceased to be King of Poland before the end of 1575, though he never dropped the title.

It is amusing to find that La Mothe Fénélon was kept in England to break the tidings of Henri's marriage to Elizabeth, who had been put into very ill humour by hearing that Queen Catherine was wont to amuse herself with the two dwarfs, who mimicked the Tudor father and daughter to the great diversion of the court. The ambassador had had great difficulty in pacifiying her by the boldest asseverations of the respect and admiration in which she was held, and now he had to inform her of that which few ladies ever hear with complacency, that her rejected suitor had consoled himself, and with one of the hated house of Lorraine.

CAMEO XIV.

Death of Maximilian. 1576.

With the Queen-Mother's full consent, he laid all the blame of the match upon her, though she certainly was quite guiltless of it, having been most unwilling to enthrone another of that dreaded house. Elizabeth professed wonder at Catherine's choice for her son of a daughter-in-law of so little consideration among princely families, but she allowed herself to be talked once more into toleration of what she could not prevent.

The Huguenots were up in arms again, and had been joined by the Politiques, of whom, during the captivity of Montmorency, his brothers Damville and Thoré were the acknowledged leaders. Indeed, Thoré and his younger brother Meux were actual Huguenots, and the whole family were the more determined because Damville had found that all Henri's speeches at Turin amounted to nothing, and that his eldest brother remained a prisoner. Damville had actually seized Aigues Mortes, and was trying to come to terms with the King, when his desperate illness and death were reported at court. Catherine had really taken steps to have him poisoned, and, thinking him dead, she had his brother much more closely confined, and removed his trusty servants. Montmorency knew what this betokened, and said, "The Queen-Mother need not use so many manœuvres, I will swallow whatever she likes to send me."

However, the next comer brought word that Damville was alive and prosperous, upon which the marshal's guards were bidden to watch him less closely, and his servants were restored.

The year 1576 saw the death of the only truly tolerant sovereign in Europe, the good Emperor Maximilian II., who died at Ratisbon. Some suspected that he had been poisoned by the Jesuits. His son Rudolf was much under their influence, and was also such a prey to superstition that he would not marry, nor let any of his five brothers do so, because astrologers had declared that he would die by the hand of a kinsman of the next generation.

CAMEO XV.

THE TIMES OF KENILWORTH.

(1573—1576.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564 Maximilian II.	1572. Gregory XIII.
	1576. Rudolph II.	

CAMEO XV.

Persecution of Seminary Priests. 1573.

THE horrible deeds in France and Flanders could not but strengthen the anti-Catholic feeling in England, and add tenfold to the difficulties there had always been in dealing with the Puritans. The people of England were in three great divisions—the Roman Catholics, the Anglo-Catholics, and the Puritans. All were forced to yield a species of outward conformity, appearing at times in the parish church, or being fined if they omitted to do so; indeed, for this and the two next reigns fines from wealthy Romanists were a source of revenue to the Crown. Those who could afford it sent their sons abroad for education. Dr. William Allen, a priest of Queen Mary's time, had taken up his abode at the University of Douay and commenced a college, where he had at one time a hundred and fifty young Englishmen preparing for the priesthood, and returning from time to time, in the spirit of missionaries and martyrs, to minister to their families. These were called Seminarists, and were as much dreaded by the nation at large as they were cherished and revered by their own people. Scarcely an old Roman Catholic family was without a priest's chamber, devised in the thickness of the wall, where the guest could be hidden from all dangerous eyes. For though they might be holy, humble, devout men, yet it was certain that they came bound to blind obedience to a hierarchy that sanctioned all means of destroying a heretical, illegitimate sovereign, and which had approved wholesale butchery in France and savage persecution in the Low Countries.

CAMEO XV.
Cartwright and the Puritans.
1570.

The Anglicans were divided into those who cared for ancient Catholicity, with Archbishop Parker at their head, and the Puritans. On the latter side ranged themselves all those persons who were either anxious to keep Elizabeth as the avowed champion of the Reformation, or who abhorred the Spanish and French corruption and cruelty so as to fly to the opposite extreme. Burleigh and Leicester were political Puritans; Philip Sidney and his friend Edmund Spenser, chivalrous ones; and among the clergy, Thomas Cartwright, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was the most noted. He had been at Geneva, where he became intimate with Theodore Beza, and came home in 1570 full of objections, declaring Bishops on a level with presbyters, denouncing fast and festival days, declaring the cross in Baptism, and the kneeling at the Holy Communion, the ring in marriage, the surplice of the minister and the churching of women, remnants of Rome to be proscribed and renounced, in fact reinforcing the old Calvinist notions brought home originally by the Marian fugitives.

He lost his professorship in 1570, but Cambridge had been thoroughly imbued with his doctrine. While the master of St. John's College was absent, 300 of the members came to the chapel in their ordinary dress, and in the country there were many persons who endeavoured to omit all these rites and observances. Oxford was for the most part free from these errors, but every day the Church was becoming more and more markedly divided into these two camps, and the Puritan one was the stronger, both as the most aggressive, and because the outrages on foreign Calvinists threw generous feeling upon their side. In 1571 the Puritans began to form secret congregations, and their party was so strong that in the Parliament of 1571 a petition was presented to the Queen for a reform of the Prayer-book, leaving out all these things, and also the consecration of Bishops. The Queen and Archbishop Parker however stood firm, and the more violent Puritans actually formed a separation. At Wandsworth, in May 1573, began the first Nonconformist congregation. Eleven clergy calling themselves elders were enrolled in its registry, but they kept their proceedings secret as being a statutable offence. At the same time in Northampton, Norfolk, and Suffolk, the magistrates licensed prophesyings—namely, expositions in the churches of some text, by one person after another, each for an hour at a time. They were apt to be on controversial subjects; the Queen thought them perilous, and ordered their suppression by the Archbishop; but the diocesan, Dr. Parkhurst, resisted his authority, and when Parker appealed to the Privy Council, Leicester stood up for the prophesyings, and persuaded the Queen to withdraw her support from the Archbishop, though the brave old man declared that he should carry out her Majesty's commands against her apparent wishes. She was affronted at first, but the Earl of Sussex upheld Parker, explained matters, and pacified the Queen, who had really been only talked over by Leicester.

CAMEO XV.
—
Archbishop Parker.
1574.

She respected Parker more than any one else, and he ventured more with her, even daring to show his disapproval of those follies with regard to Leicester of which her enemies made such a scandal; and he was grievously harassed by the open attacks of one set of Puritans, the flat disobedience of the other—to whom he gave the name of Precisians—and the vacillating support the Queen gave him. She expected him to keep them down, yet, partly in jealousy of her prerogative, partly in deference to her Precisian minister and favourite, partly in dread of alienating her people, she failed him in the hour of need; and the old man was almost worn out, though he had a suffragan for the episcopal requirements of Kent. He had recently lost his wife, an excellent woman, for whom he had waited seven years, and had married as soon as in Edward VI.'s time, the celibacy of the clergy ceased to be enforced. So excellent was she, that Bishop Ridley was said to have asked whether she had a sister, as if one like her would have overcome his intention of remaining single. A year or two later the Archbishop lost his eldest son, and it was long before he again aroused his energies.

Elizabeth did not love Bishops' wives, and it was not till after Mrs. Parker's death that she first came to visit the Archbishop at Lambeth, where she spent the Wednesday in Holy Week, the 2nd March, 1574, and she and all her court heard an open-air sermon in the quadrangle, the Queen in a gallery overlooking the Thames! The next day she went to Greenwich and kept her Maundy, washing the feet of thirteen poor women with her own hands, and giving them clothing and silver pennies.

She visited the Archbishop again at Croydon, his summer palace, where Bowyer the comptroller of her household had much ado to squeeze in all her ladies; and in September she made him a visit at Canterbury, when she was making a progress through Kent. The head boy of the Canterbury Grammar School welcomed her in a Latin speech, and there were splendid festivities and addresses everywhere; but the tradition of Folkestone is that the Mayor, having prepared a poetical address, sat down on a joint stool to deliver it at his leisure, and had gone as far as

> "Thou great Queen!
> Welcome to Folksteen,"

when she cut him short with

> "You great fool!
> Get off that stool."

She was much annoyed by a secret marriage being disclosed between Charles Stewart, brother to Darnley, and thus her next heir after the little Scottish James, and Elizabeth Cavendish, the step-daughter of Mary's keeper, Lord Shrewsbury. Mary had been fond of Lady Elizabeth, and the intrigue was ascribed to her; but the marriage was probably due to the ambition of Bess of Hardwicke, the Countess of

CAMEO XV.

Archbishop Grindal. 1575.

Shrewsbury, a proud, violent woman. Some beautiful lace nightcaps of Mary's work were sent through Fenélon to be presented to Elizabeth, and after a little hesitation were accepted with this speech: "Tell the Queen of Scots that I am older than she, and when people come to my age they take all they can, and only give with their little finger."

The Anabaptists had excited so much alarm by their violences at Münster, that there was great dismay at the detection of a congregation of them, Dutch by birth, at Aldgate. Seven-and-twenty were arrested, four recanted and carried faggots, and three were condemned; but only two suffered, the others being exiled. The two were to be burnt in Smithfield. It was the first of these horrible executions after seventeen years, and Elizabeth received a Latin letter urging her to mercy from John Fox, the owner of a prebend at Salisbury, who had, when he was required to sign the canons, produced a Greek Testament, saying, "To this will I subscribe." He was a good man, and so much respected that his signature was dispensed with, and Elizabeth was wont to call him her father Fox, but she paid no attention to his letter, and the Anabaptists suffered with "horrible roaring and crying."

Good old Matthew Parker was sinking under a mortal disease, of which he died on the 17th of May, 1575. A good, though not a great man, scholarly, learned, wise and firm, he had done much to repair the breaches of our Church, and lay foundations which were built upon in later times.

The Queen kept the metropolitan see six months vacant, and then bestowed it on Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of York, a north countryman, born at St. Bees, who had been a pupil of Ridley, a friend of Bucer, and a fugitive at Geneva. He was of the party of Puritans within the Church, whom it may be convenient to distinguish by his predecessor's title of Precisians, and was a good, earnest, peace-loving man, willing to maintain order and obedience for duty's sake; but the loss of Parker's influence, together with ever-increasing dread of Romanism, made the Queen much more inclined to drop the old remnants of the ritual of her childhood than she had been at her accession.

She never liked Grindal, and disliked him the more for making a bold resistance to her way of helping herself and her courtiers to bits of Church property. Whenever she made an appointment, she nibbled off an estate, as her father and her brother's guardians had done, and she was much affronted by his faithful, fearless resistance. Moreover, she insisted on the Archbishop silencing the "prophesyings," which had begun again on Parker's death. Grindal would not suppress them, but laid them under strict regulations; and when she insisted, he maintained his right as Archbishop to judge for himself. This made her furious, and though he wrote her a high-minded letter, she sequestrated him in 1577, though it is not clear what that involved, since he

CAMEO XV. — *State of Ireland.* 1575.

administered the affairs of his see, and officiated at the consecration of four suffragan Bishops. It is quite possible that no one knew what the sentence meant, and that it was only an outbreak of her wrath. Edmund Spenser, the young poet growing up at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, honoured him much, and commemorated him in his *Shepherd's Calendar* by the name of Algrind, comparing his disgrace at the hand of Queen Elizabeth to the death of Æschylus :

"He is a shepherd great in Grece,
But hath been long ypent.
One day he sat upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest mee;
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree,
For sitting so with bare a scalp
An eagle soared hye,
That weening his white head was chalk
A shell-fish down let flye:
She weens the shell-fish to have broke
But therewith brused his brayne,
That now astonied with the stroke
He lies in lingring payne."

The Irish Church was of course in a far worse condition. Adam Loftus, the Primate, exchanged Armagh for Dublin, because the whole country had been so ravaged by the O'Neils that it afforded him no maintenance, and even the See of Dublin was so poor that the Queen granted him permission to hold any other benefice with it. The other Bishops were equally poor, but so utterly careless and heedless in their appointments that Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, made complaint in 1568, and enactments were made that no one should be preferred to any benefice who could not at least read and speak English! Sidney's description of the state of things was frightful. The English Pale was overrun by thieves and robbers, the soldiers had no pay, and lived by plunder. Leinster was ravaged by the O'Tooles and Byrnes, Munster by the great Butler and Geraldin feud, Connaught by the De Burghs; Ulster was reeking with the blood of the O'Neils, and the Irish Parliament, in hopes of spoil, granted it to the Crown. "As for religion, there was small appearance of it, the Churches uncovered, the clergy scattered, and scarce the being of a God known to those ignorant and barbarous people." Orders were reiterated from Council for the teaching of the Scriptures, the building of schools and appointing of masters, but nobody carried them out. The only really wise men were Nicholas Walsh and John Kearney, Chancellor and Treasurer of St. Patrick's, who set to work to translate the Prayer-book into Erse, had Erse types cast, and actually obtained an order that in one church in every shire-town prayers should be read in the vernacular. Where this was done, the effect was excellent; but it was carried out in few places, although Walsh became Bishop of Ossory in 1577, and worked hard at reclaiming the Irish of his own see; until he died the death of most Irish improvers,

being stabbed at Kilkenny by a wretch whom he had cited for the crime of adultery.

CAMEO XV.

Essex's Settlement in Ireland. 1575.

The translation of the Bible was not finished at the time, but it was completed after his death. Ulster, being a desert, was thought by Elizabeth a good place to plant an English colony. She had been interested in Irish affairs by Sir John Perrot, who had so much of the Tudor in him as to be thought to be a son of Henry VIII., and who was fighting away in the south, trying to produce some order. So she made grants of the lands in Ulster to whomsoever would undertake to subdue the rebels therein, and bring them into due obedience. Among the foremost of these was Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, a descendant, through females, of the old Bohuns, and a gallant young nobleman. His wife, Lettice, was a daughter of the Queen's much-trusted cousin, Sir Francis Knollys. She was very beautiful, and Leicester himself had fallen in love with her, and was thought by many to have suggested this dangerous expedition in the hope of ridding himself of her husband. Devereux was created Earl of Essex, the Queen herself putting the coroneted cap on his head, and across his shoulders the sword-belt which was the special badge of an earldom; and he was also made a Knight of the Garter. He mortgaged his English lands to the Queen for 10,000*l.*, and sailed with four of his wife's brothers, and many other gentlemen. He was appointed Governor of Ulster under the Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, and he was warmly attached to the accomplished Philip; but Sir Henry, being married to Leicester's sister, was thought to be unfriendly to him.

Leicester was in higher favour than ever just at this time. It was in the summer of 1575 that he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, with a mind ill at ease indeed, not on account of poor Amy Robsart, who had been in her grave fifteen years, but because of the double entanglement he had fallen into with Lady Essex, on the one hand, and on the other with Lady Douglas Howard, another cousin of the Queen, being daughter to Lord Howard of Effingham. She had married Lord Sheffield but was early left a widow, and she believed herself secretly married to Leicester, to whom she had borne a son, who went all his life by the name of Robert Dudley.

Leicester disowned the marriage, and, as she declared, tried to poison her; and her sister, Lady Frances Howard, was also thought to be in love with him, and was keenly watched by the Queen. This was the anxiety that gnawed upon the Earl while for a fortnight he acted the splendid host, and formed pageants and devices innumerable for her Majesty's amusement, from the time the huge porter received her with—"What stir, what coil is here?" prompted as all the world must think, by Flibbertigibbet, on through the brilliant masques of the Lady of the Lake in her watchet-coloured silk, and Arion on his dolphin. It *is* true that Arion was too tipsy to repeat his part, and merely assured the Queen that he was himself; but that was not Michael Lambourn, but honest Harry Goldinghame.

CAMEO XV.
—
Death of Essex.
1576.

However, the revels of Kenilworth had better be read in the pages of Scott, who has taken liberties with history, in order to throw the most touching tragedy of the villain Leicester's life in juxtaposition with the culmination of his splendours.

Two tragedies were working out: Douglas Howard was biding her time, and so was Lettice Knollys likewise. The gallant husband of the latter was met by the usual fate of Englishmen attempting to improve Ireland, when he settled in Clanhuboy; the O'Neils hated and deceived him, his money wasted, his men fell away from him, Leicester maligned him, and the Lord Deputy gave his voice against the enterprise. Essex had to give up his government. He went home to plead his cause. But it was not convenient to keep him in England, and he was sent back with the title of Earl Marshal of Ireland. He is said by some not to have been blameless, but to have caused an O'Neil to be put to death after inviting him to his house on friendly terms; and, unhappily, the English were only too apt to treat the Irish as out of the pale of humanity.

On the 30th of August, 1576, he fell sick at his house at Clanhuboy, and died in his thirty-sixth year, after lingering twenty-two days in much suffering. His latter days were closely described by his chaplain, Thomas Knell, who "blurred the paper with tears as he writ." He wrote earnest petitions to the Queen and Burleigh for the welfare of his family, wishing his eldest son, Robert, then eight years old, to be bred in Burleigh's household, and praying the Queen to be as a mother to his children. He talked with much affection to Philip Sidney, expressing a hope that his mind might be drawn to a marriage with his daughter, Penelope; and there was in fact so strong an attachment between them, that it was most unfortunate for the lady that his wishes did not take effect.

He received the Holy Communion, lamenting that he had neglected it for three years, through multiplicity of business, saying, "Three years have I lived very negligently, and have not served God, but have lived soldierlike. Although a soldier should fear God, and serve Him, yet I have not served Him, but have spent my time vainly. I beseech Him forgive me." He also cried aloud to be forgiven, as even from the bottom of his heart he forgave all who had wronged him. Comfort then came to him; he asked for music on the virginals, joined in the song, and so died.

He had indeed much to forgive. He had reason to suspect that he had been poisoned by Leicester for his wife's sake, since two ladies, who supped with him the night he was taken ill, were also unwell for some days; but they recovered, and so did a page who had likewise partaken of the same sugared wine. The poison was said to have been prepared by an Italian surgeon, brought over by Lloyd, Leicester's secretary, and administered to Essex by Crompton, the yeoman of the bottles, who had been corrupted by Lloyd. So serious were the reports, and so strong a representation did Knell write, that Sir

CAMEO XV.
—
Government of Sidney. 1576.

Henry Sidney had the matter inquired into, and wrote to Walsingham that he had convinced himself that there was no appearance of poison, but that the Earl had died of a disease then prevalent in Ireland, and that he should have made Knell retract his foolish inconsiderate speech and writing, had not the chaplain himself died of the same malady. Now the paper quoted above could not be called foolish and inconsiderate, so that another must have been destroyed. Sir Henry Sidney was a good man; but his wife was sister to Leicester, and he may have been willing to close his eyes for her sake to the circumstantial evidence leading to such a conclusion. Soon after, at what time is not known, Lettice, Countess of Essex, was privately married to Leicester, and her father, Sir Francis Knollys, caused the wedding to be publicly solemnized a second time as soon as he discovered what had taken place.

Two sons and two daughters of Essex were left, and, young as they were, gave great promise. Robert, the little Earl, wrote an answer to Lord Burleigh's letter of condolence without help, very well expressed, and he could already speak Latin and French; and his younger brother, who had been his father's favourite, Walter Devereux, was thought to excel him. They had an excellent tutor, and little Robin, as he was called, was treated with kindness that showed the Queen's tardy regret for the father whom she had allowed to be sacrificed to the schemes of her unworthy favourite.

Sidney was a really good man, and it is a curious testimony to the regard in which he was held in Ireland that his god-daughters have made the name of Sidney a recognised one for ladies, especially in Ireland. His gifted son was chiefly at Court, treated as the pattern of scholarship and chivalry, but wonderfully little spoilt by the Queen's favour. Much grieved at the sad state of religion in Ireland, Sir Henry wrote a long and curious letter to Elizabeth "as to the only salve given to this sick and sore realm." Then he goes on to describe "the lamentable estate of the most noble and principal limb thereof, the Church, as foul, deformed, and cruelly crushed as any other part thereof." He describes a visitation of Bishop Brady of Meath, who, out of 225 parish churches, found 105 leased out to farmers, and a "very sorry curate" appointed to serve them. Only eighteen of these curates could speak English, "the rest Irish priests, or rather Irish rogues, having very little Latin, less learning or civility." It was in this "little Latin," however, as we know from other sources, that they ministered unto the people; but their whole maintenance was from "the bare altarages," namely, fees and offertories. No one house was standing for any of them to dwell in, many churches were down, others mere walls, few chancels covered in, and only fifty-two of the churches in the whole diocese had resident vicars, and these were-"better served, though but badly."

This was the state of the "best governed diocese" in Ireland. Of

CAMEO XV.

Sidney's Letter. 1576.

others, the Deputy says: "It hath been preached publicly before me, that the Sacrament of Baptism is not used among them, and truly I believe it."

This letter met with some attention. A commission was sent to put matters in better train, but in vain. Everything soon fell into the former hopeless state of ruin, and in fact the English Church was not yet alive enough to foster her expiring sister while yet it was in her power.

CAMEO XVI.

SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

(1573—1576.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1564. Maximilian II.	1572. Gregory XIII.
	1576. Rudolph II.	

CAMEO XVI.

Alva's recall from the Netherlands.

1573.

WE will spare ourselves the horrors of the last years of the administration of the Duke of Alva. Feeling himself the only pilot for the vessel, he had refused to yield the helm to the Duke of Medina-Celi, who had been sent out as his successor, and the King had acquiesced, looking on it as mutiny all the same. Each city that he took in Holland he tried to make a warning to the rest, and the braver the resistance the more utterly horrible was the retribution, till the name of Spaniard became a word of loathing in all countries round. Alva is said to have boasted that he had caused 18,600 persons to be executed, besides the countless multitudes who had perished in the battle-field and in sacked or blockaded cities. The whole of Flanders, and the provinces we now call Belgium, were reduced to obedience. Only Holland and Zeeland held out, sure that the utmost extremity of famine and war would be better than to fall into the hands of the Spaniards. The Walloon and Flemish provinces had never been so much penetrated by the Reformed doctrines as the more northerly ones, neither had the Belgian nature the resolute passive determination inherent in the Dutch. Moreover the rivers, creeks, and swamps of Holland could be made impassable barriers; and the ships belonging to all the ports rendered blockade more difficult. Yet Alva, in his head-quarters at Amsterdam, with his terrible council round him, was making progress step by step, when Philip definitely decided on his recall, believing that the terror of his implacable vengeance was becoming a barrier against submission. Thus, in the November of 1573, Alva gave up his charge to the new governor, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuniga, Grand Commander of the Order of Santiago, and returned to Spain, in broken

CAMEO XVI.
Requesen's Government.
1574.

health and much disappointment. Philip had little gratitude. Whatever his subjects did for him he thought no more than his due, and if they failed, he had no notion of consoling them for their exertions. He was one of those who prefer little men whom they can manage, to greater men who can think for themselves, however loyal and devoted they may be; and he thought he had exchanged a dangerous instrument for one less sharp-edged.

Requesens had fought bravely at Lepanto, and been a fair and kindly viceroy at Milan, but he was not the man for such a post as the Low Countries, and even the Flemings murmured at his want of rank, calling him a mere gentleman of the cloak and sword. However, they longed for peace, and Requesens hoped to procure it by promising mercy to those who would reconcile themselves to the Church, and relaxation of burthens to the political rebels provided they would throw over the Prince of Orange. Their situation was indeed most perilous. It was true that they had had a victory in the Zuyder Zee, and had laid siege to Middleburg, the last point in the Isle of Walcheren that was still held by the Spaniards; but Haarlem had been taken and treated with barbarity past description, and Leyden was invested on all sides and likely to share its fate. These losses had cut Holland in two, so that communication from one part to the other was exceedingly difficult, and each city was almost reduced to acting for itself. Nothing but Dutch resolution and the most utter mistrust of any Spanish overture could have led people in such a condition to persevere.

Their chief hope was in the hankering of France after influence and power on her only open frontier, and in Catherine de Medici's longing to see all her sons kings. At the meeting at Nancy, Louis of Nassau had promised to do his best to make the Duke of Alençon ruler in the Low Countries, and had received in return large sums of money, with which he raised a considerable force of soldiers in Germany. The 2,000 German and French horse who had escorted the Duke of Anjou to Poland enlisted under him, and he obtained 1,000 more horse and 6,000 foot, for the most part mere mercenaries caring only for plunder. The Prince of Orange raised 6,000 infantry in Holland, who mustered at the Isle of Bommel, and the brothers hoped to meet and join their forces, but the Meuse lay between them in an impassable state, for though it was the first week in April the river was still choked with ice, too thin to bear the weight of his army, and yet preventing navigation. His men began to desert, as he marched along one bank with the Spaniards on the other under Don Sancho d'Avila, whose object was to give him battle before he could effect a junction with his brother. In this D'Avila succeeded. He went faster than Louis, and on the 13th of April threw a bridge of boats across the river, on which his army crossed, so that when Louis reached the village of Mook he found the enemy encamped there before them. He knew he must fight a battle, and with no better support than these wretched savage

mercenaries, who cared not a rush for him or his cause, only for the pay he had not to give them, and who thought their leader's distress the opportunity for clamouring for arrears. All he could do was to draw a trench in front of his position, place his cavalry (in which he had the advantage) on the sloping ground on the flank, and prepare for the attack. The hottest of the battle was by the trench; but while the struggle was going on there, Count Louis made such a charge that he utterly broke the vanguard of the enemy, and they fled, spreading the news of a great defeat. But two bodies of troopers, Spanish lancers and German reiters, were in reserve, and falling on Louis's men before they had reloaded their carbines, broke them completely. At the same time the Spaniards bore down the resistance round the trench, and a frightful slaughter began upon the defeated. Count Louis, his brother Henry, and Christopher, the son of the old Elector Palatine, drew together and made a last desperate charge into the midst of the enemy, and this was the last that was known of them. Their corpses were never found; but as 4,000 men were butchered, drowned in the river, or suffocated in the marshes around it, and the plunderers stripped all the corpses, it was not likely they could be recognised.

The loss of Louis was a terrible one to the cause of Holland. His frank, winning manner made him much beloved; and he had been the right hand, if William had been the head. The only remaining brother, John, had been sent to Cologne to obtain money for the troops, and thus escaped the destruction of Mook, on April 14th, 1574. The old Elector Palatine consoled himself for the loss of his son by saying, "Better thus to die than to spend his life in idleness, which is the devil's pillow."

The Spaniards mutinied for pay immediately after the battle, and thus so hampered Requesens and D'Avila that they could not reap all the advantage they expected, but they deemed the rebels so far crushed that an amnesty might complete the work. They therefore, before April was over, published a proclamation from the King, and a bull from the Pope, promising entire forgiveness to all who would lay down their arms and return to the bosom of the Church.

Their promise was accepted by only two men, one brewer in Utrecht, and the son of one pedlar in Leyden. The rest held staunchly to the words of the Prince of Orange, "As long as there is a living man left in the country we will fight for our liberty and our religion."

It was on the city of Leyden that the first brunt of resistance fell. It was one of the noblest cities in Holland, on the bank of the Rhine, now sluggish and broken into innumerable channels, which made the city almost as much a northern Venice as Amsterdam itself, and which were crossed by 145 stone bridges. On a rising ground in the middle of the city stood a tower, undoubtedly Roman, but which the

CAMEO XVI.
—
The Siege of Leyden.
1574.

inhabitants believed to have been built by Henghist in honour of his victories over the Britons. The siege of this city was the turning point in the history of Holland, and it will, therefore, be well to dwell on it with some minuteness. It had already been besieged, but the Spaniards had been drawn off to meet Count Louis, and the inhabitants had unfortunately been so hopeful of success that they treated the danger as over, and did not avail themselves of the opportunity of laying in fresh stores of provisions before the 27th of May, when the Spanish General, Valdez, again appeared before their walls at the head of 8,000 Germans and Walloons, to whom more were added every day.

In Leyden there were no regular soldiers, only the burghers themselves, under John van der Does, Lord of Nordwyk, a gentleman of good birth and much ability. The Prince of Orange sent them letters entreating them to hold out three months, promising that in that time he would find means for their deliverance. He watched, now at Delft, now at Rotterdam, but could only communicate with them by means of carrier pigeons, and by a few trusty messengers who knew the bye-paths, and were called jumpers. Letters were sent into the city by Flemings of the King's party to their acquaintance, imploring them to submit and profit by the amnesty, but the only answer returned was a letter to the general with the single Latin line—

"Fistula dulcè canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."

(The whistle sweetly sounds, when the fowler lures the bird.)

The siege had not lasted a month before it was needful to collect all the provisions and give out a daily allowance of half a pound of meat and the like of bread to each man, to women and children in proportion, and thus they hoped to hold out for the three months before the Prince could aid them. His plan was this. He had no hopes of raising an army fit to encounter the Spaniards, but he held all the dykes which kept the Meuse and Yssel, together with the sea, from overflowing the land; and it was his plan to break openings in these, and throw wide the sluices at Rotterdam and elsewhere, so as to send the sea in upon the Spaniards. It would ruin many villages and towns, destroy many crops, but this would be better far than losing Leyden, and with it all hope for Holland; and a subscription was at once begun to compensate those who must suffer, and—when the time came—to restore what was to be overthrown. It could not be done quickly, and it was not till the 3rd of August that the dykes were opened in sixteen places, under the Prince's own eye, and a fleet of 200 vessels was collected to carry provisions into the city so soon as the water should have risen high enough for them to reach it. Unfortunately he caught a fever on this expedition, and lay very ill at Rotterdam, while he sent off a

letter with the tidings on the 20th of August that the waters were rising, and help would soon come, but saying nothing about his own illness.

The letter was read aloud in the market-place, and bands of music went playing through the streets to raise the spirits of the people—for indeed they had by this time only malt cake enough to last four days more—the three months were over, and there was nothing before them but starvation. At first their hopes were high, but soon they felt distress and despondency; while on the outside the Spaniards and Walloons did indeed find all the water in the creeks and ditches rising daily, but did not believe a real inundation possible; and the Prince lay on his sick bed, unable to move, in an agony of anxiety, and with his physicians declaring that his recovery depended on his mind being set at rest. A report came somehow that the city had surrendered, and this for some days made him much more ill; but by the first week in September he was convalescent, and again giving orders to Admiral Boiset, who, with 800 sea beggars, was to conduct the 200 vessels to the relief of the city. They were terribly ferocious marauders, who had sworn to spare neither king, emperor, or pope, and who wore crescents on their badge with the motto, "Rather Turk than Pope." They had a small squadron of war ships, and the 200 provision vessels carried cannon, and were manned by 2,500 experienced sailors and fishermen. There was by this time water enough to carry them to the Landscheiding, a great bank raised against the sea, five miles from the walls of Leyden, within which lay the enemy's camp, stationed in villages which bristled with fortresses. The top of the Landscheiding was a foot and a half above the water on the outside, and the Spaniards had guarded it but slightly, so that the patriots quickly mastered it, though they had a hard fight to keep possession before they could break it down.

They expected that enough water would at once rush in to drive away the Spaniards and carry their vessels to Leyden, but they found the current of water stopped by another great dyke, three quarters of a mile further in, called the Greenway. This again they took without much difficulty, broke it down, and crossed it. Within it he knew there was a great lake, called the Freshwater Mere, but Boiset had not reckoned on finding that his ships could not reach this lake except by a long canal, which was not wide enough for more than one at a time, the meadows around indeed being under water, but too shallow to float his ships, while the canal was crossed by a bridge on which the enemy were stationed in numbers, while more with their artillery were drawn up on each side of the canal, to annihilate the ships if they strove to pass in single file. Boiset made one gallant attack on the bridge, but found it impossible to force it, and his hopes were ebbing when, on the 11th of September, a strong west wind rose, and the waters poured in more rapidly; while some country people told him of a watercourse by which he could go round the bridge to a low dyke at North Aa. Here

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—
Relief of Leyden.
1574.

they found some Spaniards, whom they put to flight, and here their guns were for the first time heard within Leyden; but still they could get no farther, the wind had turned to the east, the waters sank, the ships were aground, and there was a terrible chain of forts, manned by desperate Spaniards, between them and the starving city.

The hunger there was frightful. Dogs, cats, rats, mice, even the leaves of trees and old leather were eaten; families died in their houses of famine fever, and people dropped dead in the streets. If the fleet could not make its way in before another fortnight it would find nothing but corpses. On the 20th of September a carrier pigeon brought a letter from Boiset full of hope. The water was rising, and the Prince himself had come on board the fleet. Again the bells were rung, but just then came an east wind, the water subsided, and Boiset declared that unless the spring tide should deepen the water considerably, all would be in vain, and it would be impossible to reach the besieged.

The weathercocks were watched in agonising prayer. On October 1st and 2nd, they veered about, but at last a strong westerly gale set in, and, coinciding with the spring tide, drove the sea in on the coast in masses, and the waves swept over the dykes, the water grew deeper and deeper at North Aa; the fleet set forth at midnight, and where shallows would have stopped it, the crews leaped out, and forced the vessels on with their shoulders. The first fort full of Spaniards was attacked. The soldiers came hurrying out on roads half under water. They were attacked on the causeways, often with harpoons, driven under water, drowned, or slain in hosts; only a few escaped to the Hague.

Still there was another fort at Lammen extremely strong, and connected with Valdez's head-quarters. Boiset was almost in despair. Unless the weather should again favour him he knew not how to bring his ships up to the attack, and every hour of hunger was death within the walls. Darkness came on, and he determined that with dawn of day he would make one desperate attack. A dove bore the tidings to the city, and the citizens watched and prayed. They saw lights moving, and at midnight there was a fearful crash. A long piece of the city wall had fallen. Were the Spaniards coming? No one came in.

Morning dawned at last. The ships moved to the attack, but the fort made no reply, till a boy was seen waving his cap on the battlements, and a man waded out through the water. Both were Dutch. The Spaniards were gone. Unable to fight in the water any longer, and finding themselves surrounded, they had fled in the night, all the more rapidly at the sound of the falling wall, which they supposed to betoken a sortie from the city.

On the 3rd of October, after four months and a half of siege, and six weeks of famine, the citizens hailed the welcome ships, which showered bread on them from their decks. Many in their anguish of hunger actually choked themselves, and there were deaths from the sudden plenty, till the supply was put under supervision. Then all

flocked into the great church, and a fervent prayer of thanksgiving was poured forth. A hymn was begun, but after the first verse it was choked in weeping; hearts were too full for singing. The Prince of Orange entered the city the next day, when another gale was blowing, and this time from the east, sweeping back the waves which had done their work so well, and clearing the land, so that the work of restoration could begin at once.

On the table of the room Valdez had occupied was found a scroll, with the few words in Latin, "Farewell, city; farewell, little villages, which are left on account of the waters, not on that of the strength of the enemy."

In consideration of the sufferings and constancy of the citizens, it was decided that a great University should be founded at Leyden, and this was accordingly done the next year. It became very famous, chiefly in the department of law, and was much resorted to, especially by Scottish students, during the two following centuries. The carrier-pigeons which had conveyed the letters were greatly prized during the remainder of their lives, and their stuffed forms are still carefully preserved. The siege was really a turning-point in the war, inspiring the Dutch with a confidence in their own resources they had never felt before. Requesens was anxious for peace. He dissolved the Blood Council with Philip's permission, released Philip Marnix de St. Aldégonde, who had been taken prisoner at Haarlem, and through him made overtures for peace, while the Emperor Maximilian endeavoured to mediate; but as long as pardon was confined to those who should return to the Church, peace was of course impossible. However, the negotiations produced a lull in the war for nearly a year, during which much was done on both sides.

William of Orange had been twice married—the first time to Anne of Egmont, who died after seven years, leaving him one daughter, besides the son who was kept a prisoner in Spain. His next wife was Anne, daughter to the Elector Moritz of Saxony, a proud, passionate woman, who had quarrelled with all his friends, beat her servants with clubs, and tried to stab several persons, among them her brother-in-law, Count John. She must have been half deranged, but she added to her violence by drinking a quart bottle of wine every day; her language was dreadful, and she did not scruple to write to Alva as her friend, begging money from him. At last she became absolutely unfaithful, her lover being an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, named Rubens, the same whose son was destined to make his name famous in Art. The scandal was such that her own relations, the Elector of Saxony and Landgrave of Hesse, took her into custody in 1574. The Elector then had her kept in solitary confinement, food and a sermon being daily administered to her through a grating, and the poor creature soon became an absolute lunatic, and died at the end of

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Second marriage of William of Orange. 1575.

two years. She had borne one son to William, Count Maurice of Nassau.

A divorce had been pronounced when the unhappy woman was removed, and William had not waited for her death to pay his addresses to Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, who was a vehement Romanist; but his daughter had become embued with Huguenot opinions, before, as a mere child, she had been forced into the Convent of Jouarre, compelled to take the vows, and appointed Abbess, according to the corrupt fashion of providing for superfluous daughters. However, the horrors of the St. Bartholomew had entirely alienated her from the Church in which she had been brought up; she fled in secret, and took refuge at Heidelberg, where the old Elector Palatine gladly received her into his family. There the Prince of Orange had seen her, and thither, as soon as his divorce was arranged, he sent St. Aldégonde to request her hand for him, writing to tell her that he was past his prime, being forty-two years old, and unable to make any settlement on her, but simply offering what he had to give. She gladly consented, was brought to Brill by St. Aldégonde, and married with great rejoicings at Dordrecht on the 12th of June 1575. Her father consulted the doctors and theologians of France, who declared that her vows, having been obtained before she attained the lawful age, were contrary to the laws of France and the Canons of Trent, and that there was nothing therefore to hinder the marriage; but it put the Elector of Saxony and Landgrave of Hesse in a great fury, and was generally considered as impolitic. The close and formal union of Holland and Zeeland into one government, with William at its head, was a much wiser measure; nevertheless, in the beginning of 1576, affairs were in so gloomy a state that the Prince seriously revolved the plan of carrying off the whole population to the New World, burning the towns, opening the dykes, and leaving a desert of water and fire to the Spaniards.

The war had recommenced with the siege of Zierickssee by Colonel Mondragon, and William was chafing at his inability to relieve the place, when the unexpected tidings came that the Governor, Requesens, had died at Haarlem on the 5th of March, 1576, after four days' illness. This gave another respite, while the King was making up his mind whom to send, and the government was in the hands of the Council of State, who all, save Jeronimo de Roda, were Flemings, and disposed to mercy. Zierickssee, after the brave Admiral Boiset had perished in an attempt to relieve it, was forced to capitulate on the 21st of June, but Mondragon offered honourable terms, and what was more, observed them.

However, a double mutiny was taking place in the Flemish provinces. The Spanish soldiers were furious for pay, and would not obey the Flemish Council, and the Flemings on their side hated the Spaniards as much as ever. There was the most dire confusion and

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The Spanish Fury. 1577.

bloodshed, above all at Antwerp. The Spanish Fury, as it was called, was unspeakably horrible, and the fifteen Catholic provinces, to escape from the horrible yoke of these lawless soldiers, sent deputies to sign a treaty with Holland and Zeeland, in November 1577, for making common cause. Both religions were to be tolerated side by side, and the seventeen provinces were to unite for their liberties against the foreigner.

CAMEO XVII.

THE THREE PARTIES IN FRANCE.

(1575—1578.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XVII.

Henry III. 1575.

LIFE was becoming more and more difficult to any honest man at the French Court. Henri III. seemed to have no power to exert himself in body or mind. He seldom went out except in a closed carriage, had given over all athletic sports, and only had three books: a Latin prayer-book, from which a few leaves were nightly read to him by one of his gentlemen; Machiavelli's Prince, which he daily studied for himself; and a coarse book of ballads and jests. He had surrounded himself with a set of young favourites, whom the world called *mignons*, fops, and boasters, who were continually getting involved in contemptible quarrels, often leading to bloodshed. An abscess in the ear, in the May of 1575, was ascribed by Henri to his brother, the Duke of Alençon, who had, he fancied, bribed his valet to scratch him with a poisoned pin while fastening his ruff. He actually ordered his brother's arrest, though the Queen Mother took it upon her to annul the order; and he sent for the King of Navarre, begged him to watch over his safety, and even advised him, in case of his own death, to assassinate Monsieur, and seize the crown. Henri of Navarre wisely treated this as delirium, but advised the Queen Mother to keep Alençon out of the way of the *mignons*.

Henri recovered, and the precautions he took against catching cold, and renewing his illness, made him more absurd than ever. There is no dwelling on the foulness of his Court, where contemptible vice, savage cruelty, and fanatical devotion reigned by turns. It was becoming each day more unbearable, and a fixed determination arose in the minds of Alençon and Henri of Navarre to break from it as soon as possible. Marguerite, the Queen of Navarre, was living at this time on easy friendly terms with her husband, each conniving at the dissipations of

CAMEO XVII.

Escape of Alençon. 1575.

the other, and laughing together at the absurdities of the King and his *mignons*. Marguerite was in the confidence of her youngest brother, and knew his plans when he finally escaped, though it was thought better that her husband should not be aware of the time and means.

At half-past seven in the evening of the 15th of September, 1575, Alençon, wearing a cloak and a little half-mask, called a *tour-de-nez*, walked out of Paris, found the carriage of the Duchess of Nevers awaiting him, and was driven to a house by the wayside. Here he alighted, and going out through the back door met four riders, with a led horse for himself. Near Dreux he was received by 300 horsemen of the insurgent party, who hailed him with rapture. Marguerite, meantime, appeared at the King's supper, and laughed and jested so as to prevent her brother from being missed. When at last her mother noticed his absence, she calmly said she had not seen Monsieur since dinner-time. Search was made, and it was then plain that he was gone. The Duke of Nevers was sent off with the guards in pursuit, but could not come up with him before he had entered Poitou, and been joined by 1,800 men, with La Noue and Turenne at their head.

Catherine sent orders to Nevers not to fight, as persuasion would serve her purpose better; and Alençon in return put forth a proclamation, demanding the liberty of Montmorenci and freedom of conscience. On learning the tidings, Condé, who was still collecting troops in Germany, sent off Thoré, the brother of Montmorenci, with 2,000 men, who had been got together to join the Duke. On hearing of it Catherine sent him word that, if he did not disband his forces, she should send Thoré the head of his brother, Montmorenci. He replied that he could not act a cowardly part for any consideration; and that if she performed her threat, there was nothing he should not conspire to overthrow. However, the Duke of Guise encountered him with 12,000 men, and he was completely routed; but, in the combat, Guise received a shot in the cheek, which left so ghastly a scar that he was ever after known as *le Balafré*—a nickname which had also been given to his grandfather, Claude.

The whole of the Huguenot force began to rise in much greater strength than the massacre had been thought to have left it. Catherine quitted the Court to try her favourite plans of diplomacy upon her son, and Henri remained. He had been at first very angry, and talked furiously of bringing back his brother; but he soon seemed to think of nothing but the strange diversions of his Court. He took the Queen about with him either in his coach or his gondola, visiting all the convents, and bringing away needlework, sweetmeats, or little dogs, for which creatures he had a curious passion. Or he had processions of penitents to the shrines to pray for offspring, and gave himself up in the intervals to extravagantly splendid banquets. Likewise he had set himself to improve his Latin, and would be found conjugating a verb with a professor when business was in arrear for want of his attention.

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Escape of Henri of Navarre. 1576.

Miran, his physician, really began to think there must be some disease on the brain to account for his strange conduct. His *mignon*, the Marquis de Guast, had mortally offended the Queen of Navarre by reporting some of her evil deeds, and she took advantage of her mother's absence to incite a ruffian, called the Baron de Viteaux, to assassinate him as he lay in bed at night. Henri lamented him violently at first, but consoled himself by having him buried with splendid obsequies before the high altar of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Catherine meantime found that nothing could be done until Montmorenci was restored to liberty, and sent to act as a mediator. Even then only a six months' truce was agreed upon, and, before it was over, Condé, who was not bound by it, appeared on the frontier with 18,000 men. There were now three armies in France—Condé's in Burgundy, Alençon's in Poitou, D'Amville's in Languedoc, all nearly penniless, and living by forced contributions on the inhabitants. Paris was in the hands of Guise, and becoming daily more contemptuous of the wretched King, who, regardless of the general misery, lavished huge sums on his pleasures and in gifts to his *mignons*. How did he raise the money? To the consternation of all Paris, a portion of the so-called True Cross, preserved with the Crown of Thorns in St. Louis's beautiful Sainte Chapelle, had vanished, and it was more than suspected that it had been pledged to Venetian merchants.

All this time, Henri of Navarre had so lived at Court that he was supposed by the most clear-sighted to be just such another as his weak, easy-going, dissipated father. And though he had said in confidence to one or two friends that he was only biding his time, and they would see what he was by and by, nobody believed him.

One night, the 2nd of February, 1576, he had a slight feverish attack. Two of his own gentlemen, Agrippa d'Aubigné and the Count of Armagnac, were sitting with him, and had drawn his curtains, thinking him dozing, when they heard him sigh, and then chant to himself the Huguenot version of part of the 88th Psalm—

"Tu m'ôtes, pour comble d'ennuis,
L'ami que j'avais cru fidèle;
C'est en vain que ma voix l'appelle
Dans l'état funeste où je suis.
Hélas! au fort de ma détresse
Chacun se cache et me délaisse."

This was so unlike the laughing merry trifler that Henri usually appeared, that D'Aubigné exclaimed—

"Then can it be, sire, that the Good Spirit still dwells and works in you? If so, why are you a captive here, obeying a woman, while your own people are fighting? Those who guarded your cradle had far rather fight under your standards than those of Alençon. As to ourselves, sire, we had made up our minds to flee to-morrow; and

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Henri in Vendôme. 1576.

those who may succeed us may not scruple to use the poison or the knife."

All night they talked, and Henri came to the decision that this was the time to shake off the yoke he had endured for nearly four years. His escape was fixed for the day of a grand hunt at St. Germain. Four more gentlemen were admitted into the plot, but not the Queen of Navarre; and Henri, to avert suspicion, continued to solicit the post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Some days before the intended escape, he asked permission to go and hunt at Senlis. In his absence, Fervaques, one of his gentlemen, found himself in conversation with a lady of the Court, betraying the secret; and immediately on leaving her, hurried to the other two, Epernon and Roquelaure, to beg them to warn the King of Navarre.

They found him breakfasting at Chantilly, and implored him to lose no time. He turned to the Marquis de St. Martin, whom he knew to be a sort of spy upon him, and said that, having received an intimation that he was to be arrested, he would await orders at Senlis, and requested the Marquis to carry the information to the King. He did so, but Henri III. was acute enough to see through the message in a moment.

"He is no longer at Senlis!" he exclaimed. "Heaven help me! I perceive that he too has some bad and traitorous design against me."

No sooner was St. Martin gone than Henri mounted his horse, and rode deep into the forest. He passed the Saône at Poissy, reached his own dukedom of Vendôme, where he met 200 Gascon gentlemen, and traversed the Loire, the division between the Guise and the Bourbon. He was silent till he had reached the other side, then sighed deeply, and gave thanks that he was safe.

"In Paris they have destroyed my mother, the Admiral, and all our best men, and but for Heaven's mercy they would have done the same by me. I will not go back unless I am dragged!" Then presently he added, "I regret only two things I have left behind—the mass and my wife. As for the mass, I shall try to do without it; but I mean to have my wife again."

Henri, it seems, really preferred the Roman Catholic Church, and likewise knew that to return to Calvinism would greatly damage his chances of the French crown; and it was not till he felt that he should never be thoroughly trusted by the Huguenots, unless he were one with them in religion, that he publicly abjured Romanism at Niort, three months after his escape. He was welcomed with joy in his hereditary government of Guyenne, and with absolute rapture in his own counties of Béarn and Foix, where he was indeed a king; and his mother was remembered with tender and indignant grief.

The King of France alternated between despair and fury when he found that he had lost the one kinsman whom he trusted. He visited his wrath on his sister Marguerite, whom he confined to her

CAMEO XVII. — *Monsieur's peace.* 1576.

apartments, though she declared her entire ignorance of her husband's plans. The Queen Mother, on the other hand, declared she was glad he was gone, since there was now sure to be a quarrel among the chiefs, and she should the sooner obtain a peace.

Marguerite remained for two months in captivity, and during that time she acquired a taste for reading and writing. Her mother took her in her train on going to Touraine to endeavour to come to a treaty, also all the greatest beauties of the Court.

Condé, La Noue, and Casimir, another son of the Elector Palatine, had mustered so large an army, that they were slow to be persuaded to come to terms; but they were not strong enough to stand alone without the *Politiques*, or moderate Catholic Party, and the wiser among them must have known how little to be relied on were the German mercenaries. The release of Montmorenci and of Marguerite, the perfect freedom of worship and equality of rights for the Calvinists, the annulling of the sentences of Coligny, Montmorenci, and others, and the rehabilitation of their heirs, a disavowal by the King of all share in the massacre, and an exemption from taxes for the widows and orphans of the victims, and the surrender of a large number of cities as guarantees, were demanded—nay, even payment for the German army! All the Court thought the demands far beyond what could be granted; but money was not to be had for levying troops, Guise would not come forward, nor give any counsel at all, and Catherine advised her son to grant everything, declaring that the heretics would be insolent, the country would rise against them, Alençon would be disgusted, and the game would then be in the hands of the Court. Everything was accordingly granted, Casimir even stipulating that Orange, in Provence, should be restored to its prince! Alençon was promoted to be Duke of Anjou, and received the provinces of Touraine and Poitou as his appanage, so that if he had married Queen Elizabeth these provinces would again have been estates of English royalty. The King also passed his solemn word that the States General should be assembled in six months' time. The treaty was then signed, in May, 1576, and was called Monsieur's peace, as Alençon (now Anjou) was to enjoy the credit of it. Marguerite was not, however, restored to her husband; he demanded her, but the Queen Mother replied that she could not be given to a Huguenot, and she returned to Court, where she set the fashion to all the ladies.

The King showed little interest in all this. No sooner was peace concluded than he carried his wife on a progress through Normandy, bidding all the dealers in little dogs, parrots, and monkeys meet him at Dieppe, where he made large purchases. On his return he found the following placard everywhere in the streets:—"Henri, by the grace of his mother, inert King of France and imaginary King of Poland, concierge of the Louvre, churchwarden of S. Germain l'Auxerrois, beadle of the Paris churches, son-in-law of Colas, gaufferer of his

CAMEO XVII.

Habits of Henry III. 1576.

wife's ruffs, mercer of the palace, inspector of stones, guardian of the four beggars, conscript father of the white flag, gallant protector of the Capuchins."

Colas was Nicolas de Vandémont, Queen Louise's father, who was laughed at, as being of too low rank for his daughter to mate with a king. The King did in fact give what he considered as the religious part of his life to flogging and being flogged, to cutting illuminations out of old missals and breviaries and sticking them on the walls of churches, and to telling his death's-head rosaries; and ruffs were his special study. His favourite fashion was a tall, high, stiff one; so harsh, that when handled, it crackled like parchment.

The mode of wearing the short Spanish mantle was likewise matter of constant study, being sometimes worn over one shoulder and sometimes straight, while one cuff of the doublet was unbuttoned. Nobody at Court ventured to have less than twenty-five or thirty different suits of clothes, as each day a variety was expected.

The royal chamberlains, or *mignons*, as the world called them, together with their master, led the way in all these absurdities. The King slept in a room with the floor strewn with flowers, in a gilded bed, hung with cloth of silver, and with crimson satin pillows, on which he reposed in a white satin nightgown, his hands in medicated gloves, and his face in a perfumed oily vizor to preserve his complexion. On rising in the morning, the hair of these gentlemen was tortured with irons heated in a chafing-dish, so as to make it stand up in short stiff curls all over the head, then powder was dashed over it from a puff, a valet twitched out all straggling hairs from the eyebrows, the face was painted, the beard tinted; and to the silk stockings, dainty shoes, tight doublet, upright ruff, and plumed hat, were added two pairs of perfumed gloves, a handkerchief, rings and chains, attaching to the person a little mirror, a lace fan, boxes of pomade, and a sachet. In addition, the King often carried, slung round his neck, a light basket, lined with satin, as the conveyance for his little dogs, of which he kept nearly a hundred in his rooms, where cushions were provided for them. Parties of these dogs were taken out in turn, in the basket round the King's neck, airing in the carriage with the Queen. Parrots and monkeys also swarmed in the royal chambers, the former instructed in all the libellous slang of the Court, the latter sometimes set on to torment unwelcome visitors. The King used to lounge on the cushions, amused by the songs and antics of the *mignons*, who used to ape the dress and manners of women, even cutting out garments and compounding perfumes, washes, and pomatums after new receipts. Indoors they were all effeminacy, out of doors all swagger; but manly exercises had no place with them, except that they were terrible duellists. If one fell in a combat, Henri would come and weep over the corpse, take out the ear-rings he had given, and have elaborate obsequies performed. Fits of devotion and flagellation often came on the King, and yet his habits became

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Queen Louise. 1576.

constantly more debased. Drunkenness was the only vice from which he was free, he never touched anything stronger than sherbet, which he would sip while diverting himself with the intoxication of his companions. The only pure spot in the Court was the chamber of the gentle Louise, who kept up her course of prayer, reading, meditation, and needlework in her own rooms, gently obeying when dragged out by the King on his foolish expeditions with a coachful of dogs, enduring patiently to have all kinds of fashions tried upon her, but keeping away the foul evil from her presence by her innocent dignity, and sheltering her ladies, who fled to her for protection from the insults of the *mignons*.

Of the other two queens, Catherine carried on all the government, such as it was, only having recourse to the King for his consent and signature; and Marguerite held a Court, quite as licentious, though more witty, and less utterly debased and contemptible than that of her brother.

Meantime the hope of the family seemed to be with Monsieur. Ugly and spiteful as he was, he had gleams of courage; and having never been a favourite with his mother, he was less absolutely perverted than his elder brother. His courtship of Elizabeth was going on after a strange fashion, and she continually wore a little gold frog or fish as a token from him.

Whether this absurd wooing came to anything or not, it was equally distasteful to zealous Roman Catholics. There seemed no hope of offspring of the King and Queen, and the Duke of Anjou, the suitor to Elizabeth, the chosen protector of the Dutch, was kept unwedded, while the next heirs were the avowed Huguenots, Henri of Navarre and Henri of Condé, as descendants of S. Louis through his youngest son, Pierre of Bourbon.

Looking on at the utter degradation of the Court and the prospect that effeminacy might give place to Calvinism, it was no wonder that the Duke of Guise set his mind sternly on the plan of a change. Had he waded in blood on St. Bartholomew's Day for this? To see on the throne a far more contemptible being than the unhappy Charles, to find toleration again declared, and every prospect of a relapsed heretic as his sovereign? Every instinct was revolted, and the Guise family, being only half French, and ranking as princes of the Holy Roman Empire, had not the blind devotion and loyalty to the royal line which was felt by the Montmorencis, and by most of the other true Frenchmen, whether *politiques* or Huguenots.

Unlike the English, there had been no choice among the members of the royal family, and the male line of the House of Paris had gone on unbroken from Hugh Capet to Henri III. unquestioned and undisputed, save when the exclusion of females and their heirs was established on the accession of Philippe VI. Probably no one who was not half a foreigner would ever have dared to think of altering the succession.

CAMEO XVII. — *The League.* 1576.

Guise had left the disgusting and degraded Court, and gone to his own estates. There he found the provincial nobility of Picardy in alarm at the notion that the Prince of Condé would assume the government of their province as his inheritance. A League was drawn up among them, declaring that they would never surrender the strong town of Peronne to any heretic whatever. This seems to have been the germ of the great Catholic League, which soon became a most formidable body. Every one, whose loyalty to the Church seemed to him incompatible with his loyalty to the divine right of kings, began gradually to join it—at first only to keep the Huguenots out of places of authority, but soon aiming at more.

One of the members, a lawyer named David, drew up a statement to be shown to the Pope, that Hugh Capet had been a usurper, throwing out the true line of Charlemagne, of which the Duke of Lorraine was the direct representative, declaring that all the evils and troubles of France arose from his usurpation, and demanding the sanction of the Pope to the dethronement of the King, and his being shut up in a monastery, like the last of the *fainéants* by Pepin, while the throne might go to the Duke of Lorraine, who was married to the second daughter of Henri II.

This document was carried to Rome by David himself. He saw the Pope, and appears to have had no decided answer; but, on his way home, he sickened and died at Lyons, and his papers were seized by Huguenots, who no sooner discovered their purport than they openly published them, to show the world and the King himself who were the truly dangerous traitors.

Henri really supposed the papers a forgery of the Huguenots, intended to throw discredit on the House of Guise; but he was undeceived by his own ambassador at Madrid, who contrived to see, and copy, duplicates of the proposals which had been sent to Philip II. from the Pope.

Henri was an excellent dissembler, and betrayed no knowledge of the existence of the League. He convoked his States General according to promise at Blois, in the autumn of 1576; this assembly being, it should always be remembered, far more analogous to the English Parliament than was the Parliament of Paris, which was only a court of justice, with the power of registering laws, but not of making them. At this States General the effects of the St. Bartholomew were evident, for the Huguenots had few representatives of any great weight or rank. Henri of Navarre was summoned as Duke of Vendôme, as well as the Prince of Condé, but they would not again set foot among the toils from which they had scarcely escaped; and the representatives of Coligny and other great families were mere lads. Guise on the other hand, had immense influence with many of the deputies from the cities, as well as with the nobles. Excepting for his ferocity towards the Huguenots, he had hitherto shown himself as brave and gallant a gentleman as his father and grandfather, and it was no wonder that

CAMEO XVII.

The States-General of Blois. 1576.

the Catholics, when contrasting him with such a wretched being as the King, viewed him as the hope of France.

Thus the States resolved against the terms of the pacification fixed by Monsieur's peace, declaring that there should be only one religion in France, and that the Roman Catholic. They likewise proposed that they should appoint twelve deputies and twelve commissioners, named by the King, whose decisions should become law without appeal. This would of course have been the utter overthrow of the power of the Crown, and Henri politely replied that, though he would gladly consult with the proposed committee, he should certainly only rule according to the old constitution of his kingdom. He hoped, however, to satisfy the Catholic party, and save his crown, by himself becoming the head of the League for the protection of the Church.

On this, the Huguenots set up a counter-league, of which Henri of Navarre was declared head, and Condé his lieutenant, and tried to ally themselves with England and Germany. The war began smouldering again, and the first booty of the Huguenots was a whole troop of comedians from Venice, called "*I Gelosi*," whom the King was importing. He was bent on ransoming them at any cost, and they were released and welcomed at Blois, where they performed in the evenings in the hall in which the deputies had been sitting. Their comedies were better suited to the taste of the *mignons* than to that of respectable persons. The monks and friars preached against them; but the King maintained their cause, and they went on at Paris in the same manner, though the scandal was such that the Parliament of Paris tried to prohibit them in vain. Their charges were high, yet they could always obtain a larger audience than the most popular preacher. Such was the taste of France in the generation when Shakespeare was writing and acting in England.

Anjou fought on the Court side in this war, and D'Amville was gained over. Without the *politiques* the Huguenots had no chance of success, so that they accepted a fresh peace in September, 1577, which practically left things where they were before, except that all leagues were dissolved, and all processions in honour of the St. Bartholomew forbidden. Henri of Navarre remained in his county of Béarn, ruling at Nérac, and waiting to see the course of events. Henri of Guise watched in the same manner to crush all Huguenot demonstrations, and Henri III. daily plunged deeper into folly, vice, and degradation.

CAMEO XVIII.

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.

(1576—1579.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudoph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

THE condition of the Netherlands had at last convinced Philip II. that no one could grapple with it who was not both of the highest rank and the first order of ability. Inferior men not only failed to put down the revolt, but they could not keep the Spanish soldiers in order, nor hinder them from alienating the loyal and Catholic cities. Alva had done the deadly work required of him as thoroughly and faithfully as his master could wish; but he was grown old, and had retired, and the only available person whom Philip could employ was the object of his special jealousy, his illegitimate brother, Don Juan of Austria, whose mother, Barbara Blomberg, had been a German. We have seen him bred up as the son of the gallant old Don Luis Quixada, introduced to his father at Yuste, but unaware of his relationship, and contrasting favourably with the miserable Don Carlos. Charles V. died before the boy was old enough to be told of his parentage; but when he was fourteen, Quixada was bidden to take him to meet the King in the forests where he was hunting, and Philip then informed him that they were brothers, and took him home to Valladolid.

Juan, Carlos, and Alessandro Farnese, son to Margaret, Duchess of Parma, were all brought up together. All, save the Prince of the Asturias, showed great ability in study, and grace and dexterity in martial exercises, but Juan was the foremost. His personal beauty was great. He was fair, rosy, with light curling hair, and perfectly well-formed limbs—the hero of the Court, and admirable in all martial exercises. Charles V., to avoid jealousies, had intended him to be bred to the priesthood, but his spirit was too high for this, and at eighteen he ran away, intending to join the fleet that was setting out

CAMEO XVIII.

Don Juan's arrival. 1576.

from Barcelona to relieve the knights of St. John then besieged by the Turks in Malta. He was captured and brought back, and was soon forgiven by Philip, who sent him in command of the expedition to put down the unhappy revolted Moors of Granada, and superintend the deportation into Africa of all who would not renounce Mohammedanism, while those who did so were broken up and scattered throughout the country. There was little glory, and much cruelty, in this campaign; but a couple of years later he commanded the united fleets of Spain, Venice, and Malta, in the great battle of Lepanto, which first stemmed the tide of Turkish conquest, as the battle of Tours had checked that of the Arabs eight centuries previously. Afterwards, in the first panic of the Moors, Juan sailed into Tunis, that nest of pirates, mastered it, and instead of dismantling the fortifications as his brother commanded, he strengthened them, and garrisoned the place. The Pope besought Philip to consent to his being proclained King of Tunis, and thus Christianising both sides of the Mediterranean; but the wary King would not consent, and sent Juan off with a commission as Governor-General of the Netherlands; where, if he wished to be a king, he might, with the full blessing of the Pope, woo and marry the captive Mary of Scotland, and dethrone Queen Elizabeth. The adventure was romantic enough to charm one who had much of the blood and nature of Maximilian I. in him, and perhaps it charmed him none the less that his presence was immediately necessary in the Low Countries, not only to oppose the Prince of Orange, but to keep the peace between the Spanish soldiers and the Flemings. Time for the sea voyage was not to be had. He must go through France, and not only would the Huguenot leaders have been delighted to pounce on him, but nobody could trust Catherine de Medici, or either of her sons, and the Duke of Anjou might have esteemed his capture a desirable preliminary, either to wedlock with Elizabeth, or to the Protectorship of the Netherlands.

So Don Juan resolved to traverse the dangerous country in disguise, only taking with him his friend Ottavio Gonzaga, six men at arms, and a Swiss guide who knew every road in France. Gonzaga went as the chief of the party, Juan as a Moorish slave, his yellow locks and bright cheeks stained to a swarthy hue. They safely reached an inn at Paris, just opposite to the abode of the Spanish ambassador, and with him the Moor had a conference in the evening, and arranged that his proposals should be conveyed to Queen Mary. On another evening he had an interview in the same place with the Duke of Guise, who was delighted at this new hope for his cousin, and promised all possible aid. Hearing there was to be a great ball at the Louvre, the adventurous knight obtained admission in his Moorish disguise among the ambassador's train, and was greatly smitten with the beauty of Marguerite of Navarre. Afterwards, he continued his journey, and rode into Luxemburg in his disguise, on the 3rd of November, 1576; and when he showed himself to the people in all

CAMEO XVIII.

Persecution of Roman Catholics. 1576.

the glory of his splendid manhood, then in its prime, for he was only thirty-one, their enthusiasm was great.

His first measure was to put forth what was called the Perpetual Edict, ratifying the Pacification of Ghent, promising the immediate departure of all foreign soldiers, and the release of all prisoners except the son of the Prince of Orange, who was to be detained till his father had fulfilled some further conditions, guaranteeing the privileges of the States, and requiring indeed the maintenance of the Church, but implying toleration.

Philip consented, and the Edict was laid before the Deputies of the Dutch provinces. They refused to sign without consulting the Prince of Orange. He distrusted the whole treaty, and believed that to accept it and disarm would be utter ruin to the cause, and by his counsel the States of Holland and Zeeland would not accept the Edict without much better security. Weeks and months went by in negotiation, while the English became not a little alarmed, since if the Spanish troops were expelled from the Netherlands, what could be more convenient than an invasion of England? To strengthen the hands of Orange, to watch Queen Mary, and keep a severe hand over the Roman Catholics, was thus all that could be done by Elizabeth. Thus it was that persecution commenced. Cuthbert Mayne, one of Allen's seminary priests, was arrested for having obtained a bull from Rome, and said mass in the house of one Mr. Tregean, a Cornish gentleman; all the hearers, to the number of fifteen, being also seized. The bull was only an old copy of the proclamation of the jubilee; but Mayne was put to death as a traitor, and Tregean remained a prisoner until after the Queen's death. Many more recusants, as the Roman Catholics were called, were thrown into prison, and there became a prey to infectious diseases. It was only the priests who were liable to be put to death on the assumption that they must needs be traitors; but the laity were imprisoned, and if they refused to give evidence, could be, and sometimes were, put to a horrible punishment called the *peine forte et dure*, which consisted of being gradually squeezed to death under a board by weights.

They suffered from the cruelty inspired by terror at the doings of their brethren on the Continent. Any one who must needs be in league with the ferocious Spaniards, on the other side of the German Ocean, was the natural enemy of all good Protestants. Such was the English feeling,—and no wonder! Mary of Scotland was taken to Chatsworth, as a place of greater security than Sheffield, and when she was allowed to visit Buxton for the sake of her rheumatism, Leicester was sent to meet her there that he might discover whether she were in communication with Don Juan, and concerting a plan of invasion; but it does not appear that she was cognisant of any schemes, and nothing was discovered to implicate her.

Treason was not Don Juan's line of action. He was a brave, open-hearted knight, and would gladly have come at the head of an invading

CAMEO XVIII.

Visit of Marguerite of Navarre. 1577.

army to deliver the captive princess and wed her like a hero of romance; but he did not want to begin in underhand ways. What he wanted to have done would have been to get the Perpetual Edict accepted, and then to have carried off the Spanish, German, and Italian soldiers to the invasion of England; but Philip, who by no means wanted to see him on another throne, disconcerted these plans by ordering him to send home the Spanish and Italian troops, hoping thus to restore confidence to the Low Countries and get the Edict accepted. With great difficulty, and pledging his honour for their pay, Don Juan loyally obeyed, and sent away his soldiers, to the great relief and joy of the whole country. Their departure not only was ruin to his hopes of England, but it emboldened the States, Catholic as well as Protestant, to stand out against accepting the Edict without better security. Juan sent his favourite secretary and friend, Escovedo, to represent the state of things to his brother; but there was a terrible intrigue at Court, and Philip had been persuaded that if Juan's hands were strengthened, he would seize the Netherlands as well as England for his own, and that Escovedo was his adviser, so he sent no help, and detained the secretary at Madrid.

Meanwhile the Dutch provinces began to look out for foreign protectors. Indeed they were a prize longed after by several princes, but the guardian Protestant they would best have liked was the most unwilling to undertake them, namely, Queen Elizabeth, who was afraid of getting involved on their account in war with France and Spain.

Marguerite of Navarre set forth to see what she could do for her brother of Anjou, on the pretext of drinking the Spa waters. The Roman Catholic provinces, where Spanish tyranny was hated but the Church was still loved, would gladly have hailed him as their ruler, giving him credit for much higher qualities than he possessed, and Marguerite hoped to intrigue for their support, while she was entertained by Don Juan. She travelled in a litter lined with scarlet velvet, with gilt pillars and a large amount of glass, and there was a long train besides of ladies, guards, and attendants. Don Juan, who had been enchanted with his distant view of her at Paris, was charmed to receive her at Namur. He rode beside her litter into the city, and lodged her in splendid apartments. The curtains of the bed were embroidered with representations of the battle of Lepanto, and the tapestry and furniture were so extremely beautiful that Marguerite expressed her amazement, and was told that they had been a present from a Turkish Pasha, in gratitude for his two sons having been released without ransom from captivity after the battle of Lepanto.

The next day there was a pleasure voyage on the Meuse, when Marguerite was made as like Cleopatra in her galley as circumstances permitted. There was a dance on a green island dressed up as a modern Arcadia, and a feast in bowers of ivy, lasting till long after the summer sunset.

She proceeded on the following day on her journey down the river,

CAMEO XVIII.

Arrival of Matthias. 1577.

leaving Don Juan fascinated with her charms, and little thinking that her work had been to talk over the Flemish nobles into breaking once more from the yoke and giving themselves to her brother.

Don Juan affronted them by seizing and garrisoning the citadel of Namur. The Flemish States began to distrust him and think more of help from France, entering into correspondence with the Prince of Orange, and by his advice refusing the Perpetual Edict. Juan's hopes and spirits began to fail, and the cause of liberty to flourish. William of Orange was invited to Brussels, and there welcomed with rapture.

By his advice, all idea of accepting the Perpetual Edict was given up, and the eighteen provinces of the Low Countries once again bound themselves in a union to resist Spanish tyranny in Church and State. All the work done by Alva's iron hand was to be begun again.

The Catholic provinces wanted Anjou for their protector, the Protestant ones, Elizabeth, and the Queen had actually sent Davison, her secretary, to Brussels, to see how the land lay, while Sir Francis Walsingham paid compliments in her name to Don Juan, whom he pronounced the most perfect young prince in body and mind, and likewise the most entertaining youth he had ever seen. No doubt, however, it was well for England that this charming personage should have work enough in the Netherlands to keep him safely there, and another stone was cast into the troubled waters, which was likely to detain him.

The Archduke Matthias of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rudolph, seemed to some of the Flemish nobles a better hope than Anjou, and preferable to a foreign sovereign like Elizabeth. He was only twenty, and had his father's gentle, winning temper, and he was of course full of ardour, entertaining hopes that if he could pacify the Netherlands he might marry a daughter of Philip's and reign there independently. The emperor would have nothing to do with the matter, not wishing to embroil himself with his cousin of Spain, so Matthias ran away. He went to bed early, waited till his brother Maximilian was asleep, crept out in his shirt barefooted to where a few companions awaited him, put on the dress of a groom, blackened his face, and rode off with two gentlemen and a few attendants. From Cologne he made his arrival known, to the great perplexity of everybody and the wrath of Don Juan. Queen Elizabeth declared that she could only assist the States on condition that the Prince of Orange were declared lieutenant-governor—it might be for the Archduke, if the Netherlanders pleased; but she had no confidence in the leadership of any one else. Orange, who had hopes that a moderate Catholic might keep the provinces together, accepted this situation, and went with 2,000 horse to escort Matthias to Antwerp, where he was most joyfully received. The city of Ghent likewise joined the popular party, and welcomed the Prince of Orange with a wonderful allegorical procession, and thus the year 1577 closed with the highest hopes that had ever been attained by the Low Countries.

CAMEO XVIII.

Battle of Gemblours.
1578.

Matthias was formally elected as Governor-General, and the Prince of Orange, Ruward of Brabant, an ancient office which gave him all the real power. There was an inauguration at Brussels with all sorts of allegorical pageants and splendours, while Don Juan, at Namur, felt himself in an exceedingly critical condition, having sent away his troops and honourably observed the Edict, and then found himself betrayed by the one set of States and persistently distrusted by the other. This single year of harass and disappointment had changed and altered his fair face and bright features so that his old companion and nephew Alessandro Farnese, who arrived at this juncture from Spain, was shocked at the change. He had brought some regiments of Spanish and Italian troops, and Count Peter Ernest Mansfeldt had collected some more in France, so that Don Juan could take the field with 20,000 men before the winter was over.

The confederates had set out to march on Namur, but finding the enemy ready for them they fell back on Gemblours, nine miles from Namur. Orange himself was not with the army, which was chiefly Walloon and German, with some companies of Scots and English. The whole was commanded by a veteran general named De Goignées.

Don Juan followed them, rejoicing at having at last an opportunity for action, and bearing on his banner a crucifix, with the motto, *In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc hereticos vincam.* The armies came in sight of each other near Gemblours, the patriots still retreating, and skirmishing as they went. Alessandro Farnese, riding up to reconnoitre, perceived that a great creek or ravine, filled with mire, was disturbing the regularity of their march. Instantly perceiving the advantage to which this might be turned, he drew up a squadron of cavalry, mounted a powerful horse, and sent a message to Don Juan that Alessandro of Parma had plunged into the abyss, to perish or come forth victorious.

He dashed through first of all, and halted with his lance in rest till the troop had struggled across, then fell suddenly on the enemy on the side they had thought secure. A panic set in, De Goignées and the young Count Egmont vainly tried to rally their forces. The Spaniards were objects of such terror that every one lost their senses at their onset in the open field; arms were thrown down, and the confederate army was utterly routed, leaving behind them thirty-four standards, numerous cannon, 7,000 or 8,000 corpses, 600 prisoners, who were for the most part hung, being viewed as traitors, not prisoners of war.

It was a terrible defeat, and yet it made wonderfully little difference to the staunch resistance of the Dutch. Only three months after, the citizens of Amsterdam took courage to admit the patriots and turn out all the Roman Catholics, clergy, and counsellors, whom they put on board ship and sent away. The poor men so fully expected that the ship would be sunk as soon as they were out of harbour, that a burgomaster, to whom his wife had sent two clean shirts for his voyage, sighed out, "Take them back. Never shall I want clean shirts again

CAMEO XVIII.

Murder of Escovedo. 1578.

in this world!" Happily he was mistaken. The Dutch were sometimes savagely cruel, especially to ecclesiastics, but in this case they contented themselves with deporting those whom they thought dangerous.

Don Juan was in much distress and anxiety. He was undergoing the fate that pursued every wooer of the Queen of Scots. Glory had been his portion till he offered himself to her, and then misfortune instantly set in. Even the honour of the day of Gembloux belonged to his nephew of Parma rather than to him, and to bring his grief to a height, his friend Escovedo was assassinated in the streets of Madrid. Two attempts had failed, the third succeeded, and the immediate promotion of both the murderers gave every reason to believe that the King had consented to it. The true cause of Escovedo's death was his knowledge of a wicked intrigue of the King's minister Perez, who, on his side, had persuaded Philip that the secretary was instigating his brother to rebellion, and obtained his consent to one of those murders which Philip had come to view as royal justice executed in a private manner. For there is no doubt that Philip was a conscientious man. The melancholy thing was that people's consciences were so much warped that frightful crimes were done for conscience' sake.

Don Juan never held up his head after the tidings of the murder reached him. While we may be very thankful that his plans, as regards England, were disconcerted, and that we never had to make proof of what his clemency might have been, it is impossible not to feel much compassion for the high-spirited young man, full of zeal for what he thought the cause of Heaven and the Church, put in a situation too difficult for him, with the ground hollow beneath his feet, with the most astute of foes before him, and the man whom he had loved and trusted taken from him by a cruel murder. He had lost even the Catholic States, was bereft of his best troops, hampered with orders, Orange had plots for kidnapping him, and his difficulties increased on all sides.

Meantime the Dutch prospered, and freedom of religion was indeed practised so that on Sunday, preachers of fifteen different sects were heard in the churches of Antwerp. Orange permitted all, as long as there was no public scandal, and he was the only influence, so that as Philip's ministers wrote to him, there was but one man in all the Netherlands, and he was the Prince of Orange. Matthias had turned out a mere puppet, and the Duke of Anjou was watching his opportunity. A large force of French under La Noue gained a victory over Don Juan himself on the Demer, and taking advantage of this, as well as of the promises his sister Marguerite had made, Anjou galloped off to Mons, and there offered himself as Protector of the Liberties of Flanders.

The Catholic States, finding Matthias helpless, and being jealous of Orange, were willing to accept him, trusting that he would bring the forces of France to their aid. Nay, that long courtship of his to

CAMEO XVIII.

Death of Don Juan. 1579.

Queen Elizabeth might inspire the hope that the Protector of the Reformed and the Protector of the Catholics might be united!

Meanwhile the war went on, the armies watching one another without coming to blows, as they lay between Mechlin and Namur. Don Juan was in a fortified camp at Bourges, sinking under a low fever, the effect of grief and perplexity. Neither orders nor money came from Philip, and he could do nothing. "They have cut off our hands," he wrote, "and now there is nothing left but for us to hold out our heads likewise the axe." His army was perishing from swamp fever, the enemy was shutting him in, and his urgent letters remained unanswered by his brother.

In September his fever increased. His lodging was in a hovel, whose only upper room had been used as a pigeon-house. Here he lay, delirious, often fighting his battles over again, or pleading with his brother, or wandering back to the happy days when he deemed old Don Luis Quixada his true father. His nephew and old comrade, Alessandro Farnese, was constantly with him, and to this prince, when reason returned, he committed the onerous burthen that was killing him. He died on the 1st of October, 1579, in his thirty-third year.

Every one talked of poison, and two unfortunate Englishmen were actually executed, under the accusation of having been suborned by Walsingham thus to murder him. Others suspected Philip himself, and the body when examined was thought to bear out the supposition that he had met with foul play; but anatomists had little knowledge to go upon, and fever and grief were the far more probable causes of the death of "the last of the Crusaders."

The corpse was arrayed in full armour, a coronet on the head, and the collar of the Golden Fleece round his neck, during the funeral obsequies. The heart was then buried at Namur, and the remains were borne through France by a small body of soldiers, for whose passage permission had been asked, but without specifying their charge, as Philip wished to avoid the expense of the solemnities which would have greeted the dead at each stage of the journey. So the body was divided in three, and thus carried by the route taken only two years before by the gallant disguised hero, full of hope!

Put together again and held upright in armour and robes, the remains were presented to Philip, who recoiled for a moment, as well he might, at the change from the brilliant being full of health, youth, and life, with whom he had parted. And then Don Juan joined his royal father in the vaults of the Escorial.

CAMEO XIX.

GREAT SAILORS.

(1571—1581.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XIX. — *Thomas Gresham.* 1565.

THE true greatness of a reign probably depends on the sovereign's power of feeling and leading popular impulses, and one of the great aids to Elizabeth's prosperity was the interest she took in the spirit of naval enterprise which had set in before her time.

Thomas, the head of the great merchant family of Gresham, was in great favour with the Queen, and did her invaluable service, both by negotiating loans, advising her in matters of finance, and in a manner anticipating the office of President of the Board of Trade. He was at the same time a banker and wholesale dealer on his own account, and he was moreover entrusted with the strange charge of poor little Lady Mary Grey, the youngest sister of Lady Jane. She was the smallest woman in the whole Court, and the Elizabethan world knew not whether to be shocked or diverted when, in 1565, it was discovered that she was secretly married to the serjeant porter, Martin Keyes, the biggest gentleman in Court. The pair were both kept in close imprisonment, Martin in the Fleet, Lady Mary in the keeping, first of the Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon's second wife, then of a Mr. Hawtrey, of Checkers, near Aylesbury, and lastly of Sir Thomas Gresham, who took her about with his family. His wife, a greedy, miserly woman, much disliked the charge, and it led to many quarrels, until, on Martin's death, the poor little lady was released, in 1572, and spent the last six years of her life at large, but in much poverty.

Gresham had lost his only son, and he employed his great wealth on the work so closely connected with his name, the Royal Exchange. Before his time the many merchants who met in London had no covered place for transacting business. They met in an open space

CAMEO XIX.

The Royal Exchange. 1571.

near Grace Church, and when it rained too much for their endurance transacted their affairs in "Paul's Walk," namely, the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral. Gresham resolved to put an end to this state of things, and raised subscriptions to the amount of 4,000*l.* among his brother merchants for the purchase of the ground. The building was at his own cost, the wood and stone furnished from his own estates, the glass, slates, ironwork, and wainscoting coming from Antwerp. The plan was a great square court surrounded by a cloister, with rooms behind it to serve as offices, and above two tiers of closed galleries. High above towered on a column a huge grasshopper, the Gresham crest. The legend was that the first of the family had been a foundling picked up under a hedge, and that notice had been attracted to him by the grasshoppers chirping round him. The walks and rooms laid out on the basement were for the merchants, and shops were above for retail dealers. These were offered for the first year rent free by Sir Thomas to such persons as would furnish them with wares and illuminate them with wax lights when the Queen came to open the building on the 23rd of January, 1571, and named it the Royal Exchange, proclaiming the same with the sound of trumpet.

Gresham was no explorer himself, but he gave large aid in money to the schemes of more adventurous men than himself. And these schemes were many, all turning on the discovery of the north-west passage that was to lead to the wealth of Cathay. The good Devonshire knight, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, was studying the subject scientifically, and Martin Frobisher, the Yorkshire mariner, was earnestly set on making the voyage of discovery.

Lord Leicester, his brother Warwick, and his nephew Philip Sidney, became interested in the plan, and in 1575 two ships, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, the one under twenty tons, the other under twenty-five, were fitted out to make the attempt, with thirty-five men and boys, under the command of Martin Frobisher as Admiral. Queen Elizabeth came to Greenwich and looked from the window when the brave little crafts fired a salute as they sailed past on the 7th of June, and the Queen afterwards sent for Frobisher to take leave of him before setting out on his fearful expedition.

In September the *Michael* came back again, her captain, Owen Gryffyn, declaring that in a terrible storm they had seen the *Gabriel* "go down!"

However, four months later the *Gabriel* confounded these cowards and their falsehood by appearing at Harwich. She had lived through the storm, though with the loss of a mast, and crept along the coast of Greenland, past Cape Farewell, then in ten days had sighted the coast of Labrador. They were much beset with ice, but they landed, took possession of the country in the name of the Queen, picked up some stones, and had some communication with the Esquimaux. Frobisher was exceedingly cautious in dealing with these men, but he could not force his crew to be equally so; and five men who had gone, contrary

CAMEO XIX.

Frobisher's Arctic voyages. 1577.

to order, to exchange trifles and beads for seal-skins, were captured with their only boat. Frobisher, by his personal strength, seized a native, whom he hoped to exchange for his men, but the poor creature bit out his own tongue in his rage at finding himself a prisoner, and lay moping and pining. His kindred kept out of sight, and, crippled as Frobisher was by the loss of his boat, he was forced to return home.

He was received with great enthusiasm, and crowds thronged to look at the unfortunate captive, who was by this time in a dying state, and only lived a few days. A black stone found in the hold was more interesting. A gentlewoman, having thrown it into the fire and then quenched it in vinegar, saw sparkles of gold in it. Bits of it were given to one Gianbattista Agnello, an assayer, and from each piece he produced a little powder of gold!

The excitement was immense. The report spread and grew, and there were those who believed that the very place had been found whence Solomon had taken his gold for the Temple.

A company was formed for Cathay, Frobisher was made high-admiral of all seas and waters of new discovery; the Queen herself subscribed 1000*l.*, and in 1577 Frobisher set off again with the same two ships, and the *Aid*, of 200 tons, lent by the Queen. This party found and named land both to the north and south of the place he had touched at before. They fancied themselves between Asia and America. The leathern doublet of one of the five men who had been lost was recovered, pierced with arrows; more barter and more quarrels took place, and at different times a man, a woman, a baby, and an old woman were captured. The old woman was so hideous that the crew took her for a witch or demon, and insisted on taking off her buskins to see whether she had cloven feet. She was allowed to escape, but the other three Frobisher hoped to exchange for three of the five men whom the natives gave them to understand were still living.

Three natives actually appeared with whitened faces, waving a flag made out of a piece of bladder, but it was a very transparent stratagem, for crowds of their fellows, fancying themselves unseen, were creeping down to overwhelm the strangers. Frobisher was too prudent to permit his crew to revenge this cunning attack, and he brought his whole numbers safely away. One man was washed overboard and lost from the *Gabriel* on the homeward voyage, and a great storm parted the squadron. Frobisher reached Milford Haven in the *Aid*, and rode from thence to London, thinking the two barques lost. The *Gabriel*, however, had safely reached Bristol, and the *Michael* arrived in London without mischance.

The ore was shut up in Bristol Castle under four locks, and the company paid the seamen's wages, and produced 800*l.* for the building of furnaces in which the precious metal was to be extracted! Three assayers were set to work, one Italian and two German. Of course they quarrelled and laid the blame of the tardy appearance of the gold upon

CAMEO XIX.
—
Frobisher's venture.
1579.

one another. They called for expensive materials, and those who credited them fed upon hope and became poorer in everything else.

However, a third expedition was fitted out, on a much larger scale, and carried a hundred men and the frame of a house in timber, with intent to colonise. Fifteen ships were placed under Frobisher's command, and when the Queen took leave of him, she threw a great gold chain round his neck, and gave her hand to be kissed by all the captains. As on the former expeditions, there were strict orders against swearing, gambling, and vicious practices; daily matins and evensong were enjoined, and indeed carried out. Frobisher was a devout man, and thoroughly averse to all wanton violence or plunder.

This time the discoverer reached what we now know as Hudson's Straits. Fogs and ice had beset him, but here he had a clear sky and sea. However, he had been sent, not to make discoveries, but to bring home auriferous stone; so with much private disappointment he turned back, instead of pushing on, and either perishing, or anticipating the discovery of the passage by three hundred years. He was bound to make his way to the place where he had found the ore, a good way further north. His larger fleet was, however, less easy to manage, the crews were less obedient, the weather was unpropitious, and when they reached the spot in what they had named the Countess of Warwick Island, the season was advanced, and the carpenters declaring that it would take seven or eight weeks to erect the fort, it was decided to be too late to attempt to establish the colony that season. Again did Martin Frobisher bring all his ships safely into harbour, a marvel, as it seems to us, considering what ships then were, and in what seas they sailed, without a chart, or any previous knowledge to guide them.

In 1861, Captain Hall found the tradition of the visits of Frobisher fresh among the Esquimaux, and was shown the traces they had left behind. He even learnt so much of the fate of the five lost men, as that they built a boat, and set sail in it, but early in the season; some had frozen hands when they started, and they never were heard of more. Captain Hall had not at that time read the history of Frobisher's voyages, so that this tradition must have been genuine, not suggested by leading questions.

Plenty of black stone had come back, but the gold never came out of it, though good gold pieces in plenty were called for by the assayers. Hope was given up, Frobisher was a ruined man, and a poor unfortunate old lady, whom he had married in his thirst for means to fit out his expeditions, was reduced to beggary. To do him justice, it was not the lust of gold that led him on his voyages; he had the true zeal of an explorer, and only cared for the gold as a bait to induce others to send him on these voyages; but that made little difference to the unfortunate Isabel Frobisher, "the most miserable poor creature in the world," as she calls herself in her petition on behalf of her children and grandchildren by her first husband, whose portions had sailed away in the sanguine Admiral's fleet.

CAMEO XIX. — *Sir Humfrey Gilbert.* 1578.

Other men were fired with the same spirit of adventure and discovery. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, in his old manor house at Compton, was working out in theory problems, both mathematical and social, and longed to put them into practice; and, in the year 1578, he obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter to discover and possess any distant lands which were unoccupied by any Christian ruler. He intended to form a colony under English rule, and he brought together five hundred gentlemen willing to cast in their lot with him. The most notable of these was his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, now in his twenty-ninth year. Hitherto, the young man had been fighting in the Huguenot armies in France, but he had grown weary of the desultory warfare, and in the lull that followed the evasion of the King of Navarre he had returned to England, and had become imbued with his brother's enthusiasm.

Eleven ships set sail from Plymouth, but the ideas of more than half the five hundred gentlemen were by no means of peaceful colonisation. They were set on attacking the Spanish treasure ships, and when some of these galleons came in sight, their eagerness was beyond the control of Gilbert. The attack was made, but the English ships were beaten off, and so much injured that it was necessary to put back to England, after eight months' absence; all Gilbert's means having been spent in this enterprise, which had been thus frustrated by his unworthy partners. It was four years before he could make another effort.

Captain John Hawkins, a man of much coarser mould, had made his fortune by the slave trade, and trained therein his young kinsman, Francis Drake. Drake was one of the large family of the chaplain of a ship, and was born in 1545, one report says on board a vessel in Plymouth harbour, another, at the living his father afterwards held near Tavistock. At twelve years old he became a sailor in a little trading vessel belonging to a friend of his father. His service was rewarded by his master leaving him the vessel at the age of twenty; but his spirit was too high for mere trading in the Channel, and he embarked all he had in Hawkins's ventures. His first great independent expedition was in 1577. He had been introduced, by Sir Christopher Hatton, to the Queen, and she had given her sanction to his sailing to the south, and thus endeavouring to rival the exploit which the Portuguese Magelhaen had not lived to accomplish.

With five ships, of which the largest, the *Pelican*, was but of 100 tons burden, he sailed from Plymouth in the end of December, 1577. He passed the coast of Barbary and Cape Verde, then ran into the Rio de la Plata, where he parted company with two of his ships, but recovered them again. However, as they were scarcely seaworthy, he took out their crews and stores and cast them adrift. Then, having laid in provisions, he made his way safely through Magelhaen's Straits, and further surveyed the south coast of Tierra del Fuego, though the honour of discovering and naming Cape Horn belongs not

CAMEO XIX.

Drake's voyage. 1580.

to him, but to one of the Dutch sailors, who called it after his native town of Hoorn.

Here Drake, detecting mutiny in a gentleman of his crew, tried him, and with much gravity and sorrow, sentenced him to be hung. It was done with deep seriousness, and the man was exhorted to repentance. Indeed, the English mixture of piracy and piety, was as curious as that of religion and cruelty by the Spaniards. Drake fixed Macao as the meeting-place with the other two ships, in case of their losing sight of each other; Captain Winter, however, deserted, and went back to England, while Drake made his way up the South American coasts, plundering the Spanish settlements and galleons of Chili and Peru, till his two vessels, and a Spaniard which he had captured, were loaded with treasure. He sought in vain for an outlet from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and having gone nearly as far north as California, crossed the Pacific ocean to the Molucca isles, where the King received him hospitably. Thence he steered for the Cape of Good Hope, and returned to Plymouth on the 26th of September, 1580, with the *Pelican* and the *Golden Hind*, after a voyage occupying two years and nearly ten months.

England was in a rapture of wonder and delight. The Queen sent orders that the *Pelican* should be brought round to Deptford that she might see it; she came on board of it, and banqueted there, while such a throng followed her that the plank bridge on which they crossed gave way. More than a hundred fell into the river, but nobody was drowned. The Queen then knighted the bold circumnavigator, and the *Pelican* was kept at Deptford, where it served as a sort of club-house to the Elizabethan naval men and their friends. After many years it was broken up, and a chair made of the timber was presented to the University of Oxford.

The treasure was placed under the Queen's charge. Some Spanish merchants who proved their claims were recompensed out of it; but a huge amount remained to be divided among the crews. Camden declares that Drake was much mortified that some of the chief gentlemen about court declined to accept gifts of the gold gained by piracy. Surely few, except perhaps Philip Sidney, were likely to object. The Queen certainly did not; and when the Spanish ambassador, who was now Mendoza, complained of Drake's boldness in daring to sail in the Indian seas, she boldly disputed any exclusive rights on the part of the Spaniards, declaring the ocean to be the highway of all nations, and denying the Pope's power to grant away lands and islands.

Sir Francis Drake, on his knighthood, had assumed the coat armour of a Devonshire family of his own name, consisting of three wyverns. Sir Bernard Drake, the head of this house, was furious at this presumption, and actually boxed the ears of the new-made knight, who appealed to the Queen. Thereupon Elizabeth granted him the unexampled bearing of a terrestrial globe, with a hand beyond, guiding

round it a ship in full sail, with a wyvern hanging up by the heels in the rigging. However, this failed to mortify Sir Bernard.

CAMEO XIX.
—
Death of Don Sebastião.
1578.

"Her Majesty may have given you finer arms than mine," he said, "but neither she nor any one else can give you the right to the three wyverns, the ancient cognizance of my house."

A piteous disaster had thrown Portugal, with all its navy and colonies, into the hands of Spain; Sebastião, a king at three years old, had grown up with all the fire of a crusader of old, burning to emulate the victories of his forefathers on the coasts of Africa, and to drive back the Moors. In 1578, when twenty-four years old, he hoped that he saw his opportunity; Muley Hamet, a pretender to the crown of Morocco, sought his aid, and, contrary to the advice of all his counsellors, Sebastião prepared an army and fleet, and crossed to Morocco.

The reigning king, Muley Moluc, was full of ability and courage, and though sick of a fatal disease, defended his country with the utmost valour and prudence. At Alcaçer the battle took place. There were 150,000 well-commanded Moors to 15,000 Christians, conducted by a fiery young fanatic who expected a miracle. The result was such as alone could be expected, and the battle was chiefly remarkable for three kings having perished in it—the pretender, Muley Hamet; his uncle, Muley Moluc, who died in his litter, after rallying his men against Sebastião's desperate charge; and Sebastião himself. The last words the youth had been heard to say were, "Now there is nothing for us to do but to die;" but his body was never recognised, and the Portuguese lived long in hope of his return, till he became one of the legendary heroes who are supposed to be living in some "land of Avallon," to appear in the extreme need of their country.

Sebastião was the last of the grand old house of Avis, descended from Philippa of Lancaster. He had indeed a grand-uncle, Henrique, a cardinal archbishop of seventy-seven years old, who wore the crown for two years, and then, in 1580, it fell to Philip II., as the son of the eldest sister of Sebastião's grandfather.

In fact, the old constitutions of Portugal declared that by marrying a foreign king, a princess forfeited all claims to the crown for herself and her descendants; and thus the real lawful heir was the Duke of Bragança, whose mother had been daughter to a brother of Henrique. There was also a certain Dom Antonio, an illegitimate son of another brother, besides a host of other claimants. The helpless old Cardinal-King could not nerve himself to make a choice between them, and it would probably have made little difference had he done so, for Philip II. came in by the right of the strongest, in spite of the national dislike of the Portuguese to the Castilians. The Duke of Alva put down all resistance, and Antonio, after taking up arms in vain, fled to the court of Elizabeth.

Thus Brazil, the Azores, and the other Portuguese settlements passed from the power of the allies of England to that of her enemy, and the Western Atlantic was more than ever the Spanish main.

CAMEO XIX.
—
Smerwick Bay.
1580.

There was more and more exasperation against the Spaniards, and the tidings that they were assisting the rebel Irish lashed the English up to fury. Queen Elizabeth had been granting lands to various English gentlemen, in the hope that they might conquer and reduce the Irish. Among these were Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser, already known by his *Shepherd's Calendar* as a poet, and who was secretary to the Lord-Deputy, Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton. The Earl of Desmond, after a long captivity in England, was as usual in rebellion, and had a Jesuit with him, Dr. Nicolas Sanders—in fact the Jesuits were just discovering what a field for their exertions were the native Irish, hitherto neglected by the Church, but capable of a deep devotion, which, then excited, has never faded away.

On the coast of Kerry one Piers Ryce had obtained a rocky peninsula where he built a fort, and then, cutting a trench through the isthmus, converted the place into an island. A broken ship was cast up below the walls, and fancying it part of Frobisher's fleet of golden ore, he forthwith, with a view to such future spoils, called the place Down Enoge or Golden Haven. He further intended the place as a landing place for Spaniards; a fleet and army were expected at the bay of St. Mary Wicke, or Smerwick, and single ships from time to time showed that the danger was real of a landing at Del Oro, as the Spaniards translated the name of the place.

Elizabeth commanded a fleet to be prepared and placed under the command of Admiral Sir William Winter, who was to lie off the Dingle, and prevent any landing of the enemy. Frobisher went with him in command of the *Foresight*, but the Queen, always parsimonious, gave such scanty supplies as to cripple the operations of her ships. The provisions sent to meet them at Kinsale were so insufficient that Frobisher went back to London to entreat for a better supply. A pound of bread at a penny, two pounds of beef at twopence per pound, and a gallon of ale, also costing a penny, was the daily allowance for each man; but so small was the amount supplied, that only three-fourths of these rations were given out, and even thus they were so soon exhausted that Winter had to return to Plymouth to obtain more food. At this very moment there sailed into the bay a fleet of the Spanish ships with 800 men, mostly Italian, with 4,000 stand of arms for the Irish rebels, and provisions for six months, and threw themselves into the fort of the Golden Haven. Elizabeth was furious. True, the English were aiding Philip's insurgent subjects in the Netherlands, but that did not, in her eyes, excuse Spaniards for aiding her rebellious Irish; and indeed, in both cases, the assistance was by private, unauthorised enterprise, not a commission from the sovereign. Lord Grey advanced upon the fort by land, while Winter attacked it by sea. A parley was held with the captain, Don Sebastian de San José, who allowed that he had not been sent by the King, but that he had the Pope's authority to recover Ireland to the Catholic faith, and bestow it on the King of Spain. The fort was bombarded by land and sea, and,

CAMEO XIX.
—
Slaughter of the Spaniards.
1580.

after four days, the garrison asked for terms. Lord Grey would grant none. Assistants of traitors were, according to the law of nations, traitors themselves, and he would promise no quarter. He only gave them one night to consider their decision. In the morning, the commander and ten or twelve officers came out, trailing their ensign rolled up, and surrendered themselves to Lord Grey. They were spared; but, says Lord Grey in his despatch: "Then put I in certain bands who fell to execution. There were six hundred slain. Four hundred were as gallant and goodly personages as of any I ever beheld. So it hath pleased the Lord of Hosts to deliver your enemies into your Highness's hands." This was not hypocrisy. Lord Grey was an upright, conscientious, religious man, whom Spenser idealised in his "Legend of Sir Arthegal or of Justice," the most distinct and definite of all the books of the *Faërie Queene*. Such horrible massacres were only what adventurers had every reason to expect if they fell into the enemy's hands, for they were not considered as prisoners of war. The Spanish and French had done such things again and again, and Philip made no complaints; but to our modern minds it is frightful to think of Raleigh and Spenser being in the camp which sent forth these bands to commit this butchery; and the whole scene has been brought vividly before us in *Westward Ho!*

It was but a horrible episode in a horrible war. The two septs of Butler and Fitzgerald, with the Earls of Ormond and Desmond at their head, had been flying at each other's throats for centuries; and, as Ormond was on the English side, Desmond was a proscribed rebel. There were butcheries on either side, and Lord Grey had absolutely made up his mind to exterminate the native Irish of the south-west, just as settlers have tried to exterminate Red Indians or Australians. He spread desolation before him, but he could not finish his work. Complaints were made in England—complaints with which Spenser had so little sympathy that he represents them as the Blatant Beast, Sir Arthegal's enemy. And Elizabeth recalled the deputy after two years, when *only* 1,485 chief men and gentlemen had been slain, kernes and churls without number, yet all in the belief that justice and order were being established. After his departure, Desmond was hunted down by Ormond, and killed in a cabin, and the Jesuit Sanders wandered about till he was starved to death.

Grants of the desolate lands were made to "gentlemen undertakers," who were to bring them into cultivation. Raleigh was one of these, and Spenser was another. The latter received Kilcolman Castle, a peel tower near Limerick, where he took up his abode and began the great work of his life, the *Faërie Queene*. Raleigh, however, was seldom on his Irish lands, though he took care to send excellent tenants from Devon and Somerset. He had fallen into the stream of Court favour. If the adventure of the laying his cloak before Queen Elizabeth, to cover a miry place, ever happened, it was at this time; and at any rate Raleigh had all the qualities that fascinated her. He

CAMEO XIX.

Raleigh. 1581.

was tall and graceful, with a high forehead and haughty arched eyebrows, with a ready wit, high cultivation, and a power of paying her the romantic adulation in which she delighted. His usual manner was proud and reserved, and this made him many enemies. Above all, he was hated by Sir Christopher Hatton, who saw in him a rival beauty. Leicester however patronised him, probably for the sake of the Sidneys.

CAMEO XX.

THE RAID OF RUTHVEN.

(1579—1583.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

Friends of James I.
1570.

IT must have been no small delight to the young King James of Scotland when his cousin Esmé Stewart arrived in Scotland. He was the son of John Stewart, brother of James's grandfather, the Earl of Lennox, and had been bred up in France, where he held the lordship of Aubigny. Graceful, lively, and winning, he soon gained the heart of the boy of fourteen, who had been continually brow-beaten and threatened; and he brought two companions with him—Montherneau, a Frenchman by birth, and Henry Kerr, another Frenchified Scot.

The King would not stir without D'Aubigny, and insisted on his having apartments in Holyrood when he moved thither for his Parliament. The citizens of Edinburgh had arranged a wonderful pageant, in which Dame Music led the four cardinal virtues, a little Child came out of a silver globe with the keys of the city, Religion led the King to the High Church, and Bacchus presided over fountains running with wine.

There was, however, great distrust and discontent, especially when James presented his cousin with the earldom of Lennox, which of course had devolved on himself by the death of his grandfather, raising the title to the ducal dignity. The new Duke was known to have been intimate with the Duke of Guise, and it was strongly suspected that he was come to talk James over to his mother's cause; nor were the suspicions lessened by his sudden conversion from Romanism by the arguments of the young King. Indeed, this change was thought to be only a stroke of policy. Elizabeth and her Court were much alarmed, and set spies on the alert, offering bribes to James's various instructors; bribes accepted by Buchanan, but refused by Peter Young.

CAMEO XX.
Fall of Morton.
1571.

It was strongly suspected that Lennox intended to carry the young King off to France, and that James was far from unwilling to exchange his dull life for the Court which had proved so fascinating to his grandfather, James V. He actually did open a correspondence with his mother, and Elizabeth and her ministers feared that Scotland would slip from their grasp, throw itself into the hands of Guise, and demand Mary's liberation in the name of her son! What brilliant hopes must not have arisen before the captive!

Walsingham's hope was in the opposition of the Scots themselves. The grim old Earl of Morton naturally abhorred the stranger, and Sir Robert Bowes was sent to deal with him, so that a counter-plot was soon on foot by which Morton and his friends were to make away with Lennox, like Rizzio before him, and carry James to England. However, Elizabeth would not sanction this murder, and knew that to steal the King would throw Scotland into the arms of France. So she recalled Bowes, bidding him first administer a good scolding to the young King for his ingratitude, and to tell him that he would soon learn what it was to prefer a Duke of Lennox to a Queen of England!

Lennox had, however, made up his mind. Morton must fall, or he must. He secured the co-operation of another Stewart, James, the second son of Lord Ochiltree, a man who had served in various armies half over the world, and was now a captain in the royal guard. Moreover, that double-dyed traitor, Sir James Balfour, who had been the actual agent in Darnley's murder, and had since betrayed Kirkaldy's brother, was available as a witness. Henry of Darnley had been a Stewart, his son was now come to years of discretion, and it was the Stewarts' business to avenge him. Morton was warned, but the proud old Douglas nature scorned to flee, and he took his seat as usual at the council table, with the King at its head.

There was a knock at the door. James Stewart was admitted, and fell on his knees before the King. When bidden to speak, he declared that he was come to declare a crime too long kept secret, and forthwith accused Morton to his face as the murderer of the King's father. Morton rose indignantly, declared that he had punished all the murderers, and that the accuser was too mean for his attention, and that it was for the King to punish those who had set him on.

Stewart swore that no one had suborned him, and asked Morton what he had done with his cousin, Archibald Douglas, who was well known to have been one of the conspirators, but to be now in high position.

Morton drew his sword, Stewart sprang to his feet. Two other lords separated them, and the Earl was imprisoned. Elizabeth was at first angered, and sent Randolph to threaten James, and to raise a party in Scotland to release the Earl; but Morton's iron rule and grasping avarice had made him so much hated that no one was willing to raise a hand to save him, and the English envoys perceived that Elizabeth's interference would only make matters worse, and after five months in prison the Earl was brought to trial.

James Stewart had been made Earl of Arran on the death of the imbecile head of the ruined Hamiltons. There was an old prediction that Morton should fall by Arran, and when he heard the title read out at the head of the accusation, the Earl exclaimed, "Then all is over! I know what to look for!"

A jury of sixteen peers were empannelled, and before them he was indicted for the murder of "our sovereign lord's dearest father," with "William Taillen, and Andrew M'Aige, his cubiculars," also that they "brint his haill lodging, and raisit the same in the air by force of gunpowder." The evidence has not been recorded; but Mortôn owned that he had been aware of the purpose of the murderers, and on this he was convicted of being "art and part" in the murder. "Art and part!" he cried, striking his staff on the ground, "God knoweth the contrary." No doubt he meant that though consenting to the murder, he had no share in the actual contrivance.

He was sentenced to death, and was visited in prison by sundry ministers who were satisfied with his penitence, although it seems to us to go a very little way. "The slaughter of Davie," as he called the murder of Rizzio, perhaps seemed to them as meritorious as it did to him, and they, as well as he, were persuaded that he was in a state of grace. He was led to the scaffold, and there lay prostrate, sobbing, and his body heaving, while a minister prayed for him; but this was imputed to piety, and when he rose his face and voice were firm. He died by the maiden, a guillotine of his own invention, and with him fell the last glories of the fierce old house of Douglas.

Burghley and Walsingham were hotly angry, and vowed that Queen Mary's head should pay for Morton's; but Elizabeth withheld her consent. Still it was an unfortunate moment for poor Mary, who was crippled with rheumatism, and whose hair had turned grey at thirty-seven, to write to beg for a coach to take the air in, and for the society of her faithful friends, Lord Seyton, and Lady Lethington. Castelnau, the French ambassador, backed her application with all his might; but if the Scots were no longer adverse to her, and if her son were in communication with the Guises, who should say what might be the consequence? And thus the indulgence was denied. At the same time, Elizabeth's naturally avaricious disposition made her foolishly affront James by her unwillingness to yield up to him the English estates of his grandparents. The French influence began to tell more on him. A priest was brought to his Court to teach him Italian, as it was said. Lennox and Arran were his favourites, and he was in correspondence with Guise on the one hand, and on the other with Queen Mary, through her faithful George Douglas of Lochleven; and one Crichton, a Scottish Jesuit, who communicated with Father Parsons, an English one.

James was fifteen years old, and he seems to have been considering

CAMEO XX.

Plan for Mary's return to Scotland. 1581.

of acting a manly part, and demanding justice and freedom for his mother; and on her side, she made up her mind, on the advice of her brother-in-law, Henry III., to acknowledge her son as King on condition that she should be associated with him on the throne. The proposal was actually made to Elizabeth, but was not answered. Indeed, the perception that she was in communication with Scotland, France, and Spain, was so alarming, that Walsingham sent his brother-in-law, Beale, to Sheffield Castle to discover what he could about the means by which she heard. He could learn nothing, but he was convinced that she was suffering much, and obtained for her the use of a carriage.

Meantime, conspirators were meeting at Rheims, with the Duke of Guise at their head, arranging for an invasion of England, and for Mary's being demanded by the Scots to reign jointly with her son. Her consent was given, and La Mothe Fénélon, formerly the French ambassador in England, was sent to Scotland, much to James's gratification, since he had never before been acknowledged by the French.

Alarm made the English far more severe on the Roman Catholics. Two Jesuits, Robert Parsons and Edmund Campian, both well-born gentlemen, the latter highly distinguished at Oxford, had ventured themselves in England to keep up the spirit of the gentry who still clung to the Roman Catholic Church. Their presence had been suspected, and the Parliament of 1581 imposed the penalty of high treason on those who should pronounce absolution, or withdraw others from the established religion. A year's imprisonment, and a heavy fine, was the penalty for hearing mass, and 20*l.* per month for absence from church. These enactments proceeded from terror at sight of what the Roman Catholic Church was doing abroad, and at her known promotion of the cause of Mary.

Parsons and Campian were great in controversy. While passing through Paris, they sought out Theodore Beza, and had an argument with him. They afterwards wrote a letter challenging him to a public discussion, but he never received it. Campian was most devout and earnest, caring little for politics, but only for the strengthening the faith of his disciples, and his influence had a great effect upon the young men of the Roman Catholic families; but Parsons appears to have been an absolute conspirator on behalf of Mary of Scotland.

Each had written a letter explaining to the full their reasons for thus coming to England, and had entrusted them to friends, with directions only to publish them in case of their apprehension and imprisonment. These fell into the hands of a gentleman named Pound, who was so delighted with them, that his zeal, outrunning his prudence, he published them as a letter to the council. This was a challenge, and there was an immediate search until Campian was

CAMEO XX.

Execution of Campian. 1581.

hunted down in Berkshire, in the house of a lady whose husband was in prison on account of his religion. With six more seminary priests he was taken to the Tower, where, contrary to the law of England, they were tortured; but none of them showed any sign of acquaintance with the intrigue of Parsons. Campian, having said in a letter that "he had discovered no secrets, and never would, 'come rack, come rope,'" was tortured twice again until he was thought to be dead. There was absolute evidence, in the hands of Burghley and Walsingham, that Parsons was conducting a correspondence with Mary, promising that Guise and Philip should send forces to invade England and set her free.

Parsons escaped from England, but his companions were left to bear the penalty. There was no evidence of actual conspiracy on their part, but their exercise of their functions as priests was treason, and they were tried in November, 1581. The only evidence against Campian was a man who swore to having heard a sermon from him in Berkshire, lamenting the prevalence of heresy, and hoping it would soon be overthrown. "O Judas! Judas!" exclaimed the prisoner, "I thought only of the day when God should be pleased to make a restoration of the faith!" Campian's arm had been dislocated on the rack, and he could not raise his hand without assistance. He had only mouldy bread and foul water to live on in the Tower, but he felt himself a martyr, as in one sense he was, for he had been no traitor, and had ventured his life in the cause of his religion.

The Queen, who remembered the brilliant Oxford scholar who had once made her a Latin speech, desired to see him, and had an interview with him at Leicester's lodgings. She really longed to save him, and he owned her freely as his lawful sovereign; but when she questioned him on the supremacy of the Pope he said he could give no opinion, the wisest men were not agreed.

He with two more were then sent to be executed at Tyburn, but at the last Elizabeth sent Sir Francis Knollys to offer him his life provided he would listen to a Protestant sermon; and she also insisted that the victims should be dead before the worse horrors of the execution for treason were carried out. Of the other seven priests, three conformed, but the others, after long lying under sentence, were executed.

No wonder the Roman Catholics at home and abroad looked on them as the victims of a religious persecution; but in the view of Queen Elizabeth and her people they died as traitors; and though innocent in themselves, what they suffered for was that teaching of their Order which bore that any amount of falsehood, nay, murder itself, was justifiable in the cause of the Church. Devout and harmless as they might personally be, they were the slaves of an unscrupulous system, and no man could tell what they might be compelled to do or to conceal. It was, of course, flagrant cruelty and injustice to use

CAMEO XX.

James's inclination to France. 1581.

torture or to put innocent men to death, but looking at Elizabeth's condition, and on what Roman Catholics did and thought meritorious in every other country of Europe, she need not fear a comparison with them.

Meantime Bowes, and afterwards Davidson, kept the English court in constant alarm by accounts of the young King's increasing inclination towards the French party; how he had received a present of French apples and almonds, which might betoken the ripeness of the project, and how the Duke of Guise had sent his master stabler with six fine horses. The two Stewarts, Lennox and Arran, continued in the highest favour, and Arran had given great offence by his leading the wife of his kinsman, Lord March, to obtain a divorce from her husband and to marry him. The Presbyterian minister Durie lectured James against all his dangerous practices, including the acceptance of the horses, calling Guise a murderer of the saints, and a messenger of the devil. James asseverated that he had no intention of Romanising, or of marrying any wife who did not "love the Evangel," but when Durie proceeded to preach violently in public against both Queen Mary and Lennox, he received orders to quit the city.

The old game was preparing to be played once again. A new "band," as the Scots called it, was drawn up for the removal and destruction of Lennox and Arran, and the foremost in it was James Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, the son of that Ruthven who had come as a dying man to the slaughter of Rizzio. As before, the English ministry was cognisant of the plot, and heartily approved it. Unfortunately no one had any scruple as to crookedness of policy, and this was the crisis of James's life. Was he to hold on with the Protestant policy so as to secure his own chances of the English throne and keep England on the side of the Reformation? or was he to espouse the cause of his mother, throw himself into the arms of his Guise kindred, and either not reign in England at all, or only as a Roman Catholic conqueror brought in by France and Spain? These were terrible issues, and Burghley, Walsingham, and Bowes felt themselves justified in encouraging the Calvinist Scots in their "band" to remove the King from the power of the French party. Bowes even hurried the execution of the plot by telling Gowrie that Lennox had obtained scent of it, and that there was no time to be lost. James was hunting near Perth, Lennox was at Dalkeith, Arran at Kinmeil, when these tidings reached Gowrie, while the King was actually a guest in Ruthven Castle. The Lords Mar, Glamys, and Lindsay brought their followers and surrounded the castle. These, with their host, presented a paper to James, insisting on the dismissal of Lennox and Arran; but Gowrie continued to treat him courteously, till he prepared to leave the castle. Then Glamys told him that it was deemed safer for him to remain there, and when James insisted, the baron placed his leg so as to bar the door. The young King burst

into tears, but was sternly answered, "Better bairns greet than bearded men."

Arran and his brother had collected troops to free their master, but were defeated and made prisoners. Lennox sent Lord Herries and the Abbot of Newbattle as envoys to propose terms and to see the King. They were admitted to the Council Chamber, where James instantly sprang up, and told them that he was a close prisoner, unable to move without a guard, and bade them call on all who loved him to assist the Duke of Lennox in setting him free.

Lennox could, however, do nothing but tear his beard for anger as Master John Durie was conducted back to Edinburgh by a triumphal procession of 2,000 people, singing the hundred and twenty-fourth psalm. He could only go off, with eighty horse, to Dumbarton Castle, while the King remained in Gowrie's hands, treated with apparent deference, and conducted to Holyrood to meet his Parliament, when he was forced to endure to hear his enemies justified. His mother's hopes again fell, for George Douglas was seized in England, and made to confess that he had assisted in the correspondence between the Queen, her son, and her French friends.

Lennox, meanwhile, hovered about and endeavoured to arrange another plan for rescuing and carrying off the King; but the plot was discovered, he was proclaimed a traitor, and forced to leave the kingdom. On his way through England he met La Mothe Fénélon, who had been sent as ambassador to James, but by strict orders to the escort of the latter they were allowed no time to speak with one another. Lennox made a short stay in London, where he had much conversation with Walsingham, and assured him of the King's sincere attachment to the Reformation. He afterwards proceeded to France, where he died soon after. His son, a boy of thirteen, was sent over to Scotland and eagerly welcomed by the King.

It was during this triumph of his party that George Buchanan died, at seventy-six years of age. He had been writing a huge history of Scotland, in which, after the example of Geoffrey of Monmouth, he had filled up pre-historic times from his imagination, amplifying old legend. For a good while all this was accepted as genuine history, and the portraits of all his Ferguses and Achaiuses still adorn the walls of Holyrood!

James hated his bondage and was quietly taking measures against it. His keepers might profess to be educating him to godliness, but there was nothing that the training of the youth taught him so perfectly as secrecy, if not duplicity. Timid and nervous by nature and constitution, he was in constant fear of the fate of his father and mother, and felt no weapon so much in his power as what he called kingcraft. So, after the first outburst, he feigned content in the hands of Gowrie and Glamys, while he was carrying on secret correspondence with all the world; and when Sir Robert Bowes was sent to sound him on the association in the throne with his mother, he found

CAMEO XX.

Flight of Mar.
1581.

him apparently averse to it, talking coldly of his mother and showing himself obedient to Elizabeth and the English faction.

Only a week later, James was safe at the castle of St. Andrews. Arran, Crawford, Argyle, Huntly, and the borderers were with him. Gowrie, Glamys, and Mar had fled to England for protection. So secretly and ably had the young King organised his plot that his enemies were taken entirely by surprise.

CAMEO XXI.

ELIZABETH'S LAST SUITOR.

(1579—1585.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XXI. — *French Ambassadors.* 1579.

THE more the Reformation and the Roman Catholic Church drew into two camps, the more each side attempted to fortify itself. Now the old hatred between France and the House of Austria was dying down, yet, in spite of all the Romanist influences on France, enough of the old spirit survived to make the House of Valois waver in the great struggle.

The accession of Philip II. to the crown of Portugal awoke fresh anxiety on Elizabeth's part, and once more she bethought her of the inexpediency of leaving no nearer heir than the Queen of Scots, and, though she counted some years over forty, talked once more of marriage. To make the Duke of Alençon master of the Low Countries, and then unite them to England by marriage, seemed to her statesmen and to the great men of Holland a noble undertaking. Elizabeth listened favourably to them, and to the new French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau. Coming from the foppish court of Henri III., this gentleman was not a little amazed at being encountered at Smithfield Bars by certain officers, who attempted to cut down his ruff and shorten his rapier. He drew the weapon, and a fight was beginning, when Lord Henry Seymour happily came up, explained to the officers who the angry foreigner was, and to M. de Castelnau that the Queen had issued an edict for reducing the extravagant length of ruff and rapier, but that of course an ambassador was exempt. M. de Simier was also sent to plead the cause of Anjou, for Alençon now bore that title. Leicester does not seem to have entirely given up hope; he affected to be very unhappy; and the Queen's foolish old governess, Mrs. Ashley, pleaded his cause, till she received a sharp answer from the Queen, who had almost sent the Earl to the Tower for his presumption.

CAMEO XXI.

Alencon's visit 1579.

When Simier demanded an answer, she replied that she could not be expected to marry a man whom she had never seen. Thereupon Alençon disguised himself, crossed the sea with two servants, and suddenly presented himself at Greenwich. There can be no doubt that Elizabeth was gratified. He was the first of all her suitors who had come to court her in person; and besides, there is no doubt that, in the solitude of royalty, the company of a person of the same sphere is a real delight, independent of any other point of contact. All this outweighed the small, ungainly figure, and ugly, pock-marked countenance of Monsieur, while he had the sense to abstain from those elfish tricks that made him so much hated at his brother's court.

He came home highly elated. He was enraptured with the beauty of Elizabeth's ladies, and even praised the Queen's own charms. He called her "*La belle maîtress*," and boasted that she had every morning brought him with her own fair hands a cup of soup. To satisfy her that the reports of his deformity were false, he exhibited his small person to her, clad in a close-fitting jerkin and hose of flesh-coloured silk, and she had professed herself more than satisfied. Though she had made him no promises, she had never rebuked the vivacity of his suit, which had no doubt been a real pleasure and amusement to her.

But the question was not merely whether the woman of forty-six should peril her happiness and make herself ridiculous by wedding a man of twenty-three, or whether the defender of the English Church should marry one of the murderous house of Valois. The real question was whether the power of Spain made the closer alliance with France necessary to England, and whether the Low Countries should be annexed at such a price.

Therefore it was no vain excuse when Elizabeth declared that she must consult her ministers. Consult them she did, all of them; and the notes of the conference remain, drawn up by Burghley himself in two columns, entitled "Peril" and "Remedies." Sussex and Hunsdon were in favour of the marriage; Leicester and Hatton wavered till they saw which way the wind blew; Sadler expressed his objections in terms more forcible than delicate; Sir Henry Sydney, Bromley, and Mildmay were all strongly averse to it; and Philip Sydney, whom the Queen privately consulted, wrote a letter, which is a model both of force, elegance, and uprightness, dissuading her from it.

A Calvinist lawyer, John Stubbs, contributed a fierce pamphlet of denunciation, entitled a *Gaping Gulf*, indignantly demanding how an imp of the crown of France should marry the crowned nymph of England. The poor man had brought himself under the power of an Act which had been called forth by the many libellous papers that had swarmed under Philip and Mary. He and his publisher were both sentenced to lose their right hands, which were chopped off in the market-place at Westminster. Stubbs, who had never intended personal disloyalty, instantly took off his hat, waved it, and cried "God save the Queen!"

CAMEO XXI.

Outlawry of Orange. 1580.

then fainted away. He was long imprisoned in the Tower, and on his release, in broken health, retired to France, where he died, and was buried in the sands of Boulogne, just above high-water mark, so as to be as near England as possible. Another danger, which was ever present to Elizabeth, was that Philip, who had just married his own niece, should give to Anjou his daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia, the only child of Elisabeth of France, and then bestow the Netherlands on them, thus depriving England of the French alliance, to which she looked to balance the terrible Austrian power. Such questions as these might well lead to hesitation, above all with Mary, the grandchild of the Guises, the claimant as well as the heiress of England.

The Duke remained at Angers, of which he was governor. His sister Marguerite had joined the King of Navarre at Nérac, and there kept, in an easy, lively court, on such good terms with her husband that Henri III. was provoked, and in 1579 stirred up a brief little foolish war, called *La Guerre des Amoureux*, which left things just as they were before. No one seemed to have any strength or spirit left in France. The siege of La Fère, where the Mignons attacked, and Condé defended, was so feebly conducted as to go by the name of "*La Siège de Velours*," and the chief casualty was that the Duke of Joyeuse there lost seven teeth. The whole of the vigour of France then seemed to be in the Duke of Guise.

In the meantime William, Prince of Orange, had been, by the counsel of Granvelle, solemnly laid under ban by the King of Spain, as a traitor, who had risen against his king and called in foreign aid. To put him to death by any means thus became lawful, and a price was set on his head. It was one of those horrid customs of the Middle Ages which were the ordinary punishment of treason, and, from Philip's point of view, Orange had deserved to be outlawed. Of course, to our minds, it is plain that he had been only rendered a rebel by Philip's own tyranny, and the incitements to assassination are abhorrent to our minds; but to the Spaniards all this only seemed the natural course of justice.

However, Monsieur, with the full hope of becoming sovereign of the Netherlands, arrived at the head of a splendid body of volunteers, among whom were 5,000 gentlemen, many of them English. For eighteen months Cambrai, under Balagny, had been holding out against the Duke of Parma, who had succeeded Don Juan as viceroy. On the appearance of this gallant force, Parma felt it prudent to retreat, and, after placing garrisons in several more cities, Anjou, feeling himself crowned with glory, set off for England, hoping to complete his courtship, about which the courts had gone on negotiating. He arrived in the November of 1582, and was warmly welcomed by Elizabeth. She placed a ring on his finger, treated him as her betrothed, and even caused the programme of the marriage ceremonial to be drawn up.

CAMEO XXI. — *Departure of Alençon.* 1582.

Things were indeed becoming serious. Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham were not minded to see the wretched times of Mary and her Philip return, and the ladies of the court were quite as much resolved. The night that the Queen had signed the paper sanctioning the preparations, her ladies, one and all, surrounded her, weeping and imploring her to remember her sister's miseries, and to think of the peril to herself, her Church, and her people, while yet there was time. When, much agitated, she lay down, she could not sleep; she tossed about all night, divided between visions of wedded joy, and juster forebodings of cruel disappointment, between the hopes of a grand position, as deliverer of the Reformed, and the greater danger of giving her country over to the blood-stained French family; and by the morning her mind was made up. She sent for Monsieur, told him she could not survive another such night, declared that she still loved him, but that she must sacrifice her happiness to the welfare of her people, and finally requested him to return her ring. Anjou began to plead his cause again; but Sir Christopher Hatton made him understand that the refusal was in earnest, not in coquetry. Then he flew into a passion, tore off the ring, and declared that Englishwomen were as fickle as their own waves and winds, and threw out threats of the Spanish alliance.

Then Elizabeth implored him not to leave her, talked of a more favourable conjuncture when she might yet be able to marry him; declared that if he were actually made Duke of Brabant, her subjects would withdraw their opposition; soothed him and petted him in every way she could devise; and when at last he set off to return to Flanders, she insisted on accompanying him as far as Canterbury, where she made him promise to return to her in a month's time, and then parted with him in floods of tears. Her feeling was genuine. She actually wrote three stanzas, which have something touching in them when we recollect the utter loneliness of her life, and how her woman's heart ached after the poor dream of love even for the ill-favoured youth who had made her for once see before her the sweet dreams of meaner women. Here is one verse:—

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind
(For I am soft and made of melting snow);
Or be more cruel, Love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

Anjou returned to Flushing in February, 1582, with three frigates of the Queen's own, and accompanied by Leicester himself and Philip Sydney. The Prince of Orange met him there, and he was greeted enthusiastically and escorted to Antwerp. There, outside the walls, he was to be made Duke of Brabant. A throne of velvet and gold was prepared on a platform overlooking the city, and surrounded by 20,000 burgher guards, and the chief people in Holland. The

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Anjou in Holland. 1582.

constitution was read aloud; the Duke swore to observe it, and he then received the ducal hat and mantle which the Prince of Orange clasped upon him, saying, "I fasten this robe so securely that none may ever rend it from thy grasp."

Largesse of gold and silver coin was scattered among the populace, and the new duke moved into Antwerp among endless pageants—Religion in red satin, with the gospel in her hand; Justice in orange velvet, with her scales and sword; Patriotism figured as a pelican, and Patience as a brooding hen. The market-place was illuminated with huge wax torches fixed in tar-barrels, in the midst of which the giant Antigonus, the legendary founder of Antwerp, clad in a surcoat of sky blue, waved aloft a banner with the arms of Philip, until, as the procession entered, he dropped it, and brandished instead the *fleur de lys* of Anjou.

Every sort of rejoicing took place day after day, and they were to culminate on Anjou's twenty-fourth birthday, the 18th of March, 1582. There was to be a great entertainment at Anjou's house, to which all the Dutch nobles were invited, among them of course the Prince of Orange. There was a party at dinner at the Prince's house that noon, including some distinguished Germans and Frenchmen. Just as they had risen from table, a young man presented a petition to the Prince, and, while he was reading it, fired a pistol so close to his face as to set his beard and hair on fire. He did not fall, and thought at the moment that part of the house had fallen down; but, perceiving that he was severely wounded, he called out—"Do not kill him,—I forgive him my death;" and then added, "Ah, what a faithful servant the Duke of Anjou has lost in me!"

Before he had given the command, however, two French nobles had rushed upon the murderer and pierced him with their rapiers; and so many then followed, that there were no less than thirty-two wounds upon the body. The Prince was supported to his chamber, while his son, young Maurice, though only fifteen, had the presence of mind to station himself immovably by the murderer's body, and prevent any one from laying a hand upon it, perceiving the great importance of ascertaining from what quarter the stroke had come.

Some of the Dutch already suspected Anjou, all the more from the rapidity with which the French had killed the man before he could be examined. Count Hohenlohe had sprung to the house-door, and prevented any one from going in or out, while trusty gentlemen of the prince examined the corpse, and handed over all the papers to Maurice. An old servant then took the lad under his cloak, and thus conveyed him to an inner room, where he satisfied himself that all the letters were Spanish, and that there was nothing to implicate the French. These tidings were instantly spread, so as to prevent the terrible evils such a suspicion would have occasioned. The ball had entered under the right ear, struck out two teeth, and passed out through the roof of the mouth. The flame of the pistol had actually cauterised the

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Attempt to assassinate Orange. 1582.

wound, and checked the bleeding, and there was every probability of recovery. The surgeons forbade speech; but the Prince wrote incessantly, and directed all the measures that could prevent any disturbance. The papers were examined by Ste. Aldegonde, and proved the assassin to have been a poor foolish fanatic. Records of vows, and briefs of indulgence, were found in abundance, besides charms, such as bits of hare-skin and two dried toads; but what looked worse were three packets of Spanish bills of exchange. The body was exposed in the market-place, and recognised as that of Juan Jauregui, a servant belonging to Gaspar d'Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp, who had left the place a few days before. His cashier was arrested, and a watch kept on all letters brought into the city. Some suspicious ones from Anastro were intercepted, and the cashier confessed the whole. The merchant had actually engaged to take the life of the Prince of Orange on the promise of 80,000 ducats and the Cross of Santiago; but, not choosing to risk himself, he had fed the fanaticism of his poor servant, and sent him to do the deed. Pursuit was made after this cowardly wretch, but he was already safe on Spanish ground.

The Prince suffered severely, and was for a time in great danger from an outburst of bleeding from the lacerated veins. No bandage could be fastened; but, by the advice of the surgeon of the Duke of Anjou, a succession of attendants compressed the opening of the wound with their thumbs, day and night, until it healed. The anxiety was, however, fatal to the Prince's devoted wife, Charlotte de Bourbon Montpensier, who died of a fever three days after the Prince had gone in state to the cathedral to give thanks for his preservation. She left six little daughters—Louisa Juliana, Elizabeth, Catherine Belgica, Flandrina Charlotte Brabantina, and Emilia Secunda.

Immediately after, the summons of the two countries of Holland and Zeeland caused William to accept their countship. Parma continued the war by taking Oudenarde, and also continued to encourage attempts at assassination. An Italian, and a Spaniard named Salsedo, were detected in trying to poison Anjou and Orange together. The Italian destroyed himself in prison; but Salsedo made a terrible confession, showing a design on the part of the Duke of Guise, together with his brothers and half the nobles in France and followers, thus to remove Anjou, and then as the Huguenot, Henri of Navarre, would be next heir to the throne, to unite with Philip in the proclamation of the Infanta Isabel, who would then be married to a prince of the house of Lorraine, in whose person the line of Charles the Great would be restored.

Anjou immediately sent Salsedo off to Paris. There he wavered, and prevaricated, and contradicted himself. He had accused the King's two favourites, Joyeuse and Epernon, of being cognisant of the plot; and the King did not believe a word of the story, until, most

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Salsedo's plot. 1582.

unwillingly, Henry allowed himself to be present at the final torture, when the unhappy man confirmed all he had previously said. Behind a curtain Henry sat in a chair, perfectly horrified; but he took no steps in consequence of these revelations, though they may have added fervour to the strange penance of the next Lent, when he and all his court marched in procession in sacks drawn over their heads, with holes cut for the eyes.

Meanwhile, Henri of Navarre was acting as if he had no religion at all. He is accused of eating cherries at a sermon, and aiming with the stones at the eyes of the preacher, to one of which he caused considerable damage. The irreverence of the pastime is far from incredible, but scarcely its wanton baseness in so good-natured a man. Marguerite was at Paris again, as usual behaving scandalously. Anjou had it in his power to have retrieved the character of his family, unstained as he had hitherto been; but jealousy of Orange, fostered by his unscrupulous companions, was beginning to lead him into the disgraceful path of treachery, bred up as he had been to be utterly heedless of oaths and pledges. He found himself by no means the first person in Holland, and his hopes of Elizabeth and England were over. So, together with a set of French youths who formed his court, he talked over his plot, namely, to put French garrisons in all the chief forts, imprison the principal inhabitants, and then plunder the cities, and restore the country to the obedience of the Pope, with himself as its hero. The plot seems as childish as it was treacherous, but it had this facility, that the French were trained soldiers, ready to act; while the Dutch cities trusted to their own burghers, who were only called out on an emergency. Catherine de Medici knew of the plan, but she feared Henri's jealousy of his brother too much to make him cognisant of it, though she persuaded him to send Marshal Biron to support Anjou in Holland. Duplessis Mornay, an honest man and staunch Huguenot, who had been in attendance on Anjou, was sent by him on a message to his sister, lest he should suspect anything and warn the Prince.

Dunkirk, Ostend, Dendremonde, and other cities were actually seized on the 15th January, 1583; but Bruges was saved by a spirited citizen. At Antwerp, under pretence of an attack against the city of Endhoven, Anjou had got together what he thought a sufficient number of Frenchmen for his purpose, in a camp outside the walls; but suspicion began to be excited, and he made endless protestations that his intentions were perfectly loyal.

However, at dinner, a note was given to him which he read with evident discomposure, and threw into the little muff which he wore on his sleeve. He then mounted his horse, and rode out to his camp, the whole town being in the stillness of the dinner-hour on a winter's day. As soon as he was beyond the drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups, waved his sword, and cried to the men who followed him, "There is your city! Take possession." He galloped towards the camp, while

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The attack on Antwerp. 1583.

the captain of his guard, pretending to have been hurt by the plunging of his horse, turned back, stabbed at the officer at the gate who came to his assistance, and secured the gate; while 600 horse and 3,000 musqueteers, who had been awaiting the signal, all rushed forward, hoping to slake their fury on the peaceful city. *Ville gagnée! Vive la messe!*

They thought all was then their own, and instantly dispersed to plunder; but the burghers had been too long trained by suffering not to be ready and alert. Chains and barricades were instantly put up, trumpets sounded, men met armed at the Bourse; a baker, who had struck down the French plunderer with his shovel, leaped on his horse, and careered through the city, calling every one to resist. Women and children flung furniture down on the heads of the French, and the place was like a nest of angry wasps with fatal stings. The plunderers rushed to the gate. It was soon closed and choked by a rampart of dead, over which those outside vainly strove to force their way. The unhappy men were taken in a trap, and in an hour's time, before the Prince of Orange had even heard of the alarm, almost the whole of the attacking force had been slain, and the cannon on the walls were directed on the camp, where Anjou was being bitterly reproached by Biron, Montpensier, Rochefoucauld and all the men of honour in the camp, for his abominable treachery. Montpensier, on first hearing of the design, had replied, "Monseigneur, hitherto the honour of my house has been stainless; I am not now going to sully it." And Biron, whose two sons had been among Anjou's confidants, absolutely cursed him for the plan, even before he had seen its disastrous issue.

The loss was estimated at 1,200 men, and 250 youths of noble blood. Anjou and his angry army drew off towards Dendremonde; but the citizens of Mechlin raised a dyke across the river Dill and flooded the country, so as to drown a large proportion of his troops; however, he at length arrived at Dunkirk, and there opened a correspondence with the States and the Prince of Orange. He actually professed to have been ill-used by the States, and that the affray had been merely the effect of a passing quarrel between his troops and the burghers, to whom he magnanimously offered his forgiveness on condition of the release of the prisoners.

His mother, meantime, had wept over the disaster. She expected every moment to hear he was the prisoner either of Orange or of Spain; but in effect the States were in no condition to quarrel with France, and Queen Elizabeth did her best to effect a reconciliation, though both she and the English nation must have been pretty well convinced by this time that they had had a great escape. So the Duke's explanations were accepted; but as, on the one hand, all trust and reliance on him were over, and, on the other, Henri III. would send him no more troops to be thus shamefully destroyed, his title as Duke of Brabant and Protector of the Netherlands was a mere

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Departure of Anjou. 1583.

mockery; he felt it, and was devoured with grief and vexation. Symptoms of decline showed themselves. He broke a blood-vessel while at Dunkirk, and was still confined to his bed when the Duke of Parma advanced to invest the city. He was carried to the water-side, and there embarked for Boulogne, whence he was taken to Château Thierry; while Dunkirk surrendered to the Spaniards, and city after city in Flanders took the same course. The Dutch were not strong enough to assist the Flemings, and the French were not to be trusted; and thus the citizens were reduced to admit the Duke of Parma, who was a much less severe conqueror than Alva had been. Only Antwerp, Brussels, Sluys, and Mechlin, of the Flemish cities, continued to hold out, as well as Cambrai, which had a French garrison.

Unsuccessful treason meets no forgiveness, and Anjou was bitterly reproached by his brother by letter. His mother went to visit him at Château Thierry, and found him very ill, and weeping over his own conviction of his approaching death. He asked his mother's pardon for the uneasiness he had caused her; but he declared his brother had thwarted all his plans, and that he would not be taken to Paris nor see him. Catherine was an old woman by this time, and, though scarcely repenting, was utterly dejected at the sight of another son sinking dishonoured into an untimely grave, while the last survivor was the scorn and derision of the whole world. On her return to Paris she fell ill of a fever, and Anjou was so much dismayed that he hastened to Paris to see her. There she reconciled the two brothers, Henri being exceedingly shocked at the change in the appearance of Anjou. They embraced, and the younger returned to St. Germain with the elder.

Alas! the reconciliation was for no good work. The carnival of 1584 was ending; and on Shrove Tuesday, Henri persuaded his brother to join him in one of his wild frolics. Together with the *Mignons*, disguised as merchants, priests, and advocates, they galloped headlong through the streets of Paris, not caring whom they rode down, and maltreating such as wore masks—a privilege the King wished to reserve for himself and his courtiers. Then they repaired to the Fair of St. Germain, where they perpetrated all manner of insolent outrages, which continued all night long, for they did not return to the palace till ten o'clock in the morning.

The consequence was, of course, a great increase of the Duke's illness. He lay in bed for weeks at St. Germain, and there was further alarmed by two assassins with daggers being seized in his chamber. When put to the torture, they declared that it was M. de Fervaques whom they intended to kill; but Anjou did not think himself safe till he could return to Château Thierry, where he took to his bed, and never left it again, dying suddenly at last, from the rupture of a blood-vessel in choking over a crumb of bread. He died on the 10th of June, 1584, at twenty-five years of age, genuinely lamented by his attendants, to whom he had been always kind and indulgent, as indeed

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Death of Anjou. 1584.

he had often showed indications that, like his brothers, he might have been capable of better things, had he not been bred to falsehood and treachery.

His life was of much more importance than his personal character warranted, and it left all France in consternation at the troubles that his death prepared for her; but his brother and sister seem to have mourned for him with real affection, and he must have had more amiable qualities than his enemies generally allow. Queen Elizabeth had always preserved a tenderness for him. She was angry and incredulous when her ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford, sent reports of his failing health, and much grieved when Mauvissière informed her of his death. She never after this had any more suitors, as indeed it was time to lay aside all thoughts of matrimony, save as she considered herself wedded to her people. She once asked Lady Harrington how she kept her husband's love, and being answered that it was by trusting, obeying, cherishing, and showing him her own affection, the Queen answered, "Go to, go to, mistress! You are wisely bent, I find. After such sort do I keep the goodwill of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."

Death of Orange. 1584.

Anjou was scarcely buried before a much greater man was in his grave, by the hand of him who brought news of the Duke's death. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was shot through the body at Delft, as he was walking up stairs after dinner on the 10th of July, 1584. He cried aloud, "O God, have mercy on my soul—O God, have mercy on this poor people," and expired a few minutes later. The assassin was instantly pursued and siezed alive. He gave his name at once, Balthazar Gérard, of Villefons, in Burgundy, and at once boasted that "Like David, I have slain Goliath." It had been the purpose of his life, even before he reached man's estate, to rid the world of the head of the schismatics and rebels. He was now about twenty-seven, and had for some time been a clerk in an office. Thence he had gone to Trèves, and had seen several Jesuits, who had commended his project, and the volunteer had been made known to the Duke of Parma, and encouraged to make his attempt, though Farnese had been too often disappointed to advance any money to the adventurer. It must be remembered that, in such eyes, the murder was only the means of executing the King's sentence already pronounced on Orange as a traitor, and that the Jesuits really believed that the declared foes of the Church ought to be slain. In each case the eternal laws of God between man and man had been overridden by State laws and Church traditions.

Under a false name, Gérard had entered the suite of a gentleman at Cambrai, and, at his own earnest entreaty, had been made the bearer of the letter containing the tidings of Anjou's death. Arriving early in the morning, he had been sent for to the Prince's bedside to be

CAMEO XXI.

The Prince of Orange's family.

questioned; but he was then unarmed, and could not take advantage of the opportunity. Lingering about on Sunday with bare feet, he was pitied by an attendant of the Prince, who gave him money to buy shoes and stockings, and thus enabled him to purchase his fatal weapon of a soldier, who stabbed himself the next day in horror and grief. He had, further, poisoned the bullet, in the belief that it would make the effect surer. He wrote out his whole confession with the greatest composure; but the Dutch were not satisfied without wreaking their vengeance on him by revolting tortures, which he bore with the utmost constancy and resolution in the full trust that he was a true martyr. He even smiled at a slight accident that befell the executioner during the final horrors of his death, four days after that of his victim.

William the Silent had in the previous year married the widow of Teligny, Louise, daughter to Coligny, who had borne him a son named Frederick Henry. His first wife, Egmont's sister, had left him one son, Philip, who was still in thraldom in Spain; his second, the crazy Anne of Saxony, had been the mother of Maurice, now about sixteen, and he had besides nine daughters. He is enthusiastically loved by many, and is the hero of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic.* His foresight, prudence, and ability as an administrator are undoubted, and there is no question but that it was owing to these qualities that the United Provinces weathered the terrible storm that burst on them. He was far beyond most men of his day in the sense of justice and liberality, at least his sayings give us reason to think so, but it is easy for the persecuted party to gain credit for toleration. He was humane and merciful, though he could not always restrain the cruelty of those under him, and he was far more honest to his engagements than any statesman of his time. He was not a great soldier, and scarcely ever was present in any of the critical battles or sieges of his time, though his resolution always supported that of his people. As to his personal character, he seems to have been no more strict in his morality than was the fashion of his time at first. He became a Calvinist more from patriotism than conviction; and as he grew older, and was happy in his later marriage, much that was evil in his life passed away, and religious convictions grew upon him, so that in the latter of the fifty-one years of his life he had become an earnestly religious man. Under a wise master he would have been the bulwark of the throne and a great statesman: under a narrow-minded tyrant, he became a patriot and defender of the liberties of his country, and the parent of her new constitution.

Another important change took place in the ensuing spring, in the death of the Pope.

Gregory XIII., good, forgiving, and pious, was weak and utterly inefficient as a ruler. Banditti roamed all over his territories, and the nobles were among the worst. His measures of repression were so ill concerted that they only gave further offence, and made rebels of men who had before been peaceful. Small armies, with nobles at their head

CAMEO XXI.

Sixtus V. 1585.

roamed the Campagna, and burned the crops and vineyards in each other's districts, and Rome itself was full of robbers. Finally the aged Pope died broken-hearted on the 10th of April, 1585.

The previous history of his successor was very remarkable. The Peretti family had been among those inhabitants of the Dalmatian provinces who, on the Turkish conquest, had fled across the Adriatic into Italy. They had settled at Montalto, and there, for several generations, struggled on in great poverty. Peretti had to leave the place in debt, but he afterwards became the owner of a garden at Grotto a Mare, near Ferino, containing the ruins of an old Etruscan temple to Juno.

Here he dreamed that a son was born to him who should raise his house to great honour and splendour; and on the birth of his eldest child, in 1521, he chose the name of Felice, in memory of the good augury. He was so poor, however, that he could not afford a few bajocchi for schooling, and Felice, while keeping swine, managed to learn his letters from the hornbooks of his playfellows as they passed on their way to school, until an uncle, who was a Franciscan, paid the small sum for him and enabled him to go to school, though his fare was still only bread and water. At twelve years old he was admitted to the Franciscan order, and thenceforth his talents secured his progress. He was noted as a preacher, and in the year 1552 was appointed to give a course of Lenten sermons at the Church of the Apostles at Rome. The custom was that petitions for prayers and intercessions should be placed, sealed, in the pulpit, to be read by the preacher during a pause made for the sake of resting in the middle of the sermon. While opening these, Fra Felice suddenly came on a paper enumerating all the chief doctrines on which he had preached, and opposite to each was written in large letters, "Thou liest." Fra Felice sent the paper at once to the Inquisition. It was thought so important that the Grand Inquisitor himself, Michele Ghisberti, came at once to his cell. He used afterwards to describe his dread of the stern, brown, deep-set eyes and rigid countenance of this terrible official; but all went off well. Ghisberti was so delighted with the strength of faith and depth of knowledge he evinced as to embrace him with tears of joy and to treat him ever after as a son. The anonymous denouncer had made his fortune. He was one of the foremost theologians at Trent, and was employed in all matters of controversy. Pius V. made him a bishop and a cardinal; and he chiefly resided at his native home, adorning the garden where he had worked as a boy, studying hard, and editing the works of S. Ambrose. He bore a high character for learning, prudence, and morality, though he was not regarded as exceptionally devout.

He was chosen Pope with few dissentient voices, and began his reign with vigour, putting down the banditti with a high hand, and bringing about a wonderful improvement in the hitherto distracted States of the Church. The various countries of Europe felt the difference between

CAMEO XXI.
—
Sixtus V.
1585.

a narrow-minded, weak Pope, and Sixtus V., a true statesman of large views. He would never have been the first to excommunicate Queen Elizabeth; but as matters stood, while every Roman Catholic priest in England was in deadly peril of his life, and the recusant nobles and gentry were under constant distrust, he could not but continue the sentence of his predecessor.

CAMEO XXII.

WEBS AND SNARES.

(1583—1584.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.

CAMEO XXII.

The Master of Gray. 1583.

AFTER the raid of Ruthven, the Earl of Arran and the Master of Gray became the chief powers in Scotland, since James VI. was their willing instrument. Gray was a Roman Catholic, and Ruthven a lover of the Presbyterian ministry. The King, emancipated from the galling yoke of his youth, was delighted with every measure that kept down the men who had so rudely reproved him. Once, when he had been hunting, and his hounds had pleased him well, he called for wine, and drank to the health of all the pack, and taking the paw of one old dog named Tell-true, he thus addressed him: "Tell-true, I drink to thee above all my hounds, and would sooner trust thy tongue than either Craig or the Bishop's." These were both distinguished ministers, and the offence was great.

Mary, in her prison, began to have hopes that there would be a recall in her favour; but after a succession of the ordinary intrigues of the emissaries of Elizabeth, the court of Scotland was again secured to the interests of England, and all hope in her son was again lost to the unfortunate Queen.

Mary had been fourteen years in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, usually at Sheffield Castle, but sometimes—at times of alarm or agitation—at Tutbury, for more security. Sheffield Castle, standing on a tongue of land between the confluence of the rivers Sheaf and Don, was one of the grand old buildings, covering four acres of ground with its courts and defences, and the park was no less than eight miles in circumference, containing noble trees and large herds of deer. One of the oaks spread its branches forty-five feet from the trunk, and could shelter 200 horsemen. Besides the castle, there was a lodge or manor-house, with a noble gallery, and there are also the remains of

CAMEO XXII.
—
Sheffield.

a smaller lodge, richly ornamented in the Elizabethan style, with the handsomest chamber at the top of the house. Tradition declares it to be haunted by Queen Mary's ghost, and antiquaries incline to the opinion that Shrewsbury built it for her abode. It was a place where she could be guarded, and yet ride out and enjoy her favourite sport of hunting, and there was also space for her own numerous retinue, as well as for guards whom Shrewsbury maintained.

The household of the captive Queen was a considerable one, for besides her women there were thirty men—a Roman Catholic priest, gentlemen, secretaries, mediciners, cooks, and stablemen, and for this Elizabeth professed to allow him 52*l.* a week, which was very irregularly paid, and not by any means sufficient for their maintenance. The salaries were paid by Mary herself, as her French dowry always gave her full command of money. She kept a little court, her chair had a canopy and stood upon a daïs, her table was furnished with silver, and her toilette apparatus was also silver-gilt; her floors had the rare luxury of Turkey carpets, her chairs were covered with crimson velvet and gold, and the ladies sat on embroidered stools.

She was encouraged to hunt as much as possible in the ample extent of park, as Lord Shrewsbury thought this took her mind off from plots and conspiracies. She had six horses and three grooms, and did hunt a good deal; but she also did an immense quantity of embroidery, making presents of it to the English Queen and to many others, so that specimens are to be found in many places; and she also wrote most voluminous letters to her friends and enemies.

She often suffered severely from rheumatism, and was several times allowed to make some stay at Buxton, which place belonged to the Talbot family. They seem to have had a private residence there besides the hotel they had erected for bathers; and Mary sometimes spent a month or six weeks there, enjoying the pastimes which were supposed to promote the cures of the visitors, such as bowling, shooting at the butts, or playing at ball or Troule Madame.[1] She also seems to have visited the famous cavern called Poole's Hole, for one large stalagmite is called Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar, and is said to mark the limits of her explorations. She had visitors there; Leicester once came to hold conference; and altogether these visits were holiday times to her. On her last departure she wrote an affectionate farewell with a diamond upon glass, after the fashion of the day.

> "Buxtona, quæ caldæ celebraris nomine lymphæ,
> Forte mihi post hac non adeunda. Vale."
> (Buxton, who hast a name for thy warm baths,
> Perchance thou wilt never be visited again by me. Farewell.)

Lord Shrewsbury always treated his prisoner with respect and courtesy, and when pushed hard by Elizabeth's inquiries, declared that if the Queen of Scots once gave her word she always kept it.

[1] A game somewhat like bagatelle, played by rolling (trowling) balls into a succession of small arches.

CAMEO XXII.
—
Bess of Hardwicke.

He was a stately, grand old nobleman of the ancient type, the head of a large family, with numerous retainers, guards, and pages. Among the young gentlemen around him was Anthony Babington, of Dethick, a lad who had become his ward, and who thus had opportunities of forming an enthusiastic attachment to the captive Queen, who was gracious to all who approached her. The two households in the castle and the lodge appear to have visited one another, and farces were sometimes exhibited in the Shrewsbury establishment, in which, strange to say, the foibles of Queen Elizabeth were grossly caricatured. These were no doubt the contrivance of my Lady Shrewsbury, the real misfortune of her husband, who often drove him nearly wild by her violent temper. He had been already married to Gertrude Manners, of the house of Rutland, and had a numerous family, when he met Lady St. Lo, and became her fourth husband.

Elizabeth Hardwicke, or Bess of Hardwicke, as she was often styled, was a country gentleman's daughter, with a portion of forty marks, and at fourteen she was married to a lad named Robert Barlow, who very soon died. She then married Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, and had eight children, but at the time of his death she was still esteemed a beauty, a distinction owing perhaps to her being in the same style as the Queen—small, with a thin, narrow, not to say shrewish face, with yellow hair and blue eyes, the complexion said to belong to masterful women. She was a great builder; Hardwicke and Chatsworth, and probably afterwards the lodge at Sheffield, were built under her care; and she was likewise a farmer and active housekeeper, so that she was esteemed a prize.

Her next husband was Sir William St. Lo, who soon died, and she then accepted the hand of Shrewsbury. She stipulated that two of her children and two of his should at once be wedded, and this was carried out when one of the brides was only twelve years old—little Mary Cavendish.

Bess was a hot-tempered woman, and had entirely managed all her former husbands, and she seems to have had Lord Shrewsbury's whole heart for full nine years, as well as to have kept on good terms with the prisoner, though Mary neither liked nor trusted her, for she was a woman of coarse tongue and violent temper. However, all went smoothly till a wedding took place between Elizabeth Cavendish, her daughter, and Charles Stewart, Earl of Lennox, the nephew of Darnley, who stood next to the Scottish King in the succession. Queen Elizabeth was greatly angered, not only at the marriage, but at the deference the bride was reported to have shown to Queen Mary. She sent both Lady Shrewsbury and her daughter to the Tower, but did not keep them there long; and when the young earl died, leaving only an infant girl, Arabella Stewart, both were forgiven, on the ground probably that no great harm had come of it. Nor did the mother long survive, and the little "Arbell" became the object of the grandmother's love and ambition, the existence of the child apparently

CAMEO XXII.

Quarrel of Mary and Lady Shrewsbury. 1584.

giving her a personal hostility to the captive Queen, as standing between the unconscious little one and the throne.

The earl did not take the same view; and family peace was over. Gilbert Talbot, now his eldest son, who had married one of her daughters, heard confidences and recriminations on either side, chiefly about quarrels as to the property and expenses, when it appears that both father and son well knew what could be my lady's language as a scold.

By and by, however, the countess took it into her head that her husband had become the victim of the fascinations of the captive Queen, and began spreading reports to that effect. Shrewsbury was able to clear himself completely to the satisfaction of Elizabeth, though he earnestly entreated to be freed from his charge. Queen Mary, on her side, not only appealed to the French ambassador, Mauvissière, but was stung by her indignation into writing to Elizabeth a long letter complaining of Lady Shrewsbury, and detailing all her offences against Elizabeth herself. Every scandalous story that the countess had poured into the ear of her captive was detailed. There were absurd and coarse allusions to the Queen's supposed lovers, especially Sir Christopher Hatton; an account of the countess having advised Queen Mary to make her son, King James, a suitor to her Majesty, for, said Bess of Hardwicke, laughing excessively, no one was too young for the Queen, no flattery too strong; and she was ready to believe her courtiers if they said they could not look full in her face, for she dazzled them like the sun or like some heavenly goddess. Also that the Queen, in one of her furies, had broken the finger of one of her ladies, and had cut another with a knife. Remarks equally insulting and still more galling were added on Elizabeth's age, health, and appearance, and there was likewise a story that a conjurer had been consulted, who declared that Elizabeth would shortly die a violent death and Mary succeed to her throne.

A letter more wounding, provoking, and impolitic could hardly be imagined, and as the language is far more rude and coarse than Mary usually employed, there are many who think it was a mere forgery, designed by Burghley and Walsingham to inflame the Queen's dislike of her captive, and make her withdraw that protection which had hitherto preserved the life of the unhappy woman. It is unfortunate that this should be also a plea against the genuineness of the casket letters, and it is to be remembered that there are times when a passionate woman is so carried away as to forget both her safety and her womanhood. On the other hand, some think that on cooler reflection Mary perceived the folly of sending such a letter, and that Elizabeth never saw it.

However, in that same autumn, 1584, Mary was taken from the custody of the Shrewsburys, and Sir Ralph Sadler and John Somers became her keepers. She was removed to Wingfield House, and was then well enough to ride, conversing freely on the way, and founding

CAMEO XXII.

Crichton the Jesuit. 1584.

many hopes on her son. Her luggage with that of her suite was considerable enough to require a hundred carts.

Meantime, alarm was increased by a Dutch cruiser capturing a vessel containing the Scottish Jesuit, Crichton, and bringing him to London with a paper which he had tried to tear and throw into the sea. It seems to have been in Italian, and to have contained a scheme for the Spanish invasion of England, in concert with the Scottish King, to liberate his mother. It was of course a plea for putting the man to the torture, though he was a Scottish subject, and not even made prisoner by the English; but the Jesuits were considered out of the pale of humanity, and Crichton's confessions of intended plots and invasions were so desperate that they alarmed every one, and probably were put into his mouth by his tormentors.

Leicester made them the ground in the next Parliament of excluding from the succession all who should conspire against the Queen's Majesty, and all on whose behalf the conspiracy was made, thus aiming not only at the Queen, but the King of Scots, and putting first in order among the heirs, little Arabella Stewart; but the Queen did not approve of this, and sent down the Bill again, only excluding these persons in case she should herself suffer a violent death. As the Bill was finally passed, it appointed that *any person* accused of plotting against the Queen should be tried by a commission of twenty-four persons appointed by the Crown, thus bringing Mary under the power of English law.

Very heavy penalties against Roman Catholics were further proposed, making it high treason in a priest to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, heavily fining the parents of children who sent them to be educated in Roman Catholic seminaries abroad, and disabling such children from inheriting property.

One Dr. Parry, a Welshman, rose in his place and denounced the Bill as tyrannical and mischievous, whereupon he was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. He was presently released by order of the Queen, but only a few weeks later he was arrested and confined in the Tower for high treason. It was altogether a mysterious affair. He had been in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, whence he passed to that of the Queen, and had since been employed by Burghley to collect intelligence at the courts of Europe after the spying fashion then in vogue.

Then he came home, married a rich widow, spent her fortune, and then broke into his principal creditor's house and tried to murder him. Escaping condign punishment probably by Burghley's interposition, he returned to his former work as secret intelligencer abroad; but on some misunderstanding arising between him and Burghley, he began to cultivate the acquaintance of the numerous body of Scottish and English Roman Catholics who lived abroad and intrigued on behalf of Queen Mary. He pretended to embrace their faith, and thus won their confidence, being reconciled to their Church by the Scottish Jesuit, Crichton,

to whom he confided his desire to deliver the English Romanists from their persecution, and his readiness to kill Elizabeth with his own hand, if only he were persuaded that it was lawful.

Crichton was not an advocate of the lawfulness of murdering tyrants, and bade Parry dismiss the idea; so did Palma, an Italian Jesuit; but Edward Morgan, the chief agent of the foreign intrigues, who lived at Paris, fully approved.

Then Parry affected fresh doubts, and was advised to see Cardinal Allen and Father Parsons, but he had not courage to put the question to the first, and he would not see the last. He seems, however, to have—on the pretext of these scruples—sounded as many exiled English clergy as possible, and to have found them almost all strong against the horrible maxim—a practical question at the time not only as regarded William of Orange or Elizabeth, but the King of Navarre and even the King of France himself. In point of fact, Elizabeth alone of these four ultimately escaped falling a victim to the fanatical belief.

The question had been put by letter, through Morgan's interposition, to the agents of the Pope, especially Cardinal Como, who was too astute to make any decided answer, though he actually wrote to Parry.

Thus armed, the spy returned to England, made a grand narration of his discoveries to Burghley, and declared he had received a commission from the Pope to murder the Queen. In support of this allegation he produced the letter from Cardinal Como, which certainly said nothing about murder. He expected to be rewarded with a pension, or with the Mastership of St. Katharine's Hospital in the docks, but when he found that his claims were not allowed, he returned to his old intrigues; and this time he seems to have worked with the Romanists, though whether with the purpose of betraying them or not, there is no knowing. In England he conformed, became a member of Parliament, and made the pretext above mentioned. Was it honestly, or to obtain confidence?

Among the outward Roman Catholics whom Burghley kept in his pay was one Edmund Neville, of the noble Westmoreland family, who played exactly Parry's game, by propounding the assassination of Queen Elizabeth to one person after another, and then reporting him to Burghley if he were favourable to it.

These two worthies contracted a strong apparent friendship, and talked to one another of the Queen's destruction, Spanish invasions, and other perilous matter, while each reported the other to Burghley as a secret traitor; and the Lord Treasurer must have looked on as at the struggles of two spiders with one another.

Neville, however, was either the bigger, or the favoured, spider, and his denunciation of Parry was accepted, the Welshman was sent to the Tower, the two were confronted, and Parry, after a faint denial, owned that he had spoken of the Queen's assassination.

He confessed strange things—that he had been sent by Morgan to murder the Queen, that the Pope had commissioned him, but that the

CAMEO XXII. — *Trial of Parry.* 1585.

sight of Elizabeth's virtuous life had made him change his purpose till he read a book of Cardinal Allen's. He was brought to trial in Westminster Hall on the 25th of February, 1585, and in the hope of pardon, pleaded guilty; but when he heard the sentence, he cried out in despair that he was innocent, and never had harboured in earnest a thought of injuring her Majesty. He wrote a letter to the Queen, calling himself her unfortunate Parry, and appealing to her own knowledge of him, but all in vain. On his way to the execution, which was witnessed by Sir Francis Knollys and other courtiers, he again declared his innocence, and when Como's letter was mentioned, declared that it referred to quite another matter.

Morally, there is no question that he was a base and intolerable traitor, who had finally overreached himself. The horrible intriguing policy of the times bred such wretches, but whether he was an intentional traitor to Queen Elizabeth or not is another question. Most likely he would have held to whoever could reward him best, and probably Burghley let him perish at last because he was so wavering and self-contradictory that he could not be trusted, and he may have been possessed of dangerous secrets. The Queen was afterwards convinced that Neville was even a more dangerous traitor.

One effect of this exposure had been to show the Queen that the means of murdering her was an ordinary subject of discussion among a certain section of Romanists. Those who were really honest and good subjects ventured to draw up a petition declaring their loyalty, and entreating for a relaxation of the disabilities under which they laboured, and this was presented by Richard Shelly, of Michael Grove, in Sussex. This was regarded as presumption by the Council, and the brave gentleman was thrown into prison where he languished for some years and then died.

Meanwhile a Protestant association, with Leicester at its head, was formed for the protection of the Queen's person from the apprehended danger; but the thought in all minds was that her chief danger lay in the existence and captivity of the Queen of Scots. As long as her next heiress belonged to the Church of Rome, there was every inducement to put her to death; but if Mary were removed, her son—now twenty years old, and bred up in Calvinism—would not tempt the Roman dagger. There was the alternative of friendship with Mary and releasing her, now her son was a man; her chief enemy, Morton, was dead, and minds had cooled in Scotland.

However, negotiations went on, giving Mary the hope of recovering her liberty, and being associated with her son in the throne of Scotland. She sent her secretary Nau to London, and James despatched the Master of Gray thither for the same purpose. Gray was handsome, graceful, and plausible; he charmed every one, and he had even once exchanged a promise of friendship with Sir Philip Sidney; but he had made up his mind to throw over the unfortunate Mary, thus gaining favour with the Calvinist party in Scotland, by which he might hope

CAMEO XXII.
—
Tutbury.
1585.

to destroy the power of Arran, and become the only influence with James. He therefore concluded a treaty with Burghley on the part of his master, securing the alliance of Scotland, and entirely omitting all stipulations on behalf of Mary.

At the same time orders were given to remove Mary to Tutbury, a cold and dreary place, where her health had before suffered, and in the depth of winter. She had to sleep at Derby on her way, at the house of a Mrs. Beaumont, and we see that her gracious courtesy had not forsaken her, for on her arrival she kissed the lady, saying "she was come to trouble her, and that being herself a widow, she trusted they should agree well, having no husbands to trouble them."

Tutbury was in a wretched state, the walls green with damp, and the doors and windows ill fastened. Mary had preceded her baggage, and even beds and bedding had to be borrowed from the neighbouring gentry; but this arose from either bad or careless management, for Queen Elizabeth was highly indignant when she heard how the Scottish Queen had been received. Nor was Sir Ralph Sadler unkind; he took the Queen out hawking on several occasions, and did his best for her comfort and pleasure. He had known her all her life, and felt kindly towards her; but the hawking parties were thought dangerous, he was sharply rebuked, and was soon made to give up his place to Sir Amias Paulet, a strict and sour man of the Puritan party, rude in his manners, and likewise very suspicious, for the first thing he did was to forbid her giving alms to the poor, no doubt thinking she might bind them to her service.

Moreover, a young Roman Catholic, who had been arrested for some offence connected with his religion, was compelled by main force to attend the English prayers with the household, and this so preyed on his mind that he actually committed suicide by hanging himself, to the great grief and horror of Mary and her suite. Moreover, tidings reached her that by the intrigues of the Master of Gray and Sir Edward Wooton, James had been induced to recall to Scotland the lords banished on account of the raid of Ruthven, that Arran, her best friend, was a fugitive in his turn, and that the door of hope on the Scottish side was entirely closed against her.

Her entire life in prison had been one of hidden intrigue, and she had always maintained a wide secret correspondence in cipher, besides that which was openly carried on with the ministers and through the ambassadors. Little did she guess that scarcely one of these private letters but was copied on its way, and the contents laid before Sir Francis Walsingham.

CAMEO XXIII.

BABINGTON'S PLOT.

(1585—1586.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1585. Sixtus V.

CAMEO XXIII.

Fresh plots. 1585.

A NEW plot began to arise before Elizabeth's eyes, the chief foreign element in it being Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, in the Netherlands, and the Duke of Guise in France, with Philip II. of course pulling the wires. It was intended that Parma should become Mary's husband, and that, Queen Elizabeth being assassinated, they should reign over England, as tributaries to Spain. There were English Roman Catholics who had been goaded to desperation by the severities that their fellows had undergone, and who were quite willing to be the means of destroying the Queen, whom they considered as an illegitimate heretic, usurper, and persecutor, whom it was lawful by any means to destroy.

Paulet's vigilance put an absolute stop to communication with Mary, who for a time could receive none of the despatches from her friends; but Walsingham and Burghley, seeing what these designs were, and despairing altogether of Elizabeth marrying and giving them a direct heir, thought it advisable to let the plot proceed, before stifling it like its predecessors, till Mary should have made herself guilty of high treason, and Elizabeth should be thoroughly convinced that her captive's death was the only means of securing her own life, her country, and the Church of England. It was the policy of a policeman who waits till the thief has committed his burglary that the punishment may be more severe, nay, who even puts a promising theft in his way. It was not a generous scheme, and when we think of it as employed towards the captive princess who had fled to seek protection in England, it has an inconceivably base aspect; and yet when we remember the absolute certainty these men had of her designs and those of her friends, and of the fearful horrors to their country and Church

CAMEO XXIII.
—
Chartley.
1585.

that must have ensued had she survived Elizabeth, we see how they were justified in their own eyes, and those of their contemporaries. Little did Edmund Spenser, in his dream of chivalry, writing the *Faërie Queen* in Ireland, guess that the sympathies of posterity would hang round her whom he held as the false Duessa, the Florimel of Snow, and turn from his great Gloriana with dislike and contempt. But misfortune will always be more endearing than success, and those who have not had fair play obtain sympathy beyond their actual deserts.

Whether the beginning of the plot were a genuine contrivance of fanatical Romanists, or whether it were from the very beginning a snare laid for them by a traitorous spy of their own profession, is not absolutely certain; but there is reason to think the latter was the case.

At the Christmas of 1585, Mary was removed from her uncomfortable quarters at Tutbury to Chartley Manor, in Staffordshire, a house belonging to the young Earl of Essex, in an open plain, accessible in all directions. Near this house was that of one Mr. Gifford, a Roman Catholic, whose son Gilbert had been bred up in the Jesuit seminary at Rheims, and thence had gone to Paris, where he naturally obtained the confidence of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and of Mary's other friends, who recommended him to the French ambassador in London, M. de Chateauneuf, who had just succeeded Castlenau. He said that he had come to England for the purpose of re-opening communication with the Queen of Scots, and that his knowledge of the neighbourhood —being himself a Staffordshire man—would afford him every facility.

Chateauneuf, however, had some instinct against him, and would not commit to his charge a large number of letters that were waiting to be transmitted to Mary; but, after some delay and inquiry, gave him one as a test.

Now Burton ale was as famous then as now, and a brewer there sent a supply once a week to Chartley Manor. Into the bottom of this barrel was fastened a box, into which letters for Mary were put. The box was found by the butler when he drew off the beer, handed over to one of Mary's secretaries, Curle and Nau, who took out the letters, put in fresh ones, gave the box to the butler, who placed it in the empty barrel, and made it over to the charge of the "honest man," as the brewer was always termed in the correspondence, and he handed them over to Gifford.

Little did the writers guess that the "honest man" had only consented to act as messenger on the absolute certainty that Sir Amias Paulet was a consenting party, and that he should be well rewarded for his service to the state. Each letter was forwarded by Gifford to Walsingham, who had it deciphered and copied by a man named Thomas Philips, and then either detained it or let it proceed to its destination in some unsuspicious manner, after it had been re-sealed by one Arthur Gregory, who was an adept in counterfeiting seals, so that no one should suspect that they had been tampered with.

There was a young man of good fortune, named Antony Babington,

CAMEO XXIII. — *Babington's Plot.* 1586.

a Roman Catholic, who had been for some time page to Lord Shrewsbury, and had thus conceived a great enthusiasm for Queen Mary. To him Gilbert Gifford suggested a scheme for liberating Mary by the help of a force sent by Parma from the Netherlands, but as on the first news of an invasion the keepers would immediately put Mary to death to prevent her being set free, it would be necessary to begin by making her their Queen by means of assassinating Elizabeth. Babington was shocked at the notion of murder, but Gifford fetched from Paris an English priest named John Ballard, who taught him the fatal doctrine "killing no murder" in such a case. Another man named John Savage, who had served under Parma in the Netherlands, and rejoiced in the assassination of Orange, offered to do the deed with his own hand, and so worked upon Babington that he became fired with the same murderous zeal, and insisted that six persons, among them himself, should be told off to ensure the slaughter of the Queen. They were young men of his own age and condition, Chidiock Tichbourne, of an old Hampshire family, Charles Tilney, one of the Queen's own gentlemen pensioners, John Charnock, Edward Abington, and an Irishman named Barnwell. Babington was actually so foolish as to have a picture taken of himself and the other six conspirators with the Latin motto—

> "Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula jungunt."
> (These are my comrades whom the same perils join.)

This picture was, by Gifford's means, actually shown to Elizabeth, and a few days later, while walking in Richmond Park, her quick eye recognised the Irishman Barnwell. She showed no alarm, but kept her eyes sternly bent on him, and "her lion port and awe-commanding face" absolutely hindered him from making any attempt upon her, though (as he afterwards deposed) he distinctly heard her say to Sir Christopher Hatton, "Am I not well guarded to-day, not having one man wearing a sword by his side near me?"

Though she had looked this man down, Elizabeth could not rejoice in the situation, nor be happy in the knowledge that he and half a dozen more were at large, watching to take her life; and she was urgent to have at least Ballard and Babington apprehended; but this did not suit Walsingham's policy, he had not yet obtained any positive evidence of the Queen of Scots' participation in the plot to such an extent as would make her guilty beyond forgiveness in his mistress's eyes. So he entreated Elizabeth to wait a little longer. She said "it was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies while it was in her power to do so, lest, by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy rather than manifest her trust in His protection." However she was overruled by her council, ignorant as she was with what ulterior object they bade her wait.

Meantime, Mary's best friends knew that it would be wisest for her to be kept in ignorance of this worst part of the plot. Thomas Morgan,

who had been her agent for years and was now at Paris, wrote to her that her friends were busy for her, but that they held it best that she should know nothing before the issue; and he particularly forbade Ballard to hold any communication with her, being aware that the priest would speak too plainly.

However, another letter was sent to Mary, in which Morgan advised her to write a few lines to Babington expressing her confidence in him, and thanking him for the services he intended. There is much reason to think that this last, so inconsistent with the former ones, was a forgery of Walsingham or some of his agents. At any rate it produced the following letter from Mary to Babington, which was conveyed to him by "an unknown boy."

"MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,—Albeit, it be long since you heard from me, not more than I have done from you, it is against my will; yet would I not you should think I have in the meanwhile, or will ever be, unmindful of the effectual affection you have showed here towards all that concerneth me. I have understood that, upon the renewing of your intelligence, there were addressed unto you, both from France and Scotland, some packets for me; I pray you, if any be come to your hands, and be yet in place, to deliver them to the bearer hereof, who will safely convey them unto me, and I will pray to God for your preservation. Your assured good friend.

"CHARTLEY, *June 25th.*"

Meantime a packet had been sent by Philips, to be delivered through the brewer, with which Paulet declined to have anything to do, stopping it on its course, and returning it; but a long letter was then written in reply, with full details of the intended invasion, and mention of the "six noble gentlemen," who were to undertake the tragical execution "of the despatch of the usurper," also that in the meantime Babington himself with ten gentlemen of quality, and a hundred men, were to come to Chartley, and set Mary at liberty. That Babington wrote is certain; but was his letter, either as written by himself or read by Mary, exactly as it stood in the copy made by Philips, the decipherer, and laid before Elizabeth? Ballard it seems was anxious, in good faith, to obtain Mary's hand and seal in sanction of his plans; and Gifford equally anxious that she should commit herself, the double-dyed traitor thus urging on the single-dyed.

Mary was at this time well, and able to take rides, but she had just been sorely disappointed by a letter from her son, written under the influence of the Master of Gray, and showing himself determined not to endanger his succession to the English crown for her sake. She wrote strongly and gratefully to Babington, and gave her full assent to all his plans—invasion, rebellion, assassination and all. That is to say, the deciphered letter did so, and by her own admission she had no scruple as to consenting to the rising of her friends, or the Spanish invasion; but those who plead for her have great doubts whether the letter of Babington laid his murderous plan before her, or whether the sentences in which her distinct knowledge and approval of it are shown are not interpolations. It is a very long letter, and goes into details of how the barns at Chartley may be set on fire and she may be carried off in the confusion.

CAMEO XXIII.

Detections. 1586.

Considering what the Spanish invasion would have been to England —and there are four or five other most undoubted letters from Mary to the ambassador and others, showing her entire approval of, and eagerness for it—there is no wonder that English statesmen shuddered as if they had a tigress in their hands; but the charge stands against them, never disproved, of having added the clauses respecting the personal assassination, to make her cause hopeless with their own Queen, who had hitherto protected the prisoner. Mary's letter to Babington was dated on the 17th of July, and thereupon Walsingham caused Ballard to be arrested. He went by the name of Captain Fortescue, and was arrayed in a grey cloak, with gold lace, satin doublet, and velvet hose, and was thus found in Babington's lodgings, and carried off to the Tower.

That day, Babington met Savage in the cloisters of St. Paul's Cathedral, and said, "Ballard is taken, all will be betrayed. What remedy now?"

'None but kill her presently," said Savage.

"Then go you to Court to-morrow, and execute the part."

"Nay, I cannot go to-morrow," said Savage, "my apparel is not ready; and in this apparel I shall never come near the Queen."

Babington then went to Walsingham, fancying that he was hoodwinking the statesman by offering his own valuable services as a spy upon Queen Mary's friends at Paris! Walsingham kept him in play, but caused a spy to follow him, and one day in a tavern this man's occupation was suddenly disclosed to the dupe by an accident. Babington slipped out of the tavern, stained his face with walnut leaves, cut his hair, and repaired to St. John's Wood, then really a forest, and the haunt of thieves and outlaws. Four of the other gentlemen joined him there, and all secrecy was now at an end. All London rang with news of the plot, the Spaniards were expected hourly to be landing everywhere, and the people were ready to slaughter every Papist or foreigner, and it was hardly safe for the ambassadors themselves to stir out of their houses. Strangers even hid themselves, fearing an English St. Bartholomew.

However, the party lurking in St. John's Wood were compelled by hunger to take refuge in the house of a friend named Bellamy, who hid them in the outhouses of his farm; but, betrayed as they were, nothing was easier than for Walsingham to pounce upon them at the moment he wanted them; and they were carried to the Tower, the people following, and shouting, and singing psalms, while the bells were rung for joy at what the world supposed was the providential detection of a plot that would have reduced London to the state of Haarlem or Antwerp. Chidiock Tichbourne and the rest were arrested a few days later, and only one escaped. The double traitor, Mr. Gifford, for appearance sake fled likewise, but was captured at Paris as a suspicious person, and died there, after an imprisonment of three years. Another such spy, Parley, was thrown into the Tower, till the excitement should be over.

CAMEO XXIII.
Confession of Babington.
1586.

The confession was complete; Savage emulated the openness of his model, Gerard, and his confession, copied by Philips, is still preserved. It was made public, but all the sentences that criminated Gilbert Gifford, or showed him as the instigator of the plot, were suppressed.

Of the absolute intention of this man to murder the Queen with his own hand there can be no doubt. He intended to lurk in her gallery at church and stab her, or to shoot her in the garden with his dagg (a pistol). Babington was, by his own showing, equally bent on her assassination, though he had only been brought thereto by Ballard's persuasion. Ballard was unmercifully racked, but disclosed nothing new. Tichbourne declared that he had never consented either to the murder or the invasion, but had kept the secret for Babington's sake.

Of all this Queen Mary knew nothing; but as it was thought time to seize her papers, one day, when she was out riding, Sir Amias Paulet proposed to her to go to Tixall, a house of Sir Walter Aston, to see a buck hunt. Her two secretaries were likewise of the party. A troop of horse met them at the gate, and a warrant was shown for her detention there. She spoke hotly to Paulet as her secretaries were carried off for examination, and she was taken to Tixall in her riding-dress, without a change, and there shut up in two rooms, without pen, ink, or paper, for seventeen days, during which time all her rooms at Chartley were ransacked, and every letter or paper sent off to the Council.

She was then brought back to Chartley, and as she left the park, a crowd of beggars came around her, imploring her bounty.

"I have nothing for you," she said. "I am a beggar as much as you are."

When she reached Chartley, and saw her cabinets and caskets broken open and emptied, she turned to Paulet, and said, "There still remain two things, sir, which you cannot take from me, the royal blood which gives me a right to the succession, and the attachment which binds me to the faith of my fathers."

Mrs. Curle, suffering from the shock and alarm, had given birth to a daughter, and Mary begged Sir Amias Paulet to let his chaplain christen it; but he refused, some suppose because the child was to be called after the Queen, others that it was a mere act of unkindness, but it is more probable that his Calvinistic opinions made him object to a baptism in the absence of the father, in his eyes a traitor; but to his greater horror, the Queen herself at once baptized the little one by the name of Mary, with her own hand and lips. Paulet wrote to Walsingham, that as she had been guilty of every other crime he did not wonder at this on reflection. Lay baptisms of dying babes had been permitted, and even enjoined, up to the appearance of Edward VI.'s Second Book, but the Puritans held them to be superstitious, and set their faces strongly against them.

Mary became ill, and kept her bed, so prostrated by rheumatism that she could not even move her hand. In this state she was visited

CAMEO XXIII.

Trial of Conspirators. 1586.

by Paulet, together with a magistrate, who was commissioned to make her deliver up her keys and money. She answered bitterly, and refused; but when threatened that her locks should be broken she yielded the keys, and 5,000 French crowns, and 114*l.* sterling were found. The French money was taken, the English left to pay the servants' wages. Money was also taken from the secretaries' cabinets which seems to have been their private property. There were 2,000 crowns of Curle's, which he said were the marriage gift given to him and his wife by their Queen.

The two secretaries were imprisoned in Walsingham's house, and though they refused to answer at first, it was at last admitted that the long letter to Babington was Mary's own. Nau said a copy in her own hand would be found among the papers at Chartley; but this could never be discovered, and it was said that Curle had destroyed it. Nau also declared that Babington's letter was his mistress's first intimation of the plot on her behalf, but that she had thought it safer to take no notice of the plan for Elizabeth's death, though she had not deemed herself obliged to make it known.

Burghley and Walsingham had attained their purpose of thoroughly alarming and exasperating their Queen. She declared afterwards that she wrote a private letter to Mary, entreating her to make a full confession on the promise of pardon, and that she had no answer, so that probably Walsingham never let it reach the prisoner.

Elizabeth had looked Barnwell down when she met him undefended, but no doubt her nerves reacted upon her, and to hear that she might be met by a dagger in her seat at Church or a pistol in her garden, was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; nor did she for a moment guess that Walsingham was pulling the wires all the time, and meant quite as much to frighten her as to involve her rival. She insisted that on the trial of the prisoners nothing should be brought forward as to the complicity of the Queen of Scots, being persuaded that if Mary's approval were made known, it might arm other assassins against her own life; and they were obliged to give way. She was even alarmed into ferocity for the only time in her life, and asked if any more terrible mode of death could not be devised; but Burghley told her that the ordinary death of traitors could be made quite horrible enough for the deterring of any one.

So on the 13th of September the trial of the first seven took place. Ballard had been so much tortured that he could not walk, and had to be brought to the bar in a chair. They all pleaded guilty to having planned to deliver the Queen of Scots, and change the religion of the country; but Savage and Babington alone acknowledged the intention of killing the Queen, and Babington declared that Ballard had led him to his destruction.

"Yes, Mr. Babington," said Ballard, "lay all the blame on me, but I wish the shedding of my blood might be the saving of your life. Howbeit, say what you will; I will say no more."

Tichbourne declared that he had only been guilty of not choosing to betray his friend; and another of the seven, named Salisbury, likewise declared that he would not have consented to the killing of the Queen for a kingdom; but all alike were sentenced, and so were seven others tried a few days later.

Babington signed a declaration the morning of his death, declaring the correctness of the key of the cipher he had used in correspondence with the Queen of Scots, and this has been manipulated into meaning that he acknowledged the two fatal letters, with all their murderous suggestions.

Tichbourne had spent the night in writing a poem and a letter to his young wife. Here is one verse:—

> "My spring is past, and yet it is not spring;
> The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
> My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
> I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
> My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
> And now I live, and now my life is done."

He was a youth of great grace and high accomplishment, and, in a moment of less excitement, would no doubt have been spared, but unhappily he was among the first seven arrested, and was thus one of the earliest victims of rage and fear.

All suffered at St. Giles in the Fields, Ballard first. He and Savage were guilty to the full. One was the priestly plotter, whose fanaticism forgot the prime law of man towards man; the other the ferocious tool, who had been allowed to believe that the cause of his religion sanctified murder. The other five were misled, and probably a pardon would have made them good and grateful subjects. As it was, the executioners so fully justified Burghley's assurance to Elizabeth, that the mob itself was sickened at the atrocity of the protracted horrors, and orders came on the next day that the ensuing seven should be dead before the mutilation began. The wife of one of them had been accused and imprisoned, but she was allowed to escape because her Christian name had been set down as Elizabeth instead of Katharine in the indictment.

A friend of Babington, Sir William Stanley, had been made governor of the fort of Deventer. He had done most excellent service before Zutphen, being a man of the most daring bravery, who loved fighting for its own sake; but he was a Roman Catholic, who had once actually served under Alva. Half the population of Deventer were Romanists, and Leicester had probably chosen Stanley to conciliate them; but his garrison was of Irish kernes, who were not only Papists, but almost savages, half naked, undisciplined, and terrible plunderers alike of friend and foe. Moreover, the great fort which had been won by Sir Edward Stanley was placed under the government of Roland York, an adventurer whom every one distrusted. The States disapproved of both appointments, but Leicester answered for the fidelity of both,

CAMEO XXIII.

Desertion of Stanley. 1587.

being led to promote them because they, like himself, hated Sir John Norreys, commander of the forces.

York was an absolute traitor, dealing all the time with Farnese, and he seems to have persuaded Stanley that no Roman Catholic could be safe, and that he had better make terms with Parma.

Edward Stanley was sent out of the way with despatches to England, and early on a January morning in 1587 Stanley admitted the Spanish Count Tassis into Deventer, and entered the service of Philip with all his Irish. Not a single English officer would, however, share in his treason, and all were suffered to depart unhurt. York also gave up his fort to the enemy. Stanley seems to have been worked upon partly by the thought of his friend's fate in England, partly by religious fanaticism, for Parma wrote to the King calling him singularly disinterested; and he accepted a command in the forces intended to invade England, but was said afterwards to have died insane.

The States could not but be most indignant. They began to mistrust every Englishman. The unhappy English soldiers were unpaid and robbed for their very sustenance; Maurice of Nassau was advanced to the highest dignity that Holland could confer, and only the common danger from Spain held England and the United Provinces together. Maurice of Nassau, cool and wary beyond his years, would not break with England, and Leicester, though still absent, continued governor-general. The priest, Dr. William Allen, was strongly suspected of having overcome Stanley's scruples, and he certainly published, immediately after, a defence of his conduct.

CAMEO XXIV.

THE CRIMSON OF FOTHERINGHAY.

(1586—1587.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1585. Sixtus V.

WE have come to the last act in the tragedy of Mary Stuart, and can only ask the question that three hundred years have failed to solve—Was she an innocent victim or a guilty one? Did she plot, and thus give worse plotters an advantage over her? Just as, twenty years before, her fall had been caused by her supposed connivance at her husband's murder, so now her supposed complicity in Elizabeth's murder was to bring about her death. Was she wholly ignorant of both, or did she consent to the one, and choose to have no knowledge of the other of them?

Implicated in the Babington conspiracy as she was—what was to be her fate? She was the cause of incessant plots, and the magnet which attracted the greatest enemies of England; and the ministers, resolving to hold the Queen's wavering resolution fast, told Elizabeth that she must die. Consultation was held as to how the thing should be done. Precedents of judicial deaths of sovereign princes were sought, but not one was a parallel case. It was considered whether Mary might not be tried before a common Staffordshire jury; but finally the statute passed the last year, appointing that such as conspired against the Queen should be tried by a commission of twenty-four, was thought to be the best mode of dealing with her.

She was in the meantime taken to Fotheringhay Castle in Northamptonshire, a place of great strength, in case the Romanists should in desperation attempt a rescue. The French ambassador, Châteauneuf, vainly tried to stir up Henri III. and his mother to intercede for her. Troubles were falling thick on them at home, and Henri had been too young to remember her, like his brother Charles, as the beautiful and charming sister-in-law. In his eyes, she was only another of the house of Guise, and Catherine had never forgiven her slights.

CAMEO XXIV.
Trial of Mary.

Randolph was sent off to prevent James VI. from protesting against the proceedings by reminding him of his mother's supposed share in his father's murder, by the mouth of the Master of Gray ; but at first James showed himself resolved to protest against the proceedings.

On the 6th of October two gentlemen were sent to carry Mary a letter from Elizabeth, telling her that her practices were discovered, and as her residence in England made her subject to its laws, she must be tried before the commissioners appointed.

Mary made pirited answer that she knew all attacks from foreign princes were always laid to her charge, but that she was quite guiltless of attempts against the Queen's life, and that as an independent queen she would never submit to be tried as if she were a subject of Elizabeth's; and that all matters of controversy between them ought to be referred to foreign princes. This was written down and read to her, and she allowed that it was correct. The commissioners, however, came, including Burghley, Walsingham, Hatton, and all the most distinguished persons of the Government ; but Mary still defied them, and denied their power to arraign her. Hatton, however, represented to her that her innocence might be established by a trial, and that to refuse one would leave a blot on her name.

That she listened to this is a presumption that she did not fear the evidence of the papers in the hands of the commissioners. She acknowledged that as heiress of the crown it was right that she should clear herself, but she declared that this ought only to be done before the Parliament itself, where she would consent to be tried, or before the Queen in council. "To the judgment of mine adversaries," she said, "amongst whom I know that all defence of my innocence will be barred, flatly I will not submit myself."

She was then asked whether she would consent to appear, provided her protest were recorded. She at first refused, but yielded to the persuasion of Hatton.

On the 14th of October, in the great hall of the castle was placed an empty chair of state to represent the majesty of England. Opposite was another for the Scottish Queen. Along the sides were benches for the commissioners, the earls on one side, the barons on the other, and a third bench for the knights of the Privy Council. There were also the three chief justices, the Attorney- and Solicitor-General and the Queen's sergeant.

Queen Mary came in, dressed in black, and so lame from rheumatism that she was forced to lean on the arm of her master of the household, Sir Andrew Melville. She gazed at the array, saying sadly, "So many councillors, and not one for me."

The Lord Chancellor set forth that the Queen had heard with great grief that she had conspired against her life and the religion of the realm, and that it was the duty of the commissioners to inquire whether she was guilty.

Mary then declared that having come to England to seek the assistance

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Adjournment of Court.

of the Queen, she had been made prisoner, and so detained ever since; and she denied Elizabeth's jurisdiction, though she had consented to appear in order to manifest her innocence.

On this the letters from and to Babington were read. She totally denied either writing or receiving any such letters, and, looking full at Sir Francis Walsingham, she declared that it was an easy thing to counterfeit ciphers.

Walsingham rose, and with a solemn oath averred that he had done nothing unbecoming an honest man, or a minister of state. He must have had strange mental reservations, but the Queen asked his pardon if she had wronged him; and then certain confessions of Babington and of her secretaries were read, which, as she pointed out, proved nothing. She demanded that her own papers should be produced, and her secretaries examined before her; but this did not suit the commissioners, who first and last never confronted her with any witnesses, having indeed taken care to destroy the only one whose testimony could have been conclusive.

Probably the three lawyers disapproved of the irregularity, for they took no part in the second day's proceedings, which were entirely conducted by Burghley. The record of them is not full, but we find that Mary demanded an advocate, again denied all right in this tribunal to judge her, and, showing the ring that Elizabeth had sent her at Loch Leven, appealed to the promises of friendship which had lured her to England.

The next day there arrived orders from Elizabeth that the matter should be concluded in the Star Chamber at Westminster. So thither went the commissioners, and there they examined the secretaries; but the prisoner remained at Fotheringhay, deprived of all chance of a real hearing.

And there, on the 25th of October, 1586, the commissioners found her guilty of divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of the Queen of England, and thus sentenced her to death. Of all the twenty-four, Lord Zouch alone had courage to declare himself unconvinced of her intention to kill the Queen.

The Parliament petitioned Elizabeth to carry out the sentence, and Lord Buckhurst, and Beale, the clerk of the council, were sent to announce the tidings to the captive. When they said, probably in excuse to themselves, that "as long as she lived the received religion in England could not exist," Mary was much comforted on hearing this, for it raised her execution in her own eyes and in those of her Church to the dignity and blessing of Martyrdom, and it was this which gave her strength to go through all that was to follow.

She begged to be allowed to see her almoner, who was in the castle, but had been shut out from her ever since she had been taken to Ticehill; but she was refused, and told that she might call for the Bishop, or the Dean of Peterborough.

She wrote several letters—one to Elizabeth, thanking her for putting

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Letter to Elizabeth.

an end to her toilsome pilgrimage, praying that she might be buried in a Catholic country, especially France, and commending her servants to the Queen's mercy. There is reason to think that Elizabeth never received this letter, the men around her fearing that its uncomplaining queenliness would incline the balance in favour of the captive. Mary also wrote to the Duke of Guise, whom she viewed as her chief friend. "All our race have been persecuted by this sect," she says; "witness your good father, with whom I trust to be received in mercy by the just Judge."

Sir Drew Drury had been sent to assist Sir Amias Paulet. Together they gave orders for the removal of the canopy over Mary's chair. She substituted a crucifix. Sir Amias also took away her billiard table, which, as a Puritan, he abominated, but which, as she observed, with a grave smile, she was far from needing.

Elizabeth, however, sent orders that the prisoner might have her almoner restored, and likewise some of the money that had been seized. Mary sent a very grateful answer, which moved Elizabeth to tears.

In fact Elizabeth was in the utmost distress of mind and uncertainty, torn to pieces by her fears and her principles, all her advisers pulling her one way, and her own feelings the other. She knew not, as we know, the deliberate snare that had been laid; to her it was only that the woman whom she had spared against all advice was compassing her death and the ruin of the country.

Philip II., being at open war with England, could make no effort on Mary's behalf; but Henri III. did send a special ambassador, named Bellièvre, to intercede for his sister-in-law. To him Elizabeth spoke plainly. She said nothing had ever caused her so much grief as this affair of the Queen of Scots; "but," she said, "I am surrounded by spies. I am a prisoner in my own kingdom. I always desired to live in peace, yet I am threatened with a host of enemies. I am but a poor weak woman."

Bellièvre wrote her a long letter, and it was even proposed that Guise should give up his sons as hostages, so that Mary's life should be spared; but if Elizabeth wavered, Burghley, Hatton, and Leicester were resolute in declaring that the life of the one Queen was the death of the other. Sir William Keith was sent by James VI. to endeavour to intercede, and to him Elizabeth declared with an oath that she would cut off one of her arms so that both might safely live. However, the mischievous Master of Gray was also at the English court, and he so worked on Elizabeth that on the next remonstrance of Keith she flew into such a passion that she felt herself obliged afterwards to apologise.

In fact she was completely thrown off her balance by distress and agitation of mind; she could neither eat nor sleep, and she was plied all round with terrible reports and suggestions of supposed risings, plots, and the like, involving not her safety alone, but that of the

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—
The Warrant.

kingdom. When we remember how her father had shed blood like water, and how her sister had sent the poor children, Lady Jane and her husband, to the block, we cannot but see that Elizabeth was of a different spirit. She was often heard to mutter to herself the Latin words, "*Aut fer aut feri*," strike, or be striken; and "*ne feriare feri*," lest thou be stricken, strike. She hardly spoke, and shunned all amusement. Meanwhile James wrote letters, urging Gray to plead for his mother, and this the traitor did in public, while in private he whispered, "*Mortui non mordent*," the dead bite not; and suggested poison or private assassination. So did Leicester, and it was in fact thought within the power of sovereigns to carry out by secret means a sentence already given, as Philip II. had done by his unhappy son. The deed was even proposed to Paulet and Drury; but they knew well what would be the consequence to themselves, and refused to permit any such illegal means.

Thus the doubt and wretchedness went on for three months, and on the first of February, 1587, a sudden impulse seized Elizabeth. She asked her secretary, Davison, who had brought up some papers for her to sign, if he had the warrant for the Queen of Scots' execution. She read it, signed it, and asked him if he were not very sorry. He answered, diplomatically, that he was grieved, but that he must prefer the death of the guilty to that of the innocent. She then bade him carry it to the Lord Chancellor to be sealed, and to bid him have it carried out secretly; and he was then to see Walsingham, whom the Queen said in jest, "the news would go near to kill outright."

It was one of those horrid jests spoken to defy anguish of mind which so jar on the ear. The warrant being signed, another attempt was made to induce Paulet to have the execution carried out secretly, the Queen, in fact, only wishing to hear no more about it. When he again refused, she flew into a rage, and called him "precise and dainty." Such is Davison's account, but in the State Papers is a recount of the death-bed confession of a man named Harrison, who avowed before witnesses that he had been employed by Walsingham and Davison to forge additions to Mary's letters, and afterwards to sign the warrant for Elizabeth! It appears that some months later Walsingham praised the fellow's ingenuity to Lord Burghley who saw the man produce a perfect facsimile of the Lord Treasurer's own writing, whereupon the sagacious Burghley declared he was too dangerous a character to remain near the Court, and banished him to thirty miles distant from it. However, his work had been done, Burghley, who had the warrant in his hands, decided, together with the Council, on sending it to the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, as the chief nobles in those parts, to see it carried out. It must have been a sore thing to Shrewsbury, who for fourteen years had been in outward appearance host to a lady always gracious and courteous, and with a power of reigning over the hearts of all men who approached her.

CAMEO XXIV.
Mary's Farewells.
1587.

He could not but obey, however, and on the 7th of February arrived at Fotheringhay with Lord Kent and the sheriff of the county. The captive, who was in bed in consequence of one of her attacks of rheumatism, was informed of their arrival. She rose, dressed, and received them with her usual dignity, and placidly listened, as Beale, the clerk of the Council, read aloud the warrant for her execution, at eight o'clock on the following morning. She expressed herself as ready and thankful to leave a world which had been so full of sorrow to her. She said she had always desired the friendship of the Queen, but that their enemies had kept them asunder, otherwise they would have understood and loved one another; but the thought of dying for her faith was a full reward and compensation for all her sufferings. Then she laid her hand on a Testament, and swore that she was guiltless of the crime for which she was to die.

The Earl of Kent was so foolish and fanatical as to cry—"That is a Popish Testament, as worthless as the oath."

"It is the true Testament, according to my belief," said Mary. "Would you give credit to my oath, my lord, if I swore on your version, which I do not accept?"

He had no answer but to call on her to abjure her superstition and offer her the ministry of the Dean of Peterborough, which she declined. She was then left alone with her attendants, but in spite of repeated commands from Elizabeth, these bitter Puritans, Kent and Paulet, would not permit her to receive the ministrations of the priest, who was actually in the castle.

She entreated her servants not to distract the few hours that remained to her by weeping and lamentation. She caused supper to be served earlier than usual, and she drank to them all in turn, hoping that they would be constant to their religion and at peace with one another. She then divided among them her money, jewels, and wardrobe, and gave one of them, who was going to Spain, a long message to King Philip, entreating him to show kindness to her faithful retainers—foremost of all, Jane Kennedy—who had been with her through all her troubles. She also bade him remember how Burghley, Leicester, Walsingham and Paulet had treated her, but omitted from the list Queen Elizabeth, whom she thus seems to have forgiven.

She then wrote a short letter to her brother-in-law of France; and at two o'clock at night lay down a little, but seemed less to be sleeping than praying; and by and by bade Jane Kennedy read to her from the *Lives of the Saints*—some great martyrdom, doubtless.

She rose, caused her hair, already grey, though she was but forty-four years old, to be carefully arranged, and dressed herself remarkably beneath, in deep glowing crimson, over which she put on a robe of black satin with a white coif, and attached to it a long white crape veil reaching the ground. Then she knelt in her oratory till the sheriff summoned her, when she quietly said, "Let us go." She could not walk without support, in consequence of the rheumatism, and two

CAMEO XXIV.
Death of Mary. 1587.

of her attendants helped her to the door, where the sheriff's men took their places, and as she thanked them, she said cheerily, "It is the last trouble I shall give you."

The place was to be the great hall of the castle, where a platform two feet high had been erected and covered with black cloth, and around it about 200 people were assembled, county magistrates and retainers of the nobles employed. As she moved on, her steward, Sir Andrew Melville, met her, and fell on his knees before her, weeping, and lamenting that he should be the bearer of such tidings to Scotland.

"Weep not good Melville," she said, "but rather rejoice that an end has come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart, for know that all this world is vanity. And this message I pray you bear from me, that I die a true woman to my religion, and a true woman to Scotland and to France. But God forgive those that have long desired my end and thirsted for my blood as the hart thirsteth for the waterbrooks. O God, Who art the Author of all truth, Thou knowest the inmost recesses of my heart and how that I was ever willing that England and Scotland should be united! Commend me to my son; tell him that I have done nothing to prejudice his rights as king of Scotland. And now, good Melville, fare thee well." She gave him a parting kiss.

She begged for the attendance of her women; but Kent brutally refused, saying their cries would interrupt, and that they might be superstitious enough to dip their kerchiefs in the blood. She promised that they would do no such thing; and as he still refused, she reminded him that she was his Queen's cousin, and anointed Queen. "Surely, my lord, you cannot refuse my last request. My poor girls only wish to see me die."

Shrewsbury here interposed in her favour, and she was allowed to choose two ladies and four men to mount the scaffold with her. She chose Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, her secretary's sister, with her three medical attendants, and her butler, all four French. On the scaffold the warrant was read, and Shrewsbury said, "Madam, you know what is to be done?" "Do your duty," she quietly replied.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, pressed forward to exhort her to repent and confess her sins; and as after once answering him she did not listen, and only kissed her crucifix, Lord Kent rebuked her roughly. However, she called on all to pray with her, and, falling on her knees, prayed aloud in Latin. Dr. Fletcher began an English prayer, but ceased, and all heard her in English call for blessings on Queen Elizabeth, on King James, and for all her enemies.

She rose, and the executioner approached her; but, with a courteous smile, she said she was not used to such an attendant, nor to undress before so large a company, and she beckoned to her ladies, who were sobbing uncontrollably. She reminded them with a finger on her lip that she had promised for them, and they helped her to remove her black dress and veil, when for a moment she stood before the eyes of the spectators completely arrayed in crimson, as if she meant the colour

CAMEO XXIV.

Elizabeth's feelings. 1587.

to be a mute appeal to Heaven. The executioner approached, and craved her pardon. "I forgive every one," she said. A handkerchief was bound over her eyes, she knelt at the block, with the words, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and the signal was given. The executioner was so far unnerved that it needed three strokes to sever the head, but the first no doubt deprived her of sense, if it were not a deathblow, for she never stirred. He held it up and cried, "God save the Queen!"

Dr Fletcher said, "So perish all the Queen's enemies!" but only Kent said "Amen"; for Shrewsbury was weeping bitterly, and all the rest were silent with awe.

The Council learnt on the morning of the ninth of February that all was over, but nobody durst inform Elizabeth, and she went out riding, as usual, and afterwards had an interview with Don Antonio, the claimant of the Portuguese throne. However, in the evening bells were rung and bonfires lighted; for the English had learnt to believe that the Scottish Queen would be a second "bloody Mary," and without much sense of propriety were instigated to these rejoicings at being secured from her. Elizabeth asked the cause of the merry peals, and on being told she was at first struck dumb, then she burst into tears, and put on a black dress. She sent for Hatton, and hotly reprimanded him, declaring that she never meant to have had the warrant carried out.

When the council saw her the next day she was in the same mood, and it really seems as if she either intended, or thought she had intended, to keep the sentence suspended over the captive's head, only to be executed in case of further danger, such as the threatening of a rebellion, or a Spanish invasion. She stormed and raged against Burghley and Walsingham; but they were too necessary to her for the matter not to be condoned, and finally the whole blame was laid on the secretary, Davison, who was sent to the Tower, and tried in the Star Chamber for letting the warrant go out of his keeping. He was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure; but there is reason to think that when her Majesty's first passion had cooled, the loss in money was made up to him. Indeed, if Harrison's confession were true he escaped only too easily.

The Queen wrote in a sort of despair to James about "the miserable accident," sending the letter by Sir Robert Carey. There was an outburst of rage at first at Edinburgh, and a letter was sent off with a halter to the "English Jezebel." The King was forced to give Carey a guard against the populace, and the Estates of the Realm besought James to avenge his mother's death; but the wrath of the Scots was more pride than affection. James was much afraid of losing the English crown; the Master of Gray had meant Mary's death all along, and when the Queen showed off little Arabella Stuart as her possible heiress, he let himself be pacified.

The corpse had at once been embalmed and lapped in lead. It thus

CAMEO XXIV.

Effects of the news in France.

lay for five months at Fotheringhay, and then was buried near the tomb of another unhappy queen, Katharine of Aragon, at Peterborough Cathedral, the Countess of Bedford representing Elizabeth as chief mourner, while the servants, who had hitherto been kept as prisoners, were allowed to return to their own countries.

Twenty-five years latter, James caused his mother's remains to be brought to Westminster Abbey and buried near some infant children of his own.

When the tidings of the execution reached France, Mary was passionately bewailed by the King, who had a solemn *requiem* performed at Notre Dame, and attended it with the two Queens and the whole house of Guise in the deepest mourning, and exhibiting passionate grief. A funeral oration was pronounced treating Mary as a martyr, and declaring her kindred equally ready to die for the holy Roman faith.

Indeed engravings of Queen Elizabeth presiding over the burning of Papists were sold freely about the streets of Paris, the faggots being tended by demons armed with pitchforks. The blocks were traced to the Hotel de Guise.

We cannot conclude her history better than with the lines we are permitted to extract from Mr. Palgrave's poem :—

"CROSSING SOLWAY.

"Poor scapegoat of nations and faiths in their strife,
So cruel—and though so fair,
Poor girl! so best in her misery named,
Discrowned of two kingdoms and bare,
Not first nor last on this one was sent
The burden that others should bear.

"When the race is convened at the great Assize
In God's high judgment-hall,
If woman 'gainst Man, by the bar of the Judge
Should rise at the trumpet call,
What silence of gloom as he waits his doom,
But she will forgive him all.

"O far-off nearness of youth that was,
And days that will be nevermore!
O festal brightness and music of France,
Last gaze at the vanishing shore!
Nor with one caress will Mary
Ever look on the babe she bore.

"Blow, bitter wind, for the hour has come,
Blow over the western bay,
Life's sunshine is gone from the desolate girl,
And before is the dawning day,
And the sawdust red with the heart's blood shed
In the Shambles of Fotheringhay."

CAMEO XXV.

THE FOUR HENRIES.

(1586—1588.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1586. Sixtus V.

CAMEO XXV.
—
Parties in France. 1586.

THE condition of parties in France had been completely changed by the death of the Duke of Alençon, since the King having no child, Henri of Navarre stood next in the succession, and next after him Henri, Prince of Condé; and they were not only Calvinists, but in the language of Rome, relapsed heretics. The succession of the crown had never gone out of the direct male line of the House of Paris, except once when an idiot had been set aside, and the more loyal French held that it could not be disturbed, while the stronger Romanists were resolved never to own a heretic King.

The Duke of Guise, on hearing of the death of Monsieur, had declared that the next thing to be done would be to *faire les doux yeux à M. le Cardinal.* This was the Cardinal Charles de Bourbon, the brother of Antoine of Navarre, and Louis of Condé, an old man of sixty, whom Guise intended to set up instead of the Huguenot Henri. The Cardinal lived at Château Gaillon in Normandy, and the King suddenly paid him a visit there, and questioned him on his intentions. The Cardinal answered that he prayed Heaven that he might not survive his Majesty, but upon being further pressed, he declared that he should certainly dispute the crown with his nephew. The King laughed, patted him on the shoulder and said—

"My good friend, le Châtelet (the great prison of Paris, *i.e.* the gaol birds) might give you the crown, but the Court would take it away."

Nevertheless, the Cardinal entertained ideas of getting a dispensation and marrying, and the League began to make itself felt in earnest.

This League, for the destruction of heresy, and maintenance of the Roman Catholic Church, had been in existence ever since the accession

of Henri III., and in 1576 he had hoped to disarm it by calling himself its chief; but his brother's death, and the lack of all heirs male in his family, had brought the question of the succession forward, and the one point to which Henri III. was constant was, that—heretic or no heretic—his cousin of Navarre was his true heir.

It is refreshing to find that a truly holy and charitable life could still be respected. The sister of the Duke of Epernon, Catherine de la Valette, had been married to the Count of Bonchage, younger brother of the Duke of Joyeuse. She was only twenty-one at the time of her death, but she had from the first kept apart from all the crime and licentiousness around her. She spent her life in prayer and in nursing the sick in the hospitals, and when Henri III., in some of his accesses of piety, met her, he would kneel and kiss the hem of her garment.

She would exhort him to reform, and he would then weep convulsively, and shut himself up in his oratory for hours, longing no doubt, poor wretch, for will and power to undo his past life.

Her death was bewailed with the utmost grief; the whole court went into mourning; her husband, broken-hearted, retired into a Capuchin monastery, and though he was forced to leave it as the only representative of his family, he never married again, but ultimately took the vows among the brotherhood, and the little daughter of the saintly Catherine became the sole heiress of the Joyeuse family.

The Court mourning lasted eleven days, and then the brother of the deceased lady, the Duke of Epernon, was to be married with the utmost splendour to Marguerite de Foix, a great heiress, and granddaughter to the old Constable de Montmorency. The wedding itself was as quiet as possible, but the ball given on the next Sunday was surpassingly brilliant. Henri was there covered with strings of jewels, with a splendid ruff, and frizzed hair, but with his death's-head rosary at his girdle! It was one of his last gala days. For troubles were thickening fast upon him. His support of the rights of his cousin of Navarre made the League regard him as a traitor to the cause. The Pope was called on to give his support and sanction to the League, but he refused to give any approbation to what he saw would produce nothing but farther disunion and mischief.

Everything was preparing for war, the Leaguers insisting on the expulsion of all the Reformed, and the securing of the Crown to a Catholic heir, and the Huguenots resolving to defend the rights of the King of Navarre. Henri III. made an attempt to prevent the struggle by sending the Duke of Epernon to persuade his cousin to return to the Church, but Henri of Navarre could not afford to alienate the Huguenots, and refused. After this, Sixtus V. felt bound to excommunicate the King of Navarre as a relapsed heretic, and the war broke out, Henri of Navarre sending his glove as a challenge to his namesake of Guise, and despatching the Prince of Condé to England to obtain succours from Queen Elizabeth. She actually gave him considerable supplies in money, permitted volunteers to join him, and promised

CAMEO XXV.

The Treaty of Nemours. 1586.

that the fleet should lie off Rochelle to carry him away in case he should be driven to leave France. The aged Beza went to Geneva to collect forces in Switzerland, and Germans were hired with Elizabeth's money.

The King would fain have remained passive. His heart was with his cousin, but he durst not join him, and he let his mother negotiate, while he played with his dogs and monkeys, and walked up and down the streets of Paris practising with a cup and ball. All his Court followed his example, and everybody was to be seen with cup and ball at the girdle.

The consequence of Catherine's negotiations was the Treaty of Nemours, by which her unfortunate son was thrown upon the League, was forced to acknowledge the Cardinal as his heir, to proscribe Navarre and Condé, to extirpate all heretics, and to accept the dictation of the Duke of Guise, who was to have a guard of honour of 200 gentlemen, giving up his best cities as securities to the Leaguers.

Sixtus V. was shocked, and Philip II. was calmly derisive at such a fall on the part of the King of France, and the dismay of Henri of Navarre was such that half his moustache turned grey in a single night. Catherine tried to talk him over likewise, but in vain, and he found himself obliged to make head not only against the Leaguers, but the royal forces. Never yet had the Huguenots won a victory; Coligny and the elder Condé had been uniformly defeated, and the King of Navarre had never evinced any particular skill or courage.

The Duke of Joyeuse, favourite to Henri III., and the betrothed of one of the Queen's sisters, was placed at the head of an army intended to prevent the Huguenots from being joined by the German allies they expected. This army consisted of 12,000 men, splendidly accoutred with gilded armour, velvet surcoats, ribbons fluttering from their lances, coloured plumes on their crests, scarfs with long gold fringe, and their supplies of artillery and ammunition were complete.

Henri of Navarre had only three pieces of cannon, and a far smaller force. He threw himself, nevertheless, upon Coutras, at the confluence of the Doune and the Isle, arriving there so as to gain the advantage of ground just one hour before the enemy.

The two armies lay in sight of one another all night. At dawn, Henri put his men in array, but just then one of the pastors, backed by the able statesman Duplessis Mornay, came to him to reproach him with one of his frequent immoralities, assuring him that he could expect no blessing on his arms unless he showed penitence. Henri complied, and went through the prescribed penance. Unhappily it is only too certain that he did not repent, or only for the moment, and that his compliance was simply an act of expediency to obtain the enthusiastic support of the Huguenots. On them it produced full effect. They knelt in prayer, thundered forth the 118th Psalm; then Maximilien de Rosny, Henri's most faithful friend, so directed his three

cannon, that, in each of seven discharges, they swept away from twenty to thirty men, while Joyeuse's artillery, though far more numerous, were so placed that the balls went harmlessly into a bank, without damaging the Huguenots.

Joyeuse then charged, and broke the troops of Turenne and La Tremouille, but the real strength was where the King of Navarre was in command. His first line lay flat, the next sat, then came others kneeling, another rank bending, and the last standing, all armed with harquebuses, and reserving their fire till the enemy were twenty paces from them. The King of Navarre had Condé on his right, and on his left Soissons, a younger brother of that prince.

"I only say one thing to you," he cried, "that you are of the house of Bourbon, and I will show you that I am its head!"

Before his brazen wall, and the deadly fire that burst from it, the gay court cavalry went down, in utter disorder and confusion, like a wave broken by a rock. It was all over in a single hour. Rosney fired his first shot at nine, by ten a gentleman named St. Luc, coming towards Joyeuse, called out, "Sir, what can be done?" "To die!" answered the Duke. Yet, when surrounded by the enemy, he tried to secure his life by calling out, "Here are a hundred thousand crowns to be gained!" A Huguenot musqueteer, however, shot him dead; his brother was also killed, and indeed the Huguenots seldom gave quarter in this battle. St. Luc, seeing Condé, put his lance in rest, unhorsed the Prince, then raising him, surrendered to him, and thus saved his own life.

It was the first battle the Reformed had ever won, and their loss had been slight in killed, though there were many wounded. In the castle of Coutras, Henri found his dinner laid in the same hall where the bodies of Joyeuse and his brother had been placed. He stroked the fair hair back from the faces, and looked at them long; then gave them in charge to Turenne, their kinsman, and bade the meal to be removed elsewhere.

After all, this victory was little improved. The Huguenot army, being mostly volunteers, dispersed to their homes for want of provisions, only a small portion remained under command of Turenne, and Henri himself went off to his pleasures in Béarn. Guise routed the Germans and Swiss, and his success was applauded to the skies. The Duke of Parma sent him a splendid suit of armour, the helmet engraven with the words, "*Il n'appartient qu'à Henri de Lorraine de se dire chef de guerre.*"

Joyeuse was buried with the honours due to a prince of the royal blood, and all the Court attended, the old Cardinal of Bourbon uttering a wish that his miserable nephew, Henri of Navarre, lay beneath the pall, rather than the gallant champion of the faith!

He was soon gratified by the death of one of his Calvinist nephews, the Prince of Condé, a grave, austere man, much more in earnest than Henri of Navarre, but far less popular. He had been hunting on

CAMEO XXV.

Death of Condé. 1588.

Thursday, the 3rd March, 1588, and on his return was taken ill, and died on the Saturday, after terrible agony. It might have been from cholera, but poison was instantly suspected, and a page and two servants immediately fled. The person who had supplied them with horses was arrested and put to the torture; he was made to confess that they had been employed by the enemy, and he even implicated the Princess of Condé, Catherine Charlotte de la Tremouille, whom the poor Prince, peculiarly unfortunate in his wives, had married some months before. She was accused of having consented in the fear that her coquetries with the King of Navarre might be discovered; and the grim Calvinist commission declared that she must be tortured. However, they were obliged to wait till forty days after her infant was born, and as it proved to be a son, the first hope of the new generation, there was much joy, and the unfortunate mother was permitted to escape the rack; but she was kept in prison for six years. Then she asserted her right as a princess to be tried by the Parliament of Paris, and there, on her conforming to the Roman Church, the former sentence was annulled, though there was no establishment of her guilt or innocence.

The Prince had been much respected, and not only did Henri of Navarre declare that he felt as if he had lost his right arm, but even Guise shed tears. Only the old Cardinal of Bourbon announced the death to the King with the words, "See, Sire, what it is to be excommunicated!"

Condé had been Governor of Picardy, and the King bestowed the province upon the Duke of Epernon, the most repectable of his favourites, but known to be unfavourable to any disturbance in the legitimate line of succession. He was therefore hateful to the League and to the Parisians, who were persuaded that there was a conspiracy between him and the King to deliver them all up to the King of Navarre and his Huguenots.

So the burghers and mechanics of Paris organised themselves. From its sixteen quarters a Council was organised, which was known as "*Les Seize*," though it often consisted of more, and sometimes of less. This committee had all the popular orators among the people and all the fanatical friars on their side; they could raise whenever they pleased 20,000 men. The people were in the same temper as in the days of the Armagnacs and Burgundians, or later in those of the Revolution, only now the cry was for the religion that then they overthrew. And the Sixteen were in close alliance with their hero, the Duke of Guise, and his sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, one of the women whom fanaticism and family feeling convert into furies, far more relentless than the men, who see farther and more widely, and are less intense, because less exclusive in feeling.

It was agreed by the Sixteen that on the 21st of April, 1588, there should be a general rising, the royal guards should be massacred, and with them the Duke of Epernon; the King was to be shut up, his mother proclaimed Regent, and the Duke of Guise as Lieutenant-general hold-

ing all the real power. One of this council, however, named Nicholas Poulain, was already in communication with the King, and betrayed the whole plot to him. The Louvre was put into a state of defence, the Swiss guards were on the alert, and Henri sent orders to Madame de Montpensier to leave Paris; but instead of going she sent back an insolent message that she was doing her best to help him to the third crown in his device.

This consisted of two crowns on earth, those of France and Poland, and a third hanging from the skies, where it was supposed to be awaiting him.

The King hoped to prevent the mischief by taking Picardy from Epernon, and sending him out of harm's way to Normandy, of which he was already governor, while orders were sent to Guise not to come to Paris. These the haughty Duke absolutely disregarded, and rode into Paris at noonday with only eight attendants, while the people in an ecstasy sang round him an impromptu—

"Vive Henri! vive Guise!
Vive le pilier de l'Eglise!"

He went straight to the Hôtel de Soissons, then inhabited by the Queen Mother, who was becoming very infirm, and was lying on a couch attended by Madame de Montpensier and Madame de Uzes, while at the window stood the Polish dwarf, Majosky, amusing the ladies by jesting remarks on the passers-by in the street. Suddenly he screamed out that M. de Guise was dismounting at the gate. The Queen reproved him for lying, and threatened to send for the governor of the jesters to flog him; but the dwarf now cried out that M. de Guise was entering, and loud shouts were at the same time heard outside.

Presently the tall form of the Duke entered. He knelt and kissed the Queen's hand. She was so much dismayed that she could not at first find voice to welcome him, and at last, while saying what courtesy demanded, she added that he would have been ten times more welcome had he come in obedience to his sovereign's summons. She sent the Count of Guiche to the King to ask whether she should bring him to the Louvre, or whether Henri would come to the Hôtel de Soissons? The tidings had already reached the King, who was much overpowered, having come to regard the participator in the crime of his youth as the most terrible of his enemies. He leaned over the table, covered his face with his hands, and asked counsel from his mignons. M. d'Ornano offered to bring him either the Duke's head or his person in custody.

"Merci, mon ami," said the King; "I hope to provide other means."

Then came Queen Catherine's message, and Henri passionately refused to go to the Hôtel de Soissons, saying that he could not imagine how his mother could think of such a thing. Guiche said the Queen only offered the alternative, and that the Duke was ready to attend on him.

CAMEO XXV.
Barricades.
1588.

A few moments' council followed. Ornano was for admitting Guise and slaughtering him in that very room, as the first meed for his disobedience; and the Abbé d'Elbène quoted the text in Latin, "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered." Henri did not seem displeased, but presently leaning out of the window, he looked down into the garden where Guiche was awaiting his orders, and bade him request her Majesty to bring the Duke to the chamber of Queen Louise, and hinted that the visit should be delayed as long as possible.

He absolutely did mean murder, and mentioned the chamber of his gentle wife, who was recovering from an illness, because this would give him a pretext for getting her kinsman alone—to be murdered almost in her presence. He had all the Swiss guards drawn up in double file, forming a lane from the gate of the Louvre and across the great hall, drew up his body-guard in the hall and sent for De Lognac, his chief desperado, with five of his men, asking them if they would unhesitatingly do whatever he commanded them. When the promise had been given, the King hid them in a closet opening into the Queen's antechamber, whence, at a signal, they were to spring upon the Duke.

Meanwhile Queen Catherine was carried in a sedan-chair towards the Louvre, Guise walking beside her, one hand on the open window, bare-headed, and smiling in acknowledgment of the shouts of the crowd. Girls threw flowers before him, people pressed forward to kiss the hem of his short mantle or to touch it with their rosaries, and enthusiasts threw themselves before him, crying that now he was come they had no more to fear, having apparently imagined that the King was about to admit the Huguenots to avenge the massacre of S. Bartholomew.

The Duke moved on with a flush of pride in his cheek and a light in his eye, little thinking of the ambush in the antechamber and that his life hung on a thread. The Queen looked grave and spoke no word, and when the procession approached the Louvre, and the cries became still louder and more overpowering, Guise called out, "Messieurs, Messieurs! Enough! Too much! Cry Vive le Roy!"

Catherine's anxious eyes perceived the hedge of Swiss guards in the court, and she would have taken the Duke in by a small private door; but he was too proud to notice her signals, handed her out of her chair, and led her between the lines of guards, who saluted as they passed. Some sense of his danger then crossed the Duke, and his cheek paled for a moment, but he went on with haughty and assured bearing.

Catherine and the Duke, with the Queen's eldest granddaughter, Christine of Lorraine, and the Duchesse d'Uzès, were led to Queen Louise's bedchamber. Catherine sat down by the bed and began to converse with her daughter-in-law, who looked nervous and uneasy; the Duke stood in the window talking to Christine while awaiting the King, who was giving the signal to Lognac, and arranging for Guise's head to be presently shown upon a pike. Then he entered his wife's chamber by a private door, close to the tester of her bed. Guise

met him, and bowed so low as almost to touch the floor with his knee, but Henri sharply replied—

"What brings you here? I commanded you not to come."

"Sire, I come confiding in your Majesty's equity and justice. I am here to offer my humble services in repressing the cabals and tumults of your capital."

Henri replied that all the tumults were owing to Guise himself, and a sharp altercation followed, which no doubt was meant as the prelude to the attack in the anteroom; but Queen Catherine, divining her son's purpose, here rose and, touching his arm, led him away with her most reluctantly into the embrasure of the window, where in whispers she argued with him, told him of the excitement she had seen in Paris, and represented the terrible danger of provoking the vengeance of a people in such a state.

Guise meanwhile stood by Queen Louise, and an attempt at an indifferent conversation was carried on between them, ending by his suddenly craving permission to retire, as dinner time was approaching. Henri hesitated, but Catherine gave the required dismissal. Then Henri tried to step before the Duke and leave the room first, so as to give the signal to his hidden bravos; but his mother laid hold of his arm and held him till the Duke had had time to pass through the antechamber—his life saved for eight months more.

Guise repaired to his hotel, where his sister joined him; the Sixteen were sent for, and a council was held among the leaders of the League. Four hundred gentlemen offered themselves as his guard, and during the night his hotel was stored with weapons of all sorts, while watch was kept in all the quarters of Paris as if in expectation of an enemy. The spy Poulain reported all this at the Louvre, and the guards were kept under arms. Thus were the murderers of the S. Bartholomew turned against one another after fourteen years. As in the prophetic curse of the son of Gideon, fire was coming forth from each to consume the other.

However, there was another conference between the King and the Duke the next morning in the garden of the Tuileries. Guise came escorted by his four hundred gentlemen, with pistols under their cloaks. Some words passed about the government of Picardy, and when Guise asked permission to invite to Paris the Cardinal de Bourbon, whom he had left at Soissons, the King made answer, "Certes, my cousin, he who loves the master tolerates his dogs." However, Catherine took care to be present, and kept the peace.

The Louvre and the Hôtel de Guise were both guarded like hostile castles in time of war, but in military force Henri was the stronger, and if he had acted promptly he might have overpowered the Duke; but the two parties remained in the same state till the 12th of May, when the sheriffs and the King's officers, Villequier and d'O, were pelted by the populace, and it was decided that the troops stationed in the neighbourhood should be called into Paris.

CAMEO XXV.

Barricades 1588.

At four in the morning the Swiss marched in, drums beating, fifes and clarions playing, Marshal Biron leading them on horseback. French troops followed, till the numbers were between 2,000 and 3,000. They were placed in the most important open spaces, with orders not to attack but to stand firm, and even if they were attacked not to fire without direct orders from the Marshal or his aides-de-camp. A proclamation was made at the same time that the King only intended to dismiss strangers and seditious persons, and that he did not forbid his good citizens to take up arms, provided they remained within their houses. Queen Catherine came in the early morning to join her son at the Louvre, sending at the same time her gentleman-usher, Luigi Davila, to inform the Duke of Guise of the reasons for the occupation of Paris.

Davila was admitted to the court-yard, which he found lined with armed gentlemen, Guise towering in the midst, piles of arms lying round, and, as the Duke took care to show the emissary, the rooms fortified with bags of sand or barrels lashed together against the doors and windows. The Duke was very polite, and returned a respectful message to the Queen; then let Davila out through a wicket, to make his way through the streets, which were full of tumult, the tocsin ringing in the churches, and cries of "To arms!" everywhere, while the soldiers were pelted with filth and everything offensive that offered itself to the people's hands.

The King heard the report of all this, but could not make up his mind to order a charge; and in the meantime the leaders of the people had invented that peculiar mode of mob warfare which has so often since served the people of Paris.

The mouth of every street which the troops intended to enter was crossed by iron chains and defended by erections, made in haste, of flag-stones, barrels filled with sand, firewood, household furniture, and whatever was heavy and strong. The different bodies of soldiers stationed in the public places were thus entirely cut off from one another, and could receive no orders, while every barricade was guarded by men with muskets, pikes, and clubs.

Henri himself knew what was passing, but did not manifest any alarm, and to all messages from his commanders asking him to attack the people, returned a decided "No." Yet the leaders of the people were alarmed. Not only did the mob imagine that an onslaught of the Huguenots might be expected, but the Duke of Guise himself was in dread of arrest, and had made his preparations more for defence than aggression. He told the Archbishop of Lyons, who went to and fro between him and the King trying to mediate, that he knew that it was the King's intention to send him to the Bastille and put his chief adherents to death; but that he was resolved that it should not be done without so much bloodshed as would appal the King's mind, and he would never approach the Bastille but by his own free will.

Thus passed many hours, the people multiplying their barricades all the time, so that it was reported to the King that an army of 50,000

CAMEO XXV.

Slaughter of the Swiss. 1588.

men could hardly have forced their way in, and that with dreadful loss. The ammunition sent from the arsenal for the soldiers was seized, and so were their provisions, which were devoured by the populace before the very eyes of the men.

But worse was to come. In the afternoon, whether the provocation were given by a chance shot, or whether Guise, having found how enormously the advantage preponderated on his side, decided on the attack, is uncertain, but as the Swiss were endeavouring to retire from the Marché Neuf, the mob called on them to extinguish their matches, and on their refusal, instantly fell on them. Women threw stones from the windows, men fired, shouts broke out "Kill, kill!" overpowering the imploring cry of the Swiss—"France! France! Chrétiens nous!" They fell over one another, and thirty-nine dead bodies strewed the street. Three other bodies were in like manner assaulted, suffered heavy loss, and were compelled to lay down their arms, imploring mercy on their knees.

At five o'clock the Duke of Guise, on the entreaty of Marshal Biron, came out to check the riot. He threw a mantle over his white satin suit, and took only a *bâton* in his hand, though his sword and shield were carried behind him by pages, while four gentlemen, each carrying a sword over his shoulder, acted as the only guards. Shouts of ecstasy hailed him as he proceeded to the Place de la Grève, where the poor Swiss knelt, disarmed, imploring the mercy of the populace, who were assailing and insulting them. Guise rode forward, and prayed them to let the Swiss depart, and they were accordingly permitted to march out at the barriers, many of them terribly mauled, and all disarmed and helpless; while stones were flung at them from the windows by the people, who were firmly persuaded that a massacre had been intended and only prevented by the beloved Duke, whom they hailed as their protector and their idol.

Queen Catherine then set out to negotiate. The populace would not allow her carriage to pass, as they must have removed the barricades; but they permitted her to be carried in her sedan-chair to the Hôtel de Guise, where after many obstructions, she arrived just as the Duke came back from his triumphal progress.

The conversation was short and unsatisfactory; Guise justified the Parisians by declaring that they had never been coerced by a garrison, and himself by insisting on his knowledge that the King aimed at his liberty and life. Catherine, whose life had been spent in talking people over, now in her old age found her soft words and persuasions fall powerless before one who knew her too well to pay her anything but outward respect.

The only terms on which he would undertake to make the people of Paris lay down their arms and destroy the barricades were that Henri of Navarre should be cut off from the succession, that the States-General should be convened, Guise himself made Lieutenant-general, and that Epernon, and almost every other personal friend of the King, should

CAMEO XXV.

Escape of Henri. 1588.

be deprived of office and banished from court, their government and offices being given to the numerous brothers and adherents of Guise.

Catherine was indignant, but the Duke was firm. "The medicine may be bitter, but it is wholesome," he said; and the Queen—it is impossible not to pity her at last—had to return in the dark, May night though it was, with this humiliating reply.

All night at the Louvre there was debate over the terms. Queen Louise prayed in her oratory, the rest discussed possibilities. They were actually in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, for the provisions for the day had been consumed and no more could be procured.

The next morning, the 14th of May, an envoy was sent to the Hôtel de Ville to require passage to be made for royalty to attend mass at the Ste. Chapelle. An answer came back permitting them to go on foot. The two Queens submitted to be carried in sedans, but Henri indignantly refused. He had made up his mind to leave Paris through the Tuileries Gardens, which extended beyond the walls, and had not yet been secured by the Guisards, though measures were being taken for blocking up the Louvre the next night on that side also. When his mother and wife came back from mass, Henri told them of his determination to escape while yet there was time, to prevent himself from becoming a prisoner. Catherine entreated him to wait till she had had another conference with the Duke of Guise, and she set out again in her sedan for the Hôtel de Guise; but no sooner was she gone than the King took his measures. He put on the dress in which he was wont to walk in the Tuileries Gardens, took a cane in his hand, and, followed by a number of his dogs, took a survey. The streets rang with cries, and reports came in on all sides that the Louvre was to be attacked and besieged; the tocsin was heard ringing; and, indeed, Madame de Montpensier had spread the report that there were eight pieces of cannon prepared by the King to sweep the streets.

Catherine on her way had seen indications of such popular rage that she contrived to send back one of her suite to advise the King to depart before her conference with Guise should be over. The King wept bitterly, declaring he had loved his city of Paris better than even his wife, and that he had never looked for this ingratitude, but he had sent off his body-guard by the Gardens and ordered his horses. One account says that he went in his coach, with the Dukes of Montpensier and Longueville, and was fired at as he passed the Tour de Nesle. Another (the *Journal de l'Étoile*) says that he mounted his horse at the stables and rode forth, attended by sixteen gentlemen and twelve grooms on foot. When beyond the walls he turned, shook his fist at the city, and swore never to re-enter it but through the breach. He then rode to Rambouillet, slept there without taking off his boots, and proceeded the next day to Chartres. The mignons rushed after him as best they could in all sorts of strange conveyances, or on animals unfitted to

CAMEO XXV.

Flagellant Procession. 1588.

them—one on a fiery Spanish horse which he could not rein in, another on a mule without a saddle, and with a spur improvised from a pin.

So ended the Day of the Barricades. All was the work of terror. Each party dreaded the other, but it was Guise who was first able to profit by the alarm of the other party, and thus remained master of the field. The flight of the King might have put Guise into great straits if Henri had shown any vigour or resolution, but he waited at Chartres doing nothing, while his mother, indefatigable as ever, mediated for him.

The Rogation Days had come, and from Paris came forth a great procession of the Flagellants, headed by Frère Ange de Joyeuse. It represented the Passion: Frère Ange, clad in white, with a blood-stained robe, a crown of thorns, and hands bound, being the principal figure, stumbling under the lash of those who scourged him as he proceeded barefoot and weeping. It is the custom to look on all these desperate penances with contempt and almost horror as gross profanity, but in truth they were inexpressibly piteous efforts to show grief for the terrible weight of guilt which, alas! was not thrown off in the right manner. The representation that headed this procession no doubt was intended as an appeal to princes and people alike, showing Christ going to be crucified afresh by the cruelties His members inflicted when tearing one another to pieces. Of the sincerity of Frère Ange, a blameless youth, who had abandoned the world, broken-hearted by the loss of his saintly wife, there can be no doubt; yet, even he was derided by his kinsman, Crillon, the commander of the King's body-guards and the unscrupulous minister of crimes of violence. "Flog him well!" cried this man from the window; "he is a coward who puts on the monk's frock to escape bearing arms!" thus making him endure no simulated scorn. And though around him the procession was mournful and serious, in the rear there was utter buffoonery and mere burlesque—soldiers wearing kettles and caldrons on their heads as helmets, blowing goats' horns, and brandishing rusty old weapons.

Henri received them affectionately, as he did a deputation from the Parliament of Paris. He declared that if the people would return to their duty, he would forget the past. He was exceedingly depressed and melancholy, and thought himself ready to make any sacrifice to regain his popularity. Queen Catherine meantime remained at Paris, striving to obtain the best terms possible for him, and at last he agreed to all that had been asked of him—Epernon was deprived of Normandy, Guise was made Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, Cardinal de Bourbon was declared first prince of the blood, the crown was never to pass to a Huguenot, and the States-General were to meet at Blois.

CAMEO XXVI.

LEICESTER IN HOLLAND.

(1584—1586.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1556. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1585. Sixtus V.

CAMEO XXVI. — *Maurice of Nassau.* 1584.

THE United Provinces had long ago chosen as their badge a ship beating about in the midst of a stormy sea, and with the Prince of Orange they had lost their helmsman. He might truly be called their Palinurus, engulphed in the wild waves, and nothing but the sturdy resolution of the Dutch character could have borne them through the perils that followed.

All was confusion and despair, and only in the two chief provinces, Holland and Zealand, did the chiefs retain their presence of mind. They at once elected as their Stadtholder and Captain-General, young Maurice of Nassau, though he was only eighteen years of age, giving him as his lieutenant the Count of Hohenlohe, the ablest man they could find. On this Utrecht, Guelderland, and Overyssel took courage and chose governors who had been trusted by their much lamented Prince.

However, the Spaniards were expecting to carry all before them on the death of the champion to whom they ascribed all the resistance, and the Prince of Parma pushed on at once, resolving to strike a blow at Antwerp, which, in spite of all its misfortunes, was still the wealthiest city in the Netherlands. His first preparation consisted in cutting it off from all communication with Holland, Ghent, or the places above or below it on the river Scheldt. He laid siege to Liskenshonk and Tillo, both of which staunchly resisted him, but were forced at last to yield, after a siege of months. Parma did not permit such savage atrocities as Alva had done, and there was not the same despair to nerve the defenders.

At each place he established forts, which much annoyed the shipping of Antwerp, and damaged the trade. Then he took Dendremond,

CAMEO XXVI.
—
Siege of Antwerp.
1585.

which cut off the city from Ghent, and afterwards Vilvorde, by which he stopped its intercourse with Brussels; but finding that as long as the river itself remained free and open nothing was effectual, he proposed to build a huge bridge across the Scheldt, with forts all along and citadels at each end, so as to block up the stream.

His council were at first startled by the boldness of the project, but he persuaded them into it, and the very sight of his preparations so much alarmed the citizens of Ghent that they offered to surrender on condition that their privileges were preserved to them.

Marnix de St. Aldegonde was Governor of Antwerp, and, so far as his councils prevailed, all was done for the best. Just as the Duke of Parma had collected large stores, at Calle a dyke was cut, the floods came in, and all his timber, brick, and stone, were swept away into the sea. With equal perseverance, the Duke set his forces to dig a canal, which carried off the water, so that he could begin his bridge.

This was seven months in hand, but the loss of the Prince of Orange was truly manifest, for none of the Dutch in Holland or Zealand made any attempt to molest the builders, and indeed it was strongly suspected that jealousy of the trade and power of Antwerp made the burghers of Amsterdam oppose any scheme for saving it. On the other hand, the burgomasters of Antwerp were not to be persuaded to lay in a supply of corn because the price happened to be high; and when some of the Zealanders actually brought in some loads, the citizens, knowing that they would not run the risk of taking it back, offered such low prices that the speculators vowed they would never come again to so bad a market.

Moreover, when St. Aldegonde devised the cutting of another dyke, which would have carried off the bridge just as it was finished, these same Antwerp merchants refused their consent, because the country houses and farms must have been sacrificed.

Thus there was no real preparation, and the citizens never realised that their supplies by water would be cut off by the bridge till it was finished and fortified; and the city was invested, so that they began to find themselves surrounded.

Then indeed, when it was too late, they implored the Zealanders to break down the bridge, and it was decided to make the attempt. Admiral Treslong had, however, been affronted, and kept on putting off the matter till he was superseded, and Count Hohenlohe and Justin of Nassau placed in command. They showed much spirit, retook Liskenshonk, and destroyed some of Parma's forts; but they could not succeed in throwing succours into the city, as the bridge effectually stopped the passage of all boats or ships with grain or troops.

The citizens began to devise schemes for destroying the bridge; and a Mantuan engineer, named Ginebelli, undertook to blow it up. The avarice of the merchants created the chief difficulties, but at last two ships were filled with combustibles, and at night were towed down by some smaller boats, so as to be launched against the bridge.

CAMEO XXVI.

Surrender of Antwerp. 1585.

One exploded too soon and did no harm to the bridge; and others set fire to the outworks, and caused a fall of masonry which crushed or drowned 500 Spaniards. However, Parma was far more prompt in repairing the damage than the citizens in taking advantage of it. Another such attempt was prevented by their fears. In fact, the resistance of Antwerp had been far more political than religious, and many Roman Catholics were there, who, so long as their privileges were preserved, had little objection to return to their natural lord.

The want of a head was so severely felt that the States of Holland and Zealand had commissioned their ambassador, Jacob van Gryse, to offer the sovereignty to Queen Elizabeth; and though she hesitated to accept it, 4,000 men under Sir John Norreys were immediately sent to the relief of Antwerp; but too late, for the city capitulated on the 17th of August, 1585, the Protestant inhabitants being allowed to migrate to Amsterdam.

The deputies sent from Holland offered Elizabeth the sovereignty of the Netherlands; but this she thought it prudent to decline, though she made a treaty with them promising them aid, as she explained to her subjects, because of the ancient leagues between England and the Netherlands, which bound her to their support, and because, politically, the English naval power and that of Spain were so equally balanced, that whoever had the Dutch fleet with it would have the preponderance. She was to give them 5,000 foot and 1,300 horse during the war, and likewise a governor-general, who was to be an able captain and "well affected to the true religion," and to advance them the needful sums of money, which were to be repaid after the war, the strongholds of Flushing, Brill, and Rammekens being in the meantime placed in her hands as pledges.

The feeling of the whole nation was with the Dutch. Spenser allegorised the expedition in one of his cantos, and every one was eager to volunteer upon it. On the other hand, Philip received investiture of Ireland from the Apostolic See, and the war which had smouldered for the last twenty years now broke out openly, although the ambassador, Mendoza, was not recalled from London.

Sir Francis Drake, with twenty-one ships, for the first time made an authorised expedition to the West Indies.

The great English sailors had not been idle in these last years. Sir Humfrey Gilbert had, in 1583, obtained permission to attempt to found a colony in Newfoundland. Raleigh, then in high favour, had so mentioned him to the Queen that she sent him a seal, engraven with an anchor guided by a lady, and desired him to leave his portrait with her. He took five ships with him, but they were mostly filled with adventurers, who went in the hope of pillage of the Spaniards, not of peaceful colonization. They hated the barren shore and fogs of Newfoundland, and clamoured to be taken home. One ship sailed direct with the sick, another was wrecked, and Gilbert with two more explored the coast on his way home. He was in the lesser ship, the

CAMEO XXVI.

Loss of Sir Humfrey Gilbert. 1583.

Squirrel, and when some doubt arose as to her safety, he was implored to leave her for the *Golden Hind*; but he answered that he would not forsake his little company, and remained with them. The last time the ships were near together, those of the *Golden Hind* saw him sitting on deck, reading his Bible, and they were near enough to hear him call out, "Do not fear! Heaven is as near by water as by land." In the morning there was no sign of the *Squirrel*, and Longfellow, in his poem, supposes it to have been carried away among the icebergs "the fleet of death;" but at any rate, one of the highest and wisest and noblest hearts in England was on that night lost.

Walter Raleigh, however, went on with the same schemes, and obtained a charter from Elizabeth, granting him and his heirs six years government of any place where he might found a colony. He sent out two surveying ships, who, going much farther south than Gilbert had done, found odours from the coast wafted to them "like the smell of a delicate garden." Reporting well of the region, a party of colonists was sent out with Sir Richard Grenville and Ralph Lane, to take possession of the country, which her Majesty condescended to name Virginia, in honour of her own celibacy. Sir Richard Grenville was much more of a pirate than a colonist, and kept a sharp look-out for Spanish ships. He was violent towards the natives, and soon quarrelled with Lane, whom he left with a hundred men in the new colony, while he came home, capturing a large Spanish ship on the way.

Lane built a fort on the Isle of Roanoake, but did not trouble himself to sow any corn, trusting to supplies from the natives and from England, and letting himself be deluded by reports of gold ore, that chimera of the West. In consequence, he was nearly starved by the time Sir Francis Drake, who had been attacking and destroying the Spanish towns on the South American coast, came up to inquire after the fate of the colony. Lane and all his men gladly embarked, and were on their way to England when Sir Richard Grenville arrived with fresh supplies and men, fifteen of whom he left behind him in Lane's fort.

It was from this expedition that tobacco was brought home and presented to Raleigh, who used to smoke it in a silver pipe. The Queen looked on at the performance, and laid a wager that he could not tell the weight of the smoke that escaped from his pipe. He replied that he could, convinced her, and she paid the bet. He was at this time regarded by Leicester as a rival, and was much disliked by many persons as being both supercilious and satirical. A story was told of him that when staying in a house where the lady was an active and somewhat noisy housewife, he overheard her early in the morning calling from her window, "Be the pigs fed?" and accordingly met her at breakfast with the question, "Be the pigs fed, madam?" thus giving great offence.

Leicester had been somewhat under a cloud since the disclosure of his marriage with Lettice Knollys, the dowager Countess of Essex.

CAMEO XXVI.

Leicester in Holland. 1586.

However, it was on him that the Queen fixed for the office of Governor-General of the Low Countries, and he repaired thither, taking with him his stepson, the young Earl of Essex, and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, whom the Queen appointed Governor of Flushing.

The wishes of Earl Walter of Essex had not been carried out with regard to his daughter Penelope and Sidney, though they seem to have been warmly attached to one another; but Lady Penelope was coerced into marrying Lord Rich, and, some short time after, Sidney wedded Frances, the only surviving child of Sir Francis Walsingham.

The strange thing is that he went on all this time addressing sonnets and songs of an ardent description to Lady Rich, till they amounted to 119, and nobody seems to have seen anything amiss in the matter; but he was viewed as the model of all the virtues, and was a pious, devoted man, sharing with his graceful sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in the work of translating the Psalms, and composing a pastoral romance called the *Arcadia*, full of pure and chivalrous fancies. The whole of this poetical correspondence must have been to him a mere imitation of Dante and Petrarch, but on Penelope it probably had a much worse effect, to judge by her after career.

Walsingham had as usual to plead hard with the Queen to obtain forgiveness for marrying his daughter to Sidney; but the pair seem to have been very happy together, and Lady Sidney accompanied her husband to his government at Flushing. While there, he lost both his father and mother, people much respected. The States welcomed Leicester with rapture, struck medals in his honour, and even permitted his coat of arms to appear on their shields, paying him, in fact, all the honours that the Duke of Anjou had received, and which his vanity was not slow to accept, without considering the effect at home, where Elizabeth was extremely angry at his presumption. His ideas of government were very vague, and included coining base money to pass for double its value, opposing the hiring of German mercenaries, and inciting the people against the magistrates, as well as insisting on a severe passport system, which perhaps was needful.

Parma had taken the field and was besieging Grave, which Hohenlohe and Sir John Norreys vainly tried to relieve. The Spaniards continued to take the fortresses on the Maes, till at Birk they were cheeked by an English officer named Morgan. To summon them back, Leicester sent orders that Maurice of Nassau and Sir Philip Sidney should invade Guelderland. They took Axel, but failed before Gravelines. Shortly after, Leicester himself joined them with the choicest of the English volunteers, and the siege of Zutphen began, but the place was not completely invested, and Parma, coming to its relief, was able to throw in provisions.

A convoy of these munitions was on the way to the town, and on the 2nd of October, 1586, an English force went to intercept them. It was strongly suspected that a certain English adventurer, named Roland Yorke, was employed by Parma to lead them into the ambuscade,

CAMEO XXVI.
—
Battle of Zutphen.
1586.

prepared by the Spaniards. At five in the morning Sir John Norreys and five hundred men were in the saddle, and were joined by twenty gallant young English volunteers with their esquires, Sir Philip Sidney, his brother Robert, the young Earl of Essex, and Lord Willoughby—the number altogether about fifty. There was a heavy fog, and the carts with the provisions could only be heard through it; but at sunrise the mist drew up, and the small body of English found themselves in the face of 3,000 men, the most formidable of the Spanish cavalry, under the Marquis de Vasto, and pikemen and musqueteers all along the hedges for the protection of the carts.

The Englishmen's minds were made up in an instant. Norreys called out to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had lately had a quarrel—

"There hath been ill blood between us; let us be friends to-day, and die side by side, if need be, in her Majesty's cause."

"If you see me not serve my prince with faithful courage now," replied Stanley, "account me for ever a coward. Living or dying, I will stand by you in friendship."

Young Essex, who was general of the horse, called out—

"Follow me, good fellows! for the honour of England, and of England's Queen."

So saying, he put his lance in rest, and dashed headlong against the enemy, overthrowing the first man and breaking his own lance, but swinging round his battleaxe, carrying all before him like a paladin of old. The little troop absolutely pierced through the Spaniards by their impetus, and forced them back on the musqueteers, then wheeled round for another charge. This time Philip Sidney's horse was shot, but he mounted another in haste. He had no armour but his breastplate, for he had taken off his *cuisses* out of chivalrous punctilio, on seeing Sir William Pelham, a much older man, without them.

Lord North had been in bed with a wounded leg, but had been set on horseback with one boot on and one off, and did his part.

Lord Willoughby rolled the Epirot General Crescia into a ditch.

"I yield me; thou art a preux chevalier!" said Crescia.

And Willoughby rode on, charging wherever he saw five or six of the enemy together.

Gonzaga, general of the Spanish horse, was mortally wounded, Vasto was almost made prisoner, and there was desperate fighting round the waggons, which the English strove to capture and turn back, but they were outnumbered, and could not hinder the waggoners from drawing on nearer the town.

Sir Philip Sidney, at the third charge rode right through the enemy's troops up to their entrenchments, and there received a musket ball above the knee, on his undefended thigh. He would still have continued the fight, but his horse grew restive, and he could no longer guide him, so he turned and rode slowly back to the camp, passing on his way the dying soldier to whom he gave the water that had been almost to his own lips, saying—"Thy necessity is greater than mine."

CAMEO XXVI.

Death of Sidney. 1586.

Immediately after, he met Leicester, who cried—

"Oh, Philip, I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight."

The brave Russell, whom the Spaniards called rather a devil than a man, threw his arms round his friend, and wept bitterly.

The gallant little English troop was not supported by the reserve, and though these 500 had three times driven back the 4,000 Spaniards, the advance of 2,000 men from the city forced them at last to withdraw and allow the convoy to enter the town. Thirty-two horse and twenty-two foot on the English side had been killed, according to Leicester, and 250 Spaniards; while Parma only owned to nine killed and twenty-nine wounded, and declared 200 English to be slain.

The thigh-bone of Sidney's leg was shattered, but he was expected to recover, and to be lame for life. He was carried by water to Arnheim, where his wife came to him. Count Hohenlohe, though wounded, the next day sent his surgeon to attend on Sidney, and, becoming much worse, followed in a litter to Arnheim. Philip meanwhile had written a poem on his wound called *La Cuisse Rompue*, but he soon saw that his case was hopeless. The surgical skill of the time was not equal to the case, and fever and much suffering set in. He wrote several letters to his friend, Hubert Languet, and others, spent much time in devotional reading and prayer, wrote more verses on the near prospect of death, and made a most just and affectionate will, which he drew up with his own hand, and signed on the last day of September, a week after receiving his wound. He seems to have been in the act of dictating a codicil, leaving rings to two of his friends, when the mortal agony came on, and he died on the 17th of October, 1586. He was mourned most affectionately. The court and nobles wore mourning. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Fulke Greville, his dearest friend, published a life of him. His *Arcadia*, his Sonnets, and his *Defence of Poesy*, were given to the world. Spenser celebrated the loves of Astrophel and Stella, as he termed Philip and Penelope, in a poem, concluding with these beautiful lines, put into the mouth of Astrophel's sister, *i.e.* Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. After exclaiming—

"Ah me, can so divine a thing be dead?"

She continues—

"Ah, no, it is not dead, nor can it die;
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise,
Where like a newborn babe it soft doth lie
In beds of lilies, wrapt in tender wise
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet."

Lady Sidney was left with one little daughter. Another child was hoped for, but seems to have died at its birth, and Sidney's brother Robert became the heir of the Earls of Leicester and Warwick. Sidney left heavy debts, for a man could not shine at Elizabeth's court, nor bear her commission, without paying dearly for the honour; and

CAMEO XXVI.

Siege of Zutphen. 1586.

Walsingham, who had a private conscience, though not a public one, reduced himself to poverty by clearing off the debts.

The siege of Zutphen continued. A great fort, which had detained Count Hohenlohe for a year on a previous occasion, was won by Edward Stanley, brother to Sir William. There was a breach, but not a very practicable one, and Edward Stanley led an assault on it. A great strong Spaniard, with a pike, stood ready to thrust him down, but Stanley caught hold of the weapon, and held it with both hands, though thrust at and shot at by the other Spaniards. His dress was yellow, and he could be plainly seen by Leicester and his army while thus struggling. The ground was so shifty and sandy that the soldiers who strove to follow him lost their footing. To the amazement of all, Stanley allowed himself to be lifted from the ground by his adversary, and setting his foot against the wall, scrambled over the breach, and, sword in hand, dashed among the enemy; while his followers, full of the same spirit, climbed on one another's shoulders and hurried after him, gained the fort, and opened its doors to Leicester, who, in a transport, knighted Stanley on the spot, gave him 40*l.* in gold, and an annuity of 100 marks for life, writing to Elizabeth, "Since I was born, I never saw a man behave himself as Stanley did. I shall never forget it if I live a thousand years."

Winter was now setting in, and Leicester departed to the Hague, leaving Zutphen still besieged by Sir William Stanley and Roland Yorke. Leicester was in difficulties. His royal mistress was not well satisfied with him, though he was really doing his work so well and industriously, that it seems as if he might have been a much better man if his lot had cast him in active life, instead of making him a minion and flatterer. As usual, the Queen kept him short of money, and though he received from the merchants of London ten times what she sent him, his army was half starved, and so ragged that the new recruits from England deserted at the sight of them. Out of 1,100 newly arrived men, 500 ran away in two days, and Leicester wrote that he had rather be hanged than have such a charge without being in possession of payment for his men. His safety lay in the fact that Philip was, in the same manner, starving his soldiers.

Leicester, always a Puritan, and after the fashion of his time separating piety from morality, was a devout attendant on the Calvinist worship, and a great favourite with the clergy; but the States of Holland and Zealand, with the young Maurice of Nassau at their head, hated him extremely, and there were perpetual disputes and quarrels. All were agreed in thinking these might best be ended by Elizabeth's assuming the sovereignty of the country, but from this she still shrank, unwilling to put her hand so forward that drawing back should be impossible.

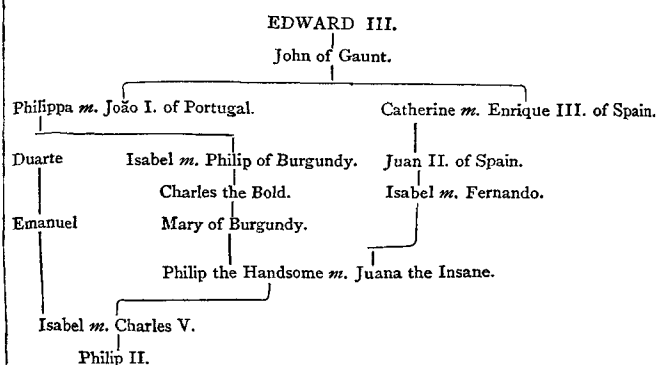
Leicester then decided on going back to attend parliament, and see the Queen, the States presenting him with a silver-gilt vase of the height of a man.

CAMEO XXVII.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

(1587—1588.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1556. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1585. Sixtus V.



CAMEO XXVII. — *Philip's claim to England.*

CONSIDERING the genealogy of Henry VII., and the flaw in the birth of Queen Elizabeth herself, it was no wonder that Philip II. declared himself the only legitimate descendant (except of course his Austrian cousins) of John of Gaunt. As soon as Mary of Scotland was dead, Philip had no further scruple in resolving to put forward his claim to the crown he had once worn as Mary Tudor's husband.

The house of Austria had at that moment hopes of dominion over all the west of Europe. Not only were the crowns of the Peninsula and all Italy, except Venice, already in Philip's possession; but his daughter was viewed by a large party in France as their resource

CAMEO XXVII.

Drake at Cadiz. 1587.

against falling under the power of the Calvinists, and upon the result of the war that had been already begun hung the fate of England.

The English beheld their danger with no small alarm, but the Queen could still not cease to believe in the power of negotiation, and carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Parma, through a Genoese and a Fleming. Walsingham and Leicester believed this was only done on Parma's part to blind her, and that while these amiable letters passed on either side, the Spanish fleet was actually being equipped. At last sanction was obtained for Sir Francis Drake to go and reconnoitre, and on the 2nd of August, 1587, the bold sailor set forth from Plymouth with four royal ships, and twenty-four equipped by merchants; but he had scarcely started, before the Queen was seized with alarm lest she might do something to make the war inevitable, and she sent a pinnace after him with orders not to attack. However, he had met two Zealand ships, which gave him the information he needed as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet, and of there being a great collection of warlike stores at Lisbon and Cadiz. His mind was made up that there should be no time for orders from home, and on the 19th of April he dashed into Cadiz harbour, with his twenty-eight ships. Twelve great galleys were forced to take refuge under their forts, and for two nights and a day the Englishmen were busy plundering, burning and scuttling every ship in the harbour. There they found wine, provisions, saddles, horseshoes, arms—all manner of needments for an invading army, stored in 150 vessels, some of the largest size, but all helpless, and serving to make one enormous bonfire.

Before the news was known at Lisbon, where the Marquis de Santa Cruz, High Admiral of Spain, was superintending the preparations, the twenty-eight ships had come into the mouth of the Tagus, and finding the fleet there in waiting, but as yet unmanned, proceeded to demolish it in like manner. A hundred ships were burnt, and all that could not be carried away was destroyed. As to the prisoners, Sir Francis sent a flag of truce, offering to exchange them for Englishmen, but the Marquis denied that there were any captives, and Drake thereupon sold them to the Moors, and used the money to ransom as many of his countrymen. Next, on leaving the mouth of the Tagus, Drake fell in with a great Spanish carrack, or treasure-ship, coming from the Portuguese possessions in the East Indies, and he brought it home with him. This expedition, which he called singeing the King of Spain's whiskers, did not bring him much favour for the present, though it probably retarded the coming of the enemy for a year, as well as deprived them of their best admiral, for the Marquis of Santa Cruz died of a fever brought on by vexation.

Drake himself wrote: "God make us thankful again and again that we have, although it be little, made a beginning upon the coast of Spain." But he was convinced of the serious purpose of the Spaniards, and of the extent of their preparations; while Queen Elizabeth only thought of his disobedience to her orders, and the danger that this

CAMEO XXVII.

Siege of Sluys. 1587.

bold undertaking of Drake's might so far offend Philip as to make reconciliation impossible; so she remained cold and severe, so as to be able to say, in case of need, that she had disavowed him. This attack, however, made the Pope say, that the Queen's distaff was worth more than the King's sword.

The Duke of Parma was, on his side, beginning his preparations by trying to take the city of Sluys, the most convenient harbour where he could embark his troops for the invasion of England. The governor was Arnold Von Groeneveldt, an experienced Dutch noble. He had 800 men with him, and obtained from Flushing 800 more Englishmen, among whom was a Welsh captain, Sir Roger Williams, who has left us an account of the siege. They had two miles and a half of rampart to defend, but the citizens were full of spirit and did their utmost, even the women forming themselves into two bands of pioneers, which were called after their leaders, "May of the Heart" and "Katharine of the Rose." They actually built a redoubt, which, in honour of them was called Fort Venus. The Spaniards, on their side, were brave and determined, and far more numerous. Three times did an English captain, named Hart, swim out of the place with urgent letters to Maurice, to Elizabeth, and to Leicester; but it was an unfortunate moment, for Elizabeth was blinded by Parma's negotiations, and feared to offend him, while the States mistrusted Leicester, and feared that if Sluys were in his hands, he would force them into obedience to him; and though Maurice and Hohenlohe made one attempt at an expedition into Brabant, to create a diversion, they were forced to retreat without success.

The Earl of Leicester, after an absence of seven months, returned with 300 infantry and 30,000*l.*; but as he sailed past the harbour of Sluys, he heard the terrible cannonading. Unhappily his coming only made matters worse. He had summoned an assembly of the States to meet him at Dordrecht, but no one came; and no one would attend to his plan for relieving the place, namely, that the States should send a fleet into the harbour, while he attacked the camp with his army by land. The States were too jealous to do anything at his bidding, and the brave garrison of Sluys vainly fought desperately on the ramparts above, and by torchlight in the mines of the Spaniards below.

Inch by inch they fought, and when at last the citadel was forced, they still held out the city, in hopes of the aid over which the States were quarrelling. Parma had built such a bridge as he had before done at Antwerp, and shut Sluys in from the sea. Leicester had fire-ships prepared, and the burghers of Flushing offered to equip a fleet at their own expense to follow up the attack; but Maurice of Nassau, and his illegitimate brother, Justin, the High Admiral, took offence at such an attempt being planned by base mechanical traders, and the opportunity was lost.

Again Leicester made an attack from Ostend, and was beaten back. His fire-ships were about to be sent off, he himself giving orders, but

CAMEO XXVII.
—
Capture of Sluys.
1587.

their pilots refused to go. A letter sent by a swimmer from the city was captured by Parma, describing the extremity to which the city was reduced, but saying that unless they obtained the most honourable terms, they had sworn to one another, men and women, to set the city on fire in a hundred places, and fight their way out of the gates.

Parma was not an Alva, and he really respected these men; so he offered the soldiers to go out with colours displayed, arms in their hands, and all their property, and the Calvinist inhabitants good time to dispose of their belongings before departing. This was accepted, after nearly two months' siege, when there were three huge breaches in the walls, and not powder enough to fight two hours longer. The Duke came on the 5th of August, and most respectfully saluted Sir Roger Williams, offering him a command in the Spanish army against the Turks.

"My sword belongs to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, before all the world," said Sir Roger, "and if she needs it not, to the King of Navarre."

Parma caused Williams to present to him another distinguished captain, named Baskerville, whom he embraced before all the world. Sir Roger was sent by Leicester to bear the tidings to the Queen, the Earl saying he hoped her Majesty would help him to a horse, for he had not means to buy a saddle. But Elizabeth was much too angry to attend to the brave man's merits, and he never obtained horse or saddle from her.

She saw with Leicester's eyes, and in their disgust with Maurice and the States, both were quite willing to throw them over, if only peace could be secured for England. Leicester was baffled on all sides by the party which called Maurice its head, and the Earl made matters worse by attempting to seize Utrecht and Amsterdam, and garrison them with his soldiers. He was even suspected of intending to kidnap the chiefs of the Dutch party, Hohenlohe and Barnevelde, and perhaps the young Maurice himself, and send them off to England. At Leyden a plot was detected for placing the city in English hands, and the persons who had been engaged in it were put to death, though a young lady of noble blood offered to marry one of them, named Volnaer, on the scaffold, such a wedding being, according to an old custom of the country, a means of redeeming the condemned; but Volnaer is said to have been uncomplimentary enough to prefer the axe to the lady's hand, and at any rate he suffered death.

It was clear that Leicester could do nothing more with the Dutch, who neither trusted nor obeyed him. The Queen wrote a letter in which she scolded the States much as she was wont to scold her own Parliament; but she still promised them that if she could conclude a peace with Spain, they should be included in it. Leicester heartily rejoiced to get away, and he and the States struck medals in derision of one another, such medals being in fact the caricatures of the period. Leicester's medal showed a mastiff with a disobedient flock of sheep, and

CAMEO XXVII.
Caricature medals. 1587.

the motto, *Invitus desero non gregem sed ingratos;* while the States returned the compliment with an ape smothering her young one in her embrace, labelled, *Libertas non ita cara ut simia catuli,* and on the reverse a man fleeing from the smoke to fall into the fire.

If the Queen was meant by the ape, she certainly did not smother her poor soldiers with kindness, for she could not be persuaded to find money enough to pay or maintain them, and they were in a wretched state when the command was given up to Lord Willoughby. There is thus much to be said for her, that the system of standing armies was by no means fully established, and that the honour of serving, and may be the privilege of plundering, was supposed to induce the gentlemen honoured with the royal commission to go to great expense in raising and supporting their troops. Leicester had paid heavily, and no doubt if he had been successful, he would have repaid himself by fair means or foul; but Elizabeth did not, or would not, understand the situation, nor the need of opening her purse to the brave men who had certainly not been to blame, even though they were the chief sufferers.

Leicester had his share of scolding from the Queen, but he could always make his peace with her, and he, at least, had learnt to believe, what she could not yet credit, that the Armada of Spain was really preparing for England.

1588 was beginning, a year that all Europe believed would be a great crisis. Many thought it would bring the Last Judgment, and all astrologers had announced that it was full of fate, while men's minds were so ready to see portents that it was even declared that the sun had appeared with a drawn sword in his mouth. The Roman Catholic Church looked confidently to victory. Guise was triumphing at Paris, and in every port belonging to Spain preparations were making for the voyage, and yet Queen Elizabeth was not to be persuaded that the peril was imminent, and would not commission ships or men enough to seem more than a mere mockery of resistance, and went on negotiating with Parma, while Lord Henry Seymour sailed about with a fleet of only thirty-two vessels, watching the Flemish coast.

Meantime, Sixtus V., at the instance of Philip, had renewed all the censures of Rome upon Elizabeth and her people, and insisted that Dr. Allen should accept the Cardinal's hat which he had before refused, intending him to act as legate in England. Medals, crosses, emblems, and a gift of 500,000 crowns, were also sent from Rome for the invaders; but Philip was such an oppressor of Italy, that it was shrewdly suspected that the Pope would not be at all sorry if England should give the Spanish troops full employment, though he considered them sufficiently crusaders to grant a plenary indulgence to such as should fall.

All these advantages, with full and elaborate arguments, were set forth by Cardinal Allen in a treatise both Latin and English, declaring that it would be a holy and blessed action, to be rewarded here and hereafter, to lay violent hands on the usurper Elizabeth, or to deliver

her up to Philip, or his commander the Duke of Parma. This book was printed at Antwerp, in both languages, and widely circulated. It was not surprising that such a publication should increase the persecution of Romanist clergy in England, and that no less than six priests were put to death as traitors with their converts, and such as had sheltered them.

CAMEO XXVII.
Preparation for the Armada. 1588.

Leicester had resigned his government of Holland, and Lord Willoughby remained at Flushing with his garrison, doing his best, but terribly impeded by the squabbles with Maurice and the States. Not only Elizabeth, but many of her councillors, did not believe these armaments in earnest. Walsingham wrote that the *King* of Spain was too old and too sickly to conquer *kingdoms*; Parma was supposed to be only intending to overpower Ostend; and the English Ambassador at Paris, Sir Edward Stafford, actually scouted the idea of a design on England *because* he was assured of it by the Spanish Ambassador himself.

Meantime, there was much dealing with James of Scotland, who wavered. Jane Kennedy visited him; he wept over the story of his mother's death, and was ready to promise aid to her avengers; but the instinct of self-preservation was felt stronger, and in the early spring he cast in his lot with Elizabeth and England.

The Armada was ready in Lisbon bay in May, 1588, when Walsingham thought it might come, if at all, in another year. If it had then sailed, the English would have been almost defenceless. Happily, the constitutional slowness and deliberation of Philip kept it waiting to secure Parma's being ready, and thus both England and Holland had time to arm when at last they awakened to a sense of the danger, but not till the summer was far advanced. Maurice of Nassau rose above the intrigues that had surrounded him, and offered his services to the Queen. All the ships that the United Provinces could muster were to cruise in the North seas, to do their best to hinder the crossing of the Spanish army.

A military council was established in England. All men between eighteen and sixty years of age were called on to take up arms, and two armies were to be formed—one under Lord Hunsdon, and one under the Earl of Leicester. Such armies, with only a few weeks' training of peaceable men, would have been utterly useless against the disciplined veterans of Spain and Italy. Leicester's never met at all, Hunsdon never collected half the number assigned to him, and the few old captains who had the training of such as came together were in utter despair at their dulness and awkwardness, and still worse at the difficulty of procuring arms for them. There had been no foreign invasion since that of William of Normandy, and nobody could believe in one.

Instinctively the full energy of the nation was thrown into the equipment of the fleet. The royal navy consisted of only thirty-four ships, with 837 guns, and 1,100 men. Lord Howard of Effingham,

CAMEO XXVII.

The English Fleet. 1588.

the High Admiral, had only got them moderately equipped by the most vehement persuasions and entreaties to the Queen, who never seems to have understood that both artillery and sailors must have food.

The City of London was asked to raise fifteen ships. It sent thirty-three, thus almost doubling the navy, and these were filled with practised sailors, and ready volunteers. Other cities fitted out ships, the seaports furnished sailors, and by the time the last pretence at negotiation was dropped, there were 197 vessels under weigh, but only one, the *Triumph*, under Martin Frobisher, was over 1,000 tons. The High Admiral, Lord Howard, had the *Ark Royal*, of 800 tons; Sir Francis Drake, the *Revenge*, 500; Lord Henry Seymour, the *Rainbow*, of the same size; Hawkins had been hovering about the Spanish coasts all the spring, entreating for a dozen ships with which to harass them, declaring that the prizes would soon pay their expenses; but he was refused, in the dread of precipitating the war.

Parma not only had his fleet ready, but furnished with bridges to cross the rivers, rafts, gunboats, and every appliance of war, obtained by forced contributions from the Netherlands. He had an army of 60,000 men, containing many gallant young adventurers of princely houses, and many a stout Scot and Englishman thirsting to avenge the blood of Fotheringhay. They had met in April, and waited in Flanders, but the long delay already began to thin their numbers by sickness.

The command of the Armada was bestowed on the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a man of much less capacity than Santa Cruz, and who was forbidden to make any attack save by Parma's orders; Philip, though he had been in England, never seeming to realise that the whole length of her southern coast must be passed, ere Parma and Sidonia could meet. 130 vessels, mostly far larger than the English, met at last in the mouth of the Tagus, bearing 19,295 soldiers, 2,000 noble volunteers, 290 clergy, and the Vicar-General of the Inquisition. They were rowed by 2,088 galley slaves—prisoners and captives—of all nations. On these rowers they depended far more than on their sails. The plan was to make for Calais, Sluys, and Dunkirk, where Parma and his men were to be embarked, and escorted to land at Dover, and thence to march to London, while Medina Sidonia and his fleet were to take possession of the Isle of Wight; but all the time Farnese was writing to the King that his flat-bottomed Flemish boats were not in the least fit to enable him to make a junction with the Spanish fleet, or to cross the German Ocean except in smooth water; and as to the English and Dutch fleets, no account seemed to be made of them.

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May the fleet actually sailed, having been blessed by the Cardinal Archduke Albert, son to the Emperor Maximilian. If it had come then, the fate of England must have been sealed, but it was three weeks sailing up to Cape Finisterre, and then a storm met it. The ships were dispersed, and forced to seek their

CAMEO XXVII.
Dispersion of Spanish Ships.
1588.

harbours to refit. There were some happy men in them to whom that ill wind brought the greatest good. David Gwynn, a Welsh sailor, a prisoner who had been eleven years chained to the oar, was on board the *Vasana*, the large vessel. It fell behind the Armada, the sails had to be taken in, the rowers had to use their utmost exertions, when the soldiers were sent below to be out of their way. This was the opportunity of the galley slaves. Each had, it seems, some knife or sharp weapon about him. Gwynn threw himself on the captain and stabbed him. The rest of the crew were in like manner overpowered, and so were the Spanish troops, sick and cooped up below. All were killed by these men who had been so long oppressed—English, French, Turks, Moors, criminals, all alike desperate with suffering. They put the ship about for Bayonne. Another Spaniard, suspecting mutiny, bore down on her. The *Vasana* was laid alongside of her, but the galley slaves no sooner understood the state of the case than they too rose, and destroyed the Spaniards. The two vessels were well received at Bayonne. Gwynn saw Henri of Navarre, and safely returned home.

Elizabeth actually hoped the danger was over, and even now sent a remonstrance to the Duke of Parma, by a commissioner, named Dr. Dale, demanding whether he sanctioned Cardinal Allen's book, or if not, requiring that he should cause it to be burnt by the common hangman.

Dr. Dale, a gouty old man, saw to his great discomfort many fine regiments of Spaniards, Walloons, and Germans, all ready to embark, and among them the traitor Stanley, and his Irish. He made his way to Bruges, and saw the Duke of Parma, who coolly disavowed all knowledge of the pamphlet, as he did not know a word of English; also declared himself to know nothing of any bull of the Pope, and to have a great respect for Queen Elizabeth; but he said, as a soldier, he must go wherever his king sent him, and added that peace was more desirable for England than for Spain, since the Spaniards could well afford to lose one battle, while such a loss would be fatal to England. To this the doctor, like a staunch Englishman, did not agree, and he came home with a terrible account of the preparations. This was near the end of July, almost at the moment when the Armada was actually sailing from Coruña, and only Howard's absolute refusal to obey his mistress had prevented most of the ships from being laid up for another year. Four were actually preparing to be put into dock.

Howard's scouts had told him enough to make him keep his fleet together at Plymouth, and there, on the 29th of July, on the shore, Drake and some captains were playing a match at bowls, when

"There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay."

It was a small privateer, commanded by a man named Fleming, who brought the tidings that the Armada was truly off the Lizard.

Sir Francis Drake coolly finished the match before getting to the

CAMEO XXVII.

Arrival of the Armada. 1588.

boats, but on that night the beacon-fires were lighted all over England—

> "From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
> That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

And before morning full sixty vessels were outside Plymouth harbour, while all the island was awaking, and the cities and feudal chiefs began to call their men round them, and do what should have been done months before, if it were to be of the slightest use.

Tilbury Fort was to be the place of rendezvous, and there was Leicester, with the few trained soldiers and pensioners who could be got together in haste, with scarcely any arms or provisions. They would have been but as a hornets' nest, to be trampled down if the enemy could only land.

And there was the mighty fleet, coming up the Channel at three in the morning of the 30th. Drake could see and count the ships through a drizzling rain. The next day, the 31st, the first shot was fired about two miles from land.

There was the huge fleet, arranged like a crescent, the towered vessels painted and gilded more like a pageant than for fight. They seem to have expected the English ships to come within their horns, and be crushed there; but Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and their comrades were far too experienced seamen to be thus caught. They knew perfectly how to tack, with the wind, while the great Spanish hulks carried little sail, and almost entirely depended on the rowers, an element of danger in themselves; and besides, their object was not to fight, but to go on to Dunkirk to meet Parma.

Lord Howard let the great crescent get before him, and fell on the rear commanded by Admiral Recalde. The English ships seemed, to the anxious watchers on the heights at Plymouth, to dart about, like winged insects, round the Spaniards, whose shot flew over their heads and did little harm. A Flemish master gunner, being reprimanded by his captain for wasting shot, was so enraged that he blew up the powder magazine and leaped into the sea. Two hundred men were killed, and the ship was a wreck, though the rest of the crew were saved. This was the first loss.

That same day, the ship of Don Pedro de Valdez came into collision with two or three of the vessels of his own squadron, and suffered so much injury that she dropped behind and was deserted by the rest, while Hawkins and Frobisher bore down upon her. However, Valdez bravely kept them off, and defended himself till morning, when Drake came up in the *Revenge*, and gave him fair terms as a prisoner of war, taking him on board his own vessel. Hawkins and Frobisher were much disgusted, as English prisoners were apt to be made galley slaves, and they wanted to retaliate.

There was no fighting on that day, but Medina Sidonia encouraged his fleet by sending a hangman on board each vessel, with orders to

CAMEO XXVII.

Fight with the Armada. 1588.

hang the captain if he should deviate from the post assigned to his ship. The next day, the Armada had passed Portland Bill, and there was a long fight, while from all the places on the coast boats were coming out with the bravest gentlemen in England, and what was even more wanted, ammunition and provisions. Raleigh, who had been making preparations on the coast, seems then to have joined the fleet. Some of these gentlemen came out in little vessels of their own, others volunteered on board the larger vessels; but all that day and the next, though there was much firing, there was no great damage done on either side.

Off the Isle of Wight, however, the next day, the 4th of August, Frobisher, in the *Triumph*, saw the great *Sant Aña* lagging behind the fleet, and bore down on her. Don Antonio de Layoa came with several great galleasses to the rescue; but Frobisher maintained the combat till Howard, seeing his danger, brought the *Ark Royal* and four more ships to support him. Howard caused his ship to attack the flag-ship, and each of the others fell upon an adversary. Broadside after broadside was poured in, but the Spanish balls mostly passed over the heads of the English, while the English did much execution on the great floating wooden castles before them. Some longed to board, but Howard had no sooner extricated Frobisher from his danger than he gave the signal to draw off, for in truth the English powder was becoming spent. The Armada went slowly onwards, pursued just out of range by the English, and Howard took this opportunity of sending for Martin Frobisher, John Hawkins, and three more captains, and knighting them on the deck of the *Ark Royal* for the bravery they had just displayed.

On the ensuing day, the 6th of August, the Armada reached Calais, where Medina Sidonia was to effect his junction with the great land army which Parma had in readiness to embark for the mouth of the Thames, or Dover.

The English, at last believing the matter in earnest, were flocking in to the standards of Leicester and Hunsdon. There was a great camp around Tilbury Fort, with Leicester for its commander, Sir John Norris, Sir Roger Williams, and many other tried warriors who had fought in the French and Dutch wars under him, all too few indeed to oppose such soldiers as Parma's, but doing their best to discipline the levies of stout farmers and peasants who flocked in under their feudal chiefs. Elizabeth herself came to her palace of Havering Bower, in the midst of the camp, and raised the spirit of her troops by reviewing them, on the hill by Tilbury Church, mounted on a white horse, wearing a steel breast-plate, and with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, the sword of state, and a helmet covered with plumes being carried beside her. She made a speech which stirred the loyalty of all who heard it. "Let tyrants fear," she said; "my strength and safeguard is in the loyal hearts of my subjects. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king

CAMEO XXVII.
Elizabeth at Tilbury. 1588.

of England." The troops were full of passionate loyalty, and the county gentlemen were presented to her at her palace, when she showed a knowledge of the lineage of each which enchanted them. She meant, no doubt, to cast in her lot with her troops, whose valour would have striven to defend her life to the last. Chains were placed across the river, and Gravesend was fortified, but there was no commissariat; Leicester did nothing but rush about trying to get food brought in, while Norris and Williams dashed off to Dover in case the fight should be there. The peril was fearful, far greater than most in that army realised. For in, the narrow strait lay the great crescent, very little injured as yet, waiting for the terrible army to come on board. There were one hundred and thirty huge ships. Behind them lay one hundred and fifty English ones, of all sizes down to cock-boats. Lord Howard and Admiral Winter stood together on the deck of the *Ark Royal*. "Considering their hugeness," said Winter, "it will not be possible to remove them but by a device," and then he spoke of sending fire-ships among them, and a signal being hung out from the flag-ship. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and the other chief captains came to Lord Howard's cabin for consultation. They thought well of Winter's "device," and Sir Henry Palmer went into Dover in quest of old rotten hulks, timber, and combustibles, but he could not return in time, and the other captains decided on acting at once, lest Parma should come out in the boats he had prepared and cross to England, protected by the Armada. A bark named *Talbot* and five other small vessels were chosen, and readily sacrificed by their owners. They were filled with whatever would burn quickest, and smeared with sulphur, tar, and rosin; their guns were loaded, and twenty vessels escorted them to a place where at midnight, at the right moment when the tide served, they were set on fire, the helms secured, the boats lowered for the crews, who rowed behind as the fire-ships, soon beginning to blaze, drifted straight down upon the terrible crescent.

Cries were heard, "The fire of Antwerp!" "Cut your cables!" and as the guns went off the panic became greater. Two great ships caught fire, and blazed up; the others, momentarily expecting a great explosion, went dashing against each other in the dark or amid wild, confusing lights, and when morning came the Armada was to be seen bruised and maimed, six miles off, and one great galleass, the *St. Lawrence*, commanded by Don Hugo de Monçada, not far off, having been entangled all night in a cable, but now, with all her 450 oars, making for Calais harbour. The *Ark Royal* and the *Margaret and Joan* gave chase, but warily, because of the shallowness of the water, which stopped them just as the *St. Lawrence* was grounded on the Bar. At once Lord Howard lowered two pinnaces, manned with noble gentlemen, who rowed up to her, and poured in small shot, while her heavy ordnance fired over their heads. Don Hugo, putting out his head at a port-hole to see the course of affairs, was shot in the eye and killed on the spot, and a panic ensued, the crew and the soldiers jumping overboard

CAMEO XXVII. — *Before Calais.* 1588.

and swimming towards the land, so that many were drowned; the remaining men held up handkerchiefs or rapiers in token of surrender, and the English rushed on board. To carry off their prize, it was needful to lighten the ship, which they did by transferring her huge store of plunder to their own boats. While they were so doing the French governor of Calais, M. Gourdon, sent out his nephew in his boat, with compliments on their valour, permission to carry off the stores, but a prohibition to take away the ship or the ordnance. Lieutenant Jonson, the only man present who could speak French, politely thanked him for his permission to carry off what they *had won* at the sword's point, but for the rest, referred him to the Lord Admiral in the *Ark Royal*, and the Frenchman did not think it needful to proceed any farther. His gentlemen meantime had gone on board the *St. Lawrence*, where the English sailors laid hands on them and stripped them of their rings and jewels. They carried their complaints to the Governor, who caused the guns of Calais to open fire, and thus drove off the English, and forced them to leave the store of ammunition which they greatly needed.

Meantime Frobisher, Drake, and Hawkins were pursuing Medina Sidonia to prevent him from rallying his fleet. The crescent was forming again off Gravelines, and here the great battle took place. All the chief captains on either side were engaged from nine A.M. on that 9th of August for six full hours, the wind rising all the time and veering round to the north-west. There was no lack of valour on the part of the Spaniards, but they were not sailors enough to manage their unwieldy vessels in narrow, unknown seas, where they had expected the aid of the Flemish pilots. Their Captain-General was bitterly disappointed and thought himself betrayed by France. However, he and all his people fought desperately, but before night three great galleasses had sunk, thirteen more were wrecked or taken, nearly all were disabled or dismasted, and to avoid drifting on the shore of Holland, he had to bear away to the north-east, the experienced sailors declaring that the fight had been far more deadly than that of Lepanto.

The English followed, but with all their ammunition spent. On the 9th the Armada was almost driven on the hostile sands of Zealand, but the wind, changing to the south-west, enabled it to bear away to the north, while most of the disabled ships fell into the hands of the Dutch. The flag of one, the *St. Matthew*, was hung up in the great church at Leyden, where it reached from the roof to the floor.

Lord Henry Seymour was told off, much against his wishes, to guard the mouth of the Thames, while Howard, Drake, and Frobisher went on in pursuit, their crews starving, and without powder. Otherwise, no doubt, the whole Armada would have been theirs, but the enemy, not knowing of their destitution, never attempted to turn back and face them. Up to the 14th of August this pursuit went on, when the English ships were opposite to the Firth of Forth. On that night the weather, which had hitherto been nearly calm, broke up, and a frightful

CAMEO XXVII.
Destruction of the Spanish. 1588.

tempest arose. The English ships rode it out, and sought harbour where they could, without a single loss; but the unhappy Spanish, already much damaged and without pilots, were whirled headlong before the hurricane, some driven at once on Scottish rocks, some to the rugged coasts of Norway. Medina Sidonia was wrecked on the Orkney Isles, Aguedo and thirty-six more succeeded in rounding the capes of Scotland, but only to be driven on the shores of Ireland, where, Romanists as the people were, they had no pity, but slew many as they landed, and sent the others tied in halters, two and two, to England. The organ in Trinity College hall at Dublin is said to have been part of the spoil, and there are implements at the Tower of London which the English firmly believed to be thumb-screws and other tortures of the Inquisition, but which some say may have had a more peaceful purpose.

Out of 30,000 men only 10,000 returned to Spain, and out of 134 vessels but 53. It was one of the greatest disasters ever suffered by a nation; and in the meantime the Duke of Parma, whose representations had been neglected, and who had his army in full readiness to embark in a single day, was raging, as Drake said, like a bear robbed of her whelps, while all the blame of the failure was most unfairly cast on him, whereas the real cause (humanly speaking) was that Philip II. was incapable of understanding his counsels.

It was a mighty deliverance, and the English captains were the first to ascribe the praise and thanks where it was due. They knew best how little they could have done without the Divine Hand that had indeed saved them; "God had been their friend," said Seymour, and the Queen was foremost in a great public thanksgiving.

We will not dwell on the darker sides of the story—how many brave seamen, starved or diseased by the Queen's niggardly rations, died miserably, to the grief and indignation of Howard, who was little consoled by the Earldom of Nottingham; nor how Hawkins and Frobisher fiercely quarrelled with Drake about the ransom of Valdez, and the treasure in his ship.

The Queen proposed to make Leicester Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, but Burleigh, Walsingham, and Hatton united in showing her that this would put a most dangerous amount of power into the hands of a subject, and though the patent was made out, she would not sign it. Leicester was bitterly disappointed, no doubt thinking he had well deserved the honour, after his exertions at Tilbury. He quitted the Court, and died at Cornbury on the 14th of September, 1588, before even the goose was eaten, which is supposed to have become a Michaelmas institution in honour of the defeat of the Armada.

Most probably he died of a fever caught during his exertions at Tilbury, aggravated by his vexation; but his wife, Lettice Knollys, did not escape suspicion, as she was said to have fallen in love with Sir Christopher Blount, and therefore to have got rid of her second husband as before of her first. Leicester was fifty-five years old, and

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Death of Leicester. 1588.

his death took place on the twenty-eighth anniversary of that of Amy Robsart. His only legitimate child, "a noble imp," as he is called on his monument at Warwick, had died at three years old; but he left as much as was in his power to Robert Dudley, his son by Douglas, Lady Sheffield. The Queen bewailed him with many tears, as one whom she had known and loved ever since she had met him in those perilous times of her imprisonment in the Tower, and whom no doubt she would have wedded if she had dared; and yet she does not seem to have had any compunction in seizing his movable property for debts due to her, and thus overthrowing all his intended legacies, while her fondness was transferred to his step-son, the Earl of Essex, but it was more like love towards a son than towards a lover.

The Queen was in reality more secure than ever she had been from attacks, but the army of Parma was not disbanded, and the dread and distrust of Roman Catholics as necessarily traitors was enhanced. There were six of her clergy and twenty-three of her laity executed before the end of the year, and the trial of the Earl of Arundel soon followed them.

He was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, who had been executed for his plans of marrying Mary, and therefore did not bear the title, but that of Arundel, which came to him through his mother. His wife was a Romanist, and he had incurred enough suspicion on his father's account to cause him to be kept under surveillance. He had been won over by Campian's arguments, and in 1585 he had been reconciled to the Roman Catholic Church. He then tried to flee from England, but was overtaken and thrown into the Tower. He was tried for contempt of the royal authority, fined, and imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. He was now accused by a captive priest of having asked him to say a mass for the success of the Spaniards. One of the other prisoners declared him to have wished well to them; and on this he was tried before twenty-four peers in Westminster Hall. The priest held to his accusation; the other captive, under Arundel's eye, denied it; and the Earl solemnly declared that he only wished to pray for his own safety. He was condemned, and no answer was made to his entreaty that he might see his wife and son, a child born since his imprisonment. Burleigh and Watson were urgent with the Queen to spare him. She sent no reprieve, and he never rose in the morning without expecting to lay his head on the block before night, as no doubt he would have done had there been any fresh outbreak or alarm, but the execution never took place, and he died in the eleventh year of his captivity, without having ever beheld his son.

The Roman Catholics felt the weight of Elizabeth's hand very heavily during the remainder of her reign. The priests, some in the spirit of martyrs, some in that of intriguers, many with a mixture of both, continued to circulate from one house to another. Priests' chambers were contrived in the thickness of walls, or under staircases, and the utmost dangers were braved for what these clergy and their flocks

CAMEO XXVII.

Persecution of Romish Priests. 1588.

believed the only true religion. Whenever a priest was convicted of saying mass, of having been ordained beyond sea, or denying the Queen's supremacy, he was sentenced to the death of a traitor, and though he might escape by recanting, he was almost always staunch. Harbouring a priest, or being admitted to the Roman Catholic Church, was equally penal in the laity, and forty-nine suffered, of whom two were women. One lady deliberately submitted to be pressed to death with weights rather than give evidence. Recusants, as the Roman Catholic gentry were termed, had to pay a fine of 20*l.* every lunar month, and whenever they fell into arrears they were liable to have two-thirds of their property confiscated. Sometimes they made a composition for a fixed annual sum, but even then they were fined 100*l.*, and underwent a year's imprisonment, whenever they were detected hearing mass. while the poorer ones were sometimes branded with a red-hot iron.

CAMEO XXVIII.

MARTIN MARPRELATE.

(1583—1593.)

England.
1558. Elizabeth.

Spain.
1555. Philip II.

Scotland.
1567. James VI.

Germany.
1576. Rudolph II.

France.
1574. Henry III.
1589. Henry IV.

Rome.
1572. Gregory XIII.
1585. Sixtus V.
1590. Urban VII.
1591. Gregory XIV.
1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Expedition to Portugal. 1589.

THE destruction of the Armada inspired all England with ardour to carry on the war and to attack the enemy in their own quarters; and indeed it was advisable to do so, for the strength of Spain was by no means broken.

The Portuguese pretender to the throne, Don Antonio, was at Elizabeth's court, and the Parliament petitioned her to fit out an expedition on his behalf. She replied that she should rejoice to do so, but that she could not afford the cost, whereupon an association was voluntarily formed, and a subscription set on foot, to which Elizabeth contributed 6,000*l.*, and lent the ships of war, together with others raised by the fund, which carried a brave troop of volunteers, 2,000 in number, ninety of them young gentlemen and noblemen, under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris.

The young Earl Robert of Essex followed after them, having fled secretly from court. He had done so once before in order to go to the relief of Sluys, but the Queen had then sent Robert Carey off to stop him, and he had been caught at Sandwich and brought home. She now sent the Earl of Huntingdon to fetch the runaway; but Essex had made better speed, and was already on board a ship of the appropriate name of *Swiftsure*, and was out of harbour before the Earl reached Plymouth.

The orders were that the fleet should show itself on the shores of Portugal, in hopes that the people would rise on behalf of Don Antonio; but Drake had gone his own way so long that he did not heed any instructions, and chose to begin by falling on Corunna, an entirely Spanish town.

He took the vessels in the harbour and the suburb surrounding it, and

CAMEO XXVIII.

Attack on Lisbon. 1589.

made a breach in the wall; but the garrison repulsed all their assaults, and 300 men were killed by the fall of a tower. Norris had attacked the Count of Andrada, and drove him from his entrenchments, but with a heavy loss. The English were forced to re-embark, and were immediately after joined by the *Swiftsure*. Then they made a descent on Penicha, and Essex was the first man to leap into the surf. The castle was easily taken; but no one seemed disposed to rise in favour of Antonio, and the fleet went on to Lisbon, the army marching by land through Torres Vedras.

The governor of the city was an experienced general named Fontejo. He let Essex knock at the gates of Lisbon and demand admission, without making any reply; but whenever a party of stragglers left the English camp, the Spaniards sallied out and cut them off. Sickness began to make inroads among the English; Norris declared he could do nothing without more ammunition and artillery, and, in spite of the entreaties of Don Antonio, he re-embarked his troops at Cascaes. After plundering Vigo the squadron returned, chased by Spaniards, and having lost half their men; but as there were no Special Correspondents, the Queen and the country were content to accept the expedition as a gallant act of retaliation.

Essex came home to find his mother married to an adventurer named Sir Christopher Blunt, so precipitately and secretly as to give colour to the accusation of having poisoned Leicester for his sake. Sir Martin Frobisher set forth on another voyage to the West, and made many captures; in fact the Spanish Main became the plundering ground of the English and Dutch sailors for many ensuing years. For the Dutch were thoroughly ready to profit by the consternation that followed the failure of the Armada. The death of Henri III. had made France appear to Philip II. a more promising field of conquest than England; Parma was in communication with the chiefs of the League, and was to hold himself in readiness to invade France and attack the Bearnese Calvinist. Meanwhile his health appeared to be breaking, although he ought to have been still in the vigour of life.

Young Maurice of Nassau had in the meantime reached the years of manhood. He was a grave youth, far more taciturn than his father, called William the Silent, had ever been. He knew that it was by engineering that a country like Holland must defend itself, and he had given himself up with unremitting energy to the study of mathematics for the last four years, under an able tutor. His cousin, Louis William, the Stadtholder of Friesland, at the same time was studying military tactics in ancient history, and forming an army capable of moving rapidly in small bodies, and adapting itself to pass over the ground among the canals without breaking rank. Thus his little army of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse was in perfect discipline and thoroughly manageable; and the free cities kept it well paid, so that there was none of the disposition to mutiny which was the consequence of the sparing doles that Philip sent to Parma's army. John of Old Barneveldt was ripening as a statesman,

CAMEO XXVIII.

Taking of Breda. 1590.

and the strength and prudence of the little commonwealth were becoming renewed, after the terrible blow it had sustained in the loss of William of Orange.

Many strong forts and towns in its own territory were still garrisoned by the Spaniards, or had been taken by them in the recent war. Breda, originally a possession of the Counts of Nassau, was one of these, and was held by a body of Italians, commanded by Odoardo Lanzavecchia. The master of a small vessel, which was in the habit of supplying the garrison with turf for fuel, came to Maurice and proposed to him a scheme for recovering the fortress. Maurice consulted Barneveldt, who approved, and recommended as leader one Charles de la Herangière, a nobleman of Cambrai. This captain chose out sixty-eight of the bravest men, and on the 25th of February, 1590, with these and three officers went to the canal at eleven o'clock to meet the boatman. They missed him, and wandered about half the night in search of him. When they met him, he said he had overslept himself, and feared the plot had been discovered; but he promised to meet them the next night with his vessel. However, instead of coming himself, he sent his two nephews, whom he ju tly called dare-devils. These men packed away the seventy-two, like the Greeks in the Trojan horse, in the hold of the little vessel, blocks of peat being all that was visible, and then slowly made their way up the stream in a fog and rain, with a contrary wind, and great masses of ice floating down, so that from Monday to Thursday the little troop lay packed tightly in the hold, unable to move, and with nothing to eat or drink. By that time, to recruit their powers, it was needful to land them at a lonely castle, where they waited till eleven at night, and re-embarked with a better wind; but still they had to crouch uncomplainingly in this miserable durance for nearly two more days.

On Saturday afternoon they were in the outer harbour, close to the water-gate. An officer of the garrison came out to see the skipper and hasten the entrance, saying that the castle was in much need of fuel. He looked at the turf, and even entered the little cabin, where there was a mere plank between him and the ambush, so that the slightest sound would have been ruin; but he went away unsuspiciously, and said he would send men to warp the vessel into dock.

He had not long been gone before some sunken obstruction damaged the little vessel, making a leak, so that the men crouching below were up to their knees in water, and vigorous pumping was needed to prevent the heavily-laden boat from sinking outright. However, some Italian soldiers hauled her in, and made her fast to the quay close to the castle gates, where crowds of all kinds thronged on board, eager to purchase the turf, which was rapidly unloaded.

What made the danger greater was that the cold of the water set all the hidden party uncontrollably coughing and sneezing. One of the officers entreated the comrade next to him to stab him to the heart when his cough burst out the more violently the more it was checked. Nothing saved them but the readiness of the skipper, who

CAMEO XXVIII.

The ambush at Breda. 1590.

kept the pump working with such a clatter as to drown all other sounds.

When it was growing dark he declared that no more could be unloaded that night, and by bestowing a *trink geld* upon the workmen he got rid of them, but the captain's servant lingered, complaining that the peat was not good and would not please his master.

"Ah!" said the skipper, "tell your master that the best part of the cargo is underneath. This is specially reserved for the captain; he will get enough of it to-morrow."

With this double-edged answer the servant went away, and the skipper sent off his brother to Prince Maurice with the tidings that thus much had been done, and likewise that the governor, Lanzavecchia, fancying an attack was to be made upon Gertruydenberg, which was also under his charge, had gone off thither, leaving only his nephew, a mere youth. When all was quite dark and still the cramped ambush crept out, stretched their limbs, and ate and drank. At midnight, Herangière divided them into two companies—one to attack the guard-house, the other to seize the arsenal. The first sentinel challenged them. Herangière seized him by the throat, and commanded him to speak in a whisper if he valued his life. "How many in the garrison?" "Three hundred and fifty," was the answer, which Herangière passed on as "fifty" for fear of discouraging his men.

In a few moments the guard had turned out into the court, but were overpowered and slain. Young Lanzavecchia made a sally with the garrison, but was wounded and driven back with a few men; while the rest, bewildered by the sudden attack in the dark, fled into the town. He attempted to parley, hoping to gain time for his uncle's return, but by dawn of day Count Hohenlohe and a strong body were at the gates, and in the course of the morning Maurice and his army arrived, and received the submission of the inhabitants. Fair terms were offered them, and the garrison were allowed to depart. Forty of them had been killed, and not a single Dutchman; but Parma was so angry that 350 trained soldiers in a fortified castle should have surrendered to seventy Dutchmen in a turf-boat, that he had three captains publicly beheaded at Brussels. Maurice, however, went on taking fortresses, and had gained seven by the end of the summer.

The court of Elizabeth had blossomed forth again in all its splendour, and the young Earl of Essex was its hero. Nay, Elizabeth, old as she was, treated every lady on whom he cast a favourable eye with jealous dislike, and her anger was great on the discovery that he had actually married in secret Frances, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney.

Essex had been long trying to persuade her to restore Davison to his post as secretary; and, on the other hand, Burghley was trying to put forward his second son, Robert Cecil, a clever, but small and almost deformed man. In her pique, Elizabeth decided in favour of Cecil, whom she knighted, and who, as her old councillors dropped off one by one, became gradually her chief adviser. Walsingham did not long

CAMEO XXVIII.

Archbishop Whitgift. 1583.

survive his daughter's second marriage, and Elizabeth found herself, in the height of her glory, beginning to be left alone by the supporters of her youth.

However, she had gained a friend in the Primate.

Archbishop Grindal had died in 1583. His successor was John Whitgift, a good man and a resolute, who could upon occasion oppose the Queen herself, yet whom she much respected and loved. She sometimes called him her White Gift, or her little black husband, for his hair and eyes were black, and he was small in stature. His orders were Anglican, and he was a thorough English Churchman, anxious to enforce discipline and revive learning and attachment to the Church. He never married, but made his household a kind of theological college, filling it with young scholars, over whose instruction he watched. He was a man of ascetic personal habits, but of princely hospitality, with a large household, stately and well ordered, and a large guard of armed retainers. On his first journey into Kent, he had in his retinue forty gentlemen with gold chains, and a hundred servants in livery, besides two hundred armed men; and as the gentlemen of Kent had mustered to receive him, he entered Canterbury at the head of a thousand horse. An Italian, who chanced to have just come to England at the time on a mission to the Queen, was extremely astonished to see how much respect was paid to an Archbishop; and when on Sunday he saw the clergy in their robes and hoods, and heard the choral service, accompanied by organs, cornets, and sackbuts, he was amazed, and told an English gentleman that at Rome it was supposed that the English had neither Bishop nor Archbishop, that all their churches were pulled down, and that their ministers prayed and preached in the woods and fields among trees and brute beasts, but that for his part he had never, except in the Pope's chapel, seen so solemn a sight, or heard such a heavenly sound.

The Archbishop only visited his diocese once in three years, although he seems to have been regarded as almost a model Primate. Puritans were much aggrieved at all this state and splendour, and at the definite doctrine which accompanied it.

Archbishop Whitgift was unwilling to meddle in any matters beyond his office. He used always to appear at the Council board early in the morning and ask whether there were any Church matters on for the day. If not, he would say, "then good-morrow, my lords," and depart. If there were, he would remain until they were despatched.

In 1584, the Puritans presented a petition to Parliament, praying for the adoption of the Book of Discipline prepared by Cartwright and Travers. This would have overthrown the Prayer-book and Episcopacy, and have reduced England to the condition of Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland. There were plenty of courtiers longing for the property of the hierarchy, and many of the Commons were of Puritan sentiments. These last adopted a petition that

CAMEO XXVIII.

Puritan Petition. 1584.

a Bill for the furthur reformation of the Church, and for the acceptance of the Book of Discipline, be brought in—that the clergy should not be required to sign the Articles of the Church, and that priests should be declared equally competent with Bishops to ordain.

The Commons hoped these proposals would be adopted by the Lords, since Burghley was known to be of Puritan inclination; but he knew the Queen would never forgive him for supporting it, and spoke strongly against it, as did both the Archbishops, and the Lords decided that the Book of Common Prayer was not to be disturbed.

Whitgift followed this up with an additional set of canons for the Church. That among them which is most frequently brought to our minds is the one which requires that a man presenting himself for ordination should have a title to Holy Orders, namely, some immediate office to which to be ordained; as well as that he should bring full testimonials as to his character, and be able to give an account of his faith in Latin. The canons also required that a clergyman holding more than one benefice should give part of the year to each cure, and that they should not be more than thirty miles apart.

The Puritans, dissatisfied with this rule, wanted all pluralities to be done away with at a blow; but there was a general outcry from the clergy that this would interfere with the prerogative of the Crown, overthrow the study of divinity, and bring in a base and unlearned clergy, and the Bill was thrown out.

When this Parliament was prorogued, the Queen sharply scolded the Commons for interfering with the Church, and the Bishops for, as she said, having caused the trouble by their negligence—concluding, as the true type of all her nation, that she would not "animate Romanism nor tolerate new fangleness."

This next year a most excellent appointment was made by Archbishop Whitgift of the learned Richard Hooker to the Mastership of the Temple. This good and holy man was born of a poor family at Heavitree, near Exeter, in 1554. He was noticed by Bishop Jewel, who obtained his admission to Corpus Christi College at Oxford. He became a fellow, and was Hebrew lecturer. After his Ordination, being advised to marry, he was so simple as to ask his landlady to recommend him a wife. She proposed her niece, Joan, whom he actually married, a rough, coarse, ignorant woman, who would hunt him from his books to rock the cradle or do her errands, he obeying with gentle meekness and readiness.

In 1585, the Archbishop made him Master of the Temple. The afternoon lecturer, Walter Travers, was a Puritan, and their sermons were so unlike that the lawyers said that they heard Canterbury in the forenoon, and Geneva in the afternoon. Whitgift ejected Travers on some question about his ordination; he presented

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Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. 1593.

a supplication to the Privy Council, and an answer was made by Hooker. The controversy led to Hooker's writing the first great and learned work which the Anglican Church had produced, his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, defending and explaining her position, and thus beginning to mark out her line of theology.

The Puritans, in spite of their defeat, tried the next year to get their Book of Discipline accepted; and were again foiled, the Queen declaring herself satisfied with the present settlement of religion. Of the disappointed Puritans, 500 ministers had subscribed the Book of Discipline, but there was a division among them whether they ought immediately to begin their worship openly according to it, or submit for the present to the decision of the State, until they could bring authority round to them, probably looking forward to a more decidedly Protestant reign.

They did truly endeavour to mould, or rather to challenge, public opinion by the writings they put out. A pamphlet, called *A Request against Cathedrals*, denounced "piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trawling of psalms from one side of the choir to the other, with the squealing of chanting choristers disguised, as are all the rest, in white surplices, some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the manner and fashion of Antichrist the Pope."

In 1588, when the Armada was daily expected, and hatred and dread of Rome at its height, there began to appear a succession of pamphlets professing to be written by "Martin Marprelate," under which title several persons were writing the bitterest libels against the Church, seasoned with all the evenomed wit they could command. The abuse was outrageous, Whitgift was called "Beelzebub of Canterbury," "Pope of Lambeth," and "Caiaphas"; and the clergy fared no better, the object being to confound them with Rome.

The pamphlets were privately printed at a press which was carried from one place to another, as there was fear of detection. Some laymen of good position furnished the money, and a cobbler named Newman managed the distribution of the tracts. They bore absurd titles, such as *Have ye any work for a Cooper?* in allusion to the name of the Bishop of Winchester; *Martin's Mineral*, and the like; and they sowed much disaffection among the people. The Queen insisted on their being put a stop to, ordering the Archbishop and the Council to arrest them; but this did not prove an easy matter, for the press was carried from place to place, and was first at Moulsey, then at Kingston-on-Thames, at Coventry, and other towns, till the Earl of Derby seized it at Manchester, with an outrageous libel called *More work for a Cooper*, in type.

Then it was discovered that a young Welshman named Penry, and a suspended minister called Udal, were the principal authors, and they were brought before the Council, where Udal was convicted and sentenced to death, but, on the intercession of the Archbishop, was pardoned, though retained in prison. There was not sufficient proof

CAMEO XXVIII. — *Marprelate's Tracts.* 1593.

against Penry, and he was released. Going into Scotland, he continued to emit scurrilous writings against the Queen and the Bishops, until, in 1593, coming to London to offer another petition, he was arrested and put to death.

Bishop Cooper had accepted the challenge by producing a learned vindication of his order, in which each prelate wrote an answer to the charges against himself; and one Thomas Nash met the libellers on their own ground by broad raillery in pamphlets bearing the droll names of *Pap with an Hatchet, A Fig for my Godson, Crack me this Nut, An Almond for a Parrot by Cuthbert Curryknave, A Counter Cuff to Martin Junior;* and Cuthbert Curryknave is said to have been far more witty than Martin Marprelate.

Martin Marprelate's audacity occasioned measures to be taken against Thomas Cartwright, the leader of the Nonconformists. In 1590, he was summoned before the Queen's Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and called upon to clear himself upon oath from sundry offences—such as having cast off and despised his Orders, being freshly set apart for the ministry by foreigners, not using the Prayer-book in public worship, preaching against it, preventing his wife from going to be churched, favouring Martin Marprelate's publications, subscribing the Book of Discipline, and the like.

Cartwright refused to make any answer, or to take his oath, declaring that there was no divine law to compel him to do so; and sixteen other ministers followed his example, and were all committed to the Fleet, whither they went very quietly.

Their friends persuaded King James of Scotland to write to Queen Elizabeth on their behalf. He probably did so under constraint from the Presbyterians around him, for he manifested no annoyance that his intercession did not avail them. They were brought up several times for examination, and were ready to answer and explain, but not to take an oath respecting the whole of the Articles. However, the Archbishop, who had in his Cambridge days held a sharp controversy with Cartwright, had the friendly feelings towards him of an honourable antagonist, and obtained his release.

A fanatic maltster named Hacket was executed for blasphemy. Fuller says that he was reported to have begun his career by biting off his schoolmaster's nose. He had become an informer against Popish recusants, a recognised calling; and consorting with Nonconformists, became so imbued with their hatred of all authority in Church matters, that he once struck his dagger into a picture of the Queen, as near the heart as possible. Later, he declared himself to see visions and have revelations, laid claim to inspiration, and believed himself invulnerable and unconquerable. He actually infected two gentlemen of good connection, and the three held forth in a cart at Cheapside, uttering monstrous impieties. The next day all three were sent to Bridewell, though, as Fuller says, "some conceived Bedlam to be the proper place for them." To confute Hacket's declaration of invulnerability,

CAMEO XXVIII. — *Hacket.* 1593.

"Dr. Childerly, Rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, actually challenged him in his cell to grip arms with him and try the wrists. The doctor (though with some difficulty, Hacket being a foul, strong lubber) yet fairly twisted his wrists almost to the breaking thereof, but not to the bowing of him to any confession or remorse; whilst the other, presently hasteth home to his house, locked himself up in his study, and with fasting and prayer begged pardon of God for his pride and boldness, that having neither precept nor precedent for his practice in Scripture he should adventure on such a trial, wherein justly he might have been worsted for his presumption; and discreet men will more commend the relenting tenderness of his heart than the sleight and strength of his hands." After this effort of muscular Christianity, Hacket was executed. One of his companions starved himself to death in prison; the other came to his senses, was pardoned, and "printed a plain book of his hearty repentance."

The utterances of Marprelate and the aberrations of Hacket had greatly changed the current of the English mind. The Commons not only threw out a bill against Church Courts, but passed one sending to prison those above sixteen years old who would not come to church and frequented conventicles. If they would not give up their errors they were to be banished, and if they returned were punished with death, and the carrying out of this law was enjoined on the secular, not the ecclesiastical, authority. This was partly levelled at the followers of Robert Browne, kinsman of Lord Burghley, and the founder of a sect which viewed all Christians as equal, and hated the government of Presbyters as much as that of Bishops. Sir Walter Raleigh declared at the passing of this act that there were 20,000 Brownists in England, and asked, if they were all banished, who was to maintain their families?

The prisons were already full of persons whom the Ecclesiastical Commission had kept languishing there, hoping to bring them to take the oaths by the mild measure of starving them, loading them with fetters, beating them with cudgels, keeping them in the society of "the most facinorous and violent" criminals, and thrusting them into "Little Ease," a horrible hole or living grave in which no uncramped posture was possible. To the survivors of these unfortunates, the sentence of banishment was no small relief, and large numbers of sectarians took up their abode in Holland, where in all the chief towns they founded their so-called churches, each according to his own notion of Scripture, and each stranger than the last. The Puritans were altogether discouraged, and during the last years of Elizabeth's reign kept quiet, hoping for greater advances if the Scottish king should be her successor. The beneficed clergy of Puritan principles and their flocks avoided the surplice, the cross in Baptism, and the bended knee at the Eucharist whenever they could do so without being summoned into the Bishop's court; and the children born to them were afflicted with the most extraordinary names, sometimes from the genealogies in Scripture, and

CAMEO XXVIII. — *Puritan Names.* 1593.

sometimes new inventions. The family of Mr. Hopkinson, of Salehurst, consisted of Persis, Renewed, and Safe-on-high; and Mr. Helye, of Warbleton, had round his table, Much Mercye, Increased, Sin-denye, and Fear-not; nay, some of these ministers would not even christen other people's children by unhallowed names, and one of them was actually presented to Archbishop Whitgift for denying Baptism to an infant who was to receive no worse name than Richard.

Meanwhile the troubles of the Irish Church were enhanced by quarrels between Archbishop Adam Loftus and Sir John Perrot, the Lord Deputy. Perrot was on the whole one of the best deputies Ireland had had. He was believed to be a son of Henry VIII., and had much of the Tudor geniality, as well as a rough and ready hand, and perfect honesty. He declared that he could easily govern the Irish, but that no power could control her Majesty's English servants, so violent and unjustifiable were their aggressions on the natives. He saw and deplored the wretched state of the Church, and advised the founding of a college for the training of the clergy and gentry. To this purpose he wished (Tudor fashion) to apply the building and revenues of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but as the canonries were almost the only patronage possessed by the Archbishop of Dublin, Loftus hotly opposed him, and nothing could be done in his time. When Perrot resigned his post, in 1586, there was a general mourning, and crowds, alike of English and Irish, came down to the water side with him, bemoaning his having been driven away by the rapacious colleagues with whom Elizabeth had saddled him.

However, the idea of a college had found favour with Archbishop Loftus, and in 1590 a meeting was held between him and the corporation of Dublin in which it was determined to petition the Queen to grant for the purpose the buildings of the old decayed monastery of All Hallows.

Henry Ussher, Archdeacon of Dublin, was sent to England with the petition, which was graciously acceded to, a subscription was set on foot, and on the 13th March, 1592, Thomas Smith, Mayor of Dublin, laid the first stone of Trinity College, and the next year it was advanced enough to receive its first scholars, one of whom, James Ussher, was destined to prove one of the most learned men of his time. The organ was provided out of the Church furniture captured in the Armada, and still remains in the hall.

Assuredly the need was great, for Edmund Spenser, writing his Review of Ireland about this time, says "the clergy neither read the Scriptures, nor preach to the people, nor administer the Communion, but Baptism they do, for they christen yet, after the Popish fashion. Only they take the tythes and the offerings." The Churches were in ruins, or repaired in an uncomely fashion, which grieved the poet's heart, and meanwhile priests and monks of the Roman Church were winning the hearts of the native Irish by giving them such teaching as no one had afforded them before.

CAMEO XXIX.

THE NEMESIS OF THE S. BARTHOLOMEW.

(1588—1589.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1574. Henry III.
		1589. Henry IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1572. Gregory XIII.
		1585. Sixtus V.

CAMEO XXIX.

The States-General of France 1588.

IN the September of 1588, whilst the fragments of the Armada were struggling homewards, according to promise, the great château at Blois was the scene of the assembly of the States-General, the nearest approach that France possessed to a representative assembly. Henri III. had hoped that this might lead to the recovery of his power, and that the balance would be in his favour. In this hope, he caused a fast of three days to be observed, and then, together with the Duke of Guise, received the Holy Eucharist at the hands of Cardinal de Bourbon, and both swore to be wholly reconciled, and oblivious of the past offences. Probably they were so far sincere that each meant to be very forgiving if he were perfectly successful in having his own way.

The defeat of the Armada had so far cleared the way that there was less danger of all parties being overpowered by Spain, in favour of the Infanta Isabel Clara Eugenia, the only child of Henri II.'s second daughter Elizabeth. The eldest son of Claude of France and of the Duke of Lorraine was the heir on whom the house of Guise was set, and so, secretly, was his grandmother, Catherine de Medici; but Henri III. in his heart still preferred his lawful successor, Henri of Navarre, though he had been forced to declare that prince incapable of succeeding while still a Calvinist. Still he cherished the hope that his cousin might be won over by self-interest to another change.

The Court had mustered in full state in the grand old palace of François I. The Queen Mother was there, anxious, broken, aged, yet still hoping to smooth matters, and presenting the same dignified stately front and unfailing courtesy to all parties. There, too, was the gentle Queen Louise and her widowed sister, the Duchesse de Joyeuse, but the two sisters had entreated their brother, the Duke of Mericour, not

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The States at Blois. 1588.

to appear there, though the Lorraine party mustered strong, both male and female. Madame de Nemours, the mother of the Guise family, was there, with four sons and four daughters. Foremost of these ladies was Madame de Montpensier, who behaved with open insolence to the King, and never spoke of him but as Friar Henri. Catherine of Cleves the Duchesse de Guise, was there likewise. She was far from being a happy wife, though she was proud of her husband, and called him "*le nonpair du monde.*" But he, though the favoured champion of his Church, had no idea, apparently, of connecting morality with religion, and was devoted to Madame de Noirmoutiers, the same lady who, sixteen years before, as Madame de Sauve, had betrayed the intention of Charles IX. of fleeing from Mont Pipeau under Coligny's protection before the S. Bartholomew.

The large hall of the castle was to be the general place of assembly of the three estates of the realm. When each deliberated separately, the clergy were to meet in the chapter-house of the Dominican Convent, the nobles in the Palais de Justice, and the Commons, or *Tiers État*, who represented the cities, in the Hotel de Ville. The clergy numbered 134, the nobles 180, the burghers 194.

On the 16th of October all met in a great hall. There was a dais at the upper end with a gorgeous throne for the King, and chairs for the two Queens. On the right was a bench covered with cloth of gold for the Cardinal of Bourbon, the Count of Soissons, and the Duke of Montpensier, both likewise Bourbons, and possible kings; while other nobles of princely blood, though not of French royalty, sat in their order. As high steward, the Duke of Guise had a chair below the King, but directly in front of the throne, with his back to the King, and his face to the assembly. The clergy assembled in full canonicals, the nobles in robes of state; they were marshalled to their places in order of precedence by six heralds in full and gorgeous array, and when all was ready the King was escorted to his throne by the Duke of Guise, with two hundred gentlemen armed with battleaxes. Henri looked grave and anxious; Guise, a splendid figure in his white satin suit, sat seeking out his adherents with his eyes; while the King spoke from behind and above him. It was, in fact, a trial of strength between the two. The King's object was the condemnation of the League; the Duke's, the ratification of the Union of Nancy, which excluded heretics from the throne. Each had hoped to find the majority on his side, but from the first it was plain that the whole strength was on the side of Guise and the Leaguers—influenced as they were by fanatical preachers in all the Churches of Blois.

The King gave way, and granted all that was required of him; and Guise stood triumphant, more overweening than ever, and boasting of having so managed the States-General that all had gone according to his wishes. The right of succession was taken away from Henri of Navarre, and when the King would have added a saving clause in case his heir should return to the Church, he was answered: "Sire, the

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Triumph of Guise. 1588.

prince is a withered and accursed branch, excommunicate, and not in any way to be recognised by faithful subjects." Still the King held out against sentencing his cousin without the summons, and save for what he was meditating, he would have been acting more worthily than ever in his life before. Meantime no money was granted to him, his household were famishing, his servants had no wages, and threatened to quit his service, and yet Blois was crowded with guests, and great feasts were continually held.

The ladies of the house of Guise made no secret of their exultation. Queen Catherine was the only person of the royal family whom they treated with ordinary respect; they were openly rude to Queen Louise, and Madame de Montpensier walked about with a pair of gold-handled scissors at her girdle, giving out that they were to cut the hair of the King when he should retire into his monastery.

The wiser friends of Guise thought his position extremely perilous. They knew the King to be so deeply cunning, that they took his submission to the haughty conduct of the Guise family to be a sign that he meant to be suddenly revenged. Warnings in plenty were sent to the Duke to be on his guard, but he laughed at them all, secure in the enthusiasm of the men about him and in his own great personal strength. The Queen Mother knowing that his brother, the Duke of Mayenne, thought him going too far, sent for the latter, and begged him to warn Guise, but the two brothers had a fierce dispute in consequence of the coquetries of that mischievous woman Madame de Noirmoutiers; and Mayénne left Blois in consequence. Catherine herself then sent for the Duke, told him that her son was in a mood that she could not understand, and implored him to retire to his estates at Joinville, for she was convinced that there was some scheme against his life. "Madame," returned the Duke, "they dare not!" He daily attended on the King's supper with a retinue of exceeding splendour, and well armed, and showed himself absolutely determined to force the King into going through the final process which sanctioned for ever the decisions of the States-General.

Henri still held out against so doing, and in the meantime one festival took place, memorable because it was the last. It was the wedding of Christine of Lorraine, the King's niece, to Ferdinando of Tuscany, a Cardinal, who had obtained a dispensation to marry because his brother, the Grand Duke Francesco, had just died without heirs. Francesco and his wife, Bianca Capello, a profligate woman, had both died after eating some tarts at a feast at which the Cardinal was present. It was believed that Bianca had meant to poison her brother-in-law, but seeing her husband inadvertently eat one of the tarts, she exclaimed "Now all is over," took one herself, and perished with him.

The survivor, now Grand Duke, had, as last of his race, been permitted to marry, and the wedding took place at Blois, on the 28th of November, the King giving away his niece in the absence of her father, and the whole splendid company amusing themselves with ball, banquet,

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Murders at Blois. 1588.

comedy, and ballet, as at that wedding with crimson favours sixteen years before.

The crimson favours were not lacking now. One of the ladies of the palace had been mysteriously stabbed to the heart while dressing before her fire for the Queen's reception; and two or three days later there was a great fight between the pages of the numerous nobles, lads of high birth, more than a hundred in number, who, in the courtyard below the windows of the Queen Mother, divided into two parties, Royalist and Leaguer, and had a desperate fight with swords, in which several were killed, and many others wounded, before Crillon and his body-guard could part them. The Duke of Guise was in Catherine's apartments, and sat the whole time on a stool, never turning his head towards the gentlemen who were watching for a glance from him, nor would he stir, though Madame de Montpensier rushed in and besought him to escape, lest he should be accused of having caused the uproar in order to attempt the life of the King.

Early in December he sent his wife away to Paris for her confinement, and with her, Madame de Montpensier, whose foolish violence of language had made matters much worse. He continued secure, browbeating the King, and scorning all representations that the apparent patience of a man like Henri III. might be taken as an evidence of some deep and terrible design. He would not hear of going away. "He who leaves the game loses it," he said; and when his brother, the Cardinal de Guise, declared that matters could be wound up without his presence, he answered, "If I saw Death come in by the window, I would not flee by the door." As head of the nobles, Guise, and the Archbishop of Lyons as head of the clergy, continued absolutely to drive the King to extremity, insisting on the absolute exclusion of Henri of Navarre, on the reception of the Edict of Nantes, on having the city of Orleans given up to Guise, and on the ratification of an edict of the States-General reducing the amount of taxation. The taxes were oppressive and iniquitous, but it was no public spirit that reduced them; it was only the desire further to humiliate and drive to extremity the bankrupt King. At last Henri gave way to the violence of the Archbishop, and signed whatever was required.

But during the feasts that followed the wedding, he secretly sent for Marshal d'Aumont and De Rambouillet, a lawyer; and demanded of them if they would stand by him if he were to rid himself of his tyrant. They both promised to do so, Rambouillet declaring that Guise had clearly made himself guilty of treason. Both agreed that in a court of law he would have been sentenced to lose his head, and they drew the inference that as to cite him before any tribunal was impossible, it was permissible for the King to destroy him in whatever mode might be most effectual. The justification, such as it was, was far greater than either Henri or his victim had had for the murder of Coligny or the countless sufferers at Paris.—The decision was carefully kept from the Queen Mother, who

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Plot against Guise. 1588.

was confined to bed by a violent fit of gout. She knew that there was murder in the air, but after having held the reins for thirty years, they were dropping from her enfeebled hands at last; and, in spite of the outward deference paid to her, she knew that she was a mere cipher and could no longer direct.

Meantime Henri laid his plans for separating Guise from his constant bodyguard of devoted admirers, and killing him close to the council-chamber. The first person spoken to was Crillon, but fierce and unscrupulous as he was, he said he could not use his sword in an assassination. He would defy the Duke to single combat if required, or he would guard an ambush, but kill with his own hand in cold blood he could not. So an officer of the bodyguard named Lognac was selected, and he chose out eight of his comrades, who were to be brought by a private staircase to the antechamber between the council-chamber and the King's bedroom.

Warnings continued to be showered upon Guise, but he answered his cousin, the Duke d'Elbœuf, "If I had a hundred lives I would lose them all for the Church;" and then added, with his hand on his breast, "This is the garment of innocence." On the last day of his life, after a stormy interview with the King, he found several notes on the table, telling him that his life was about to be attempted; under one of these he wrote in pencil "They dare not," and he made the same remark when he found the same warning under his plate at supper.

He spent the night in the vicious indulgence which the ministers of the religion he defended never seem to have condemned in him, nor in the other men of his time; and at eight o'clock in the morning rose in haste, in obedience to a summons to the King's council-chamber, and was dressed in a grey satin suit, with his cloak over his arm. His brother, the Cardinal of Guise, and the Archbishop of Lyons, had both likewise been summoned. The King had been up since four o'clock, and had made all his preparations with the skill of a connoisseur in murder, seeing that his eight Gascon assassins had poniards and pistols, placing them in the antechamber, arranging the tapestry screen for himself, and posting other guards along the galleries.

Meantime Guise arrived. He was somewhat startled by finding the guards drawn up in the court on so cold a December morning, and attempted to go first to the Queen Mother, but he was told that she was asleep. He entered the council-room, where the Cardinal of Guise and the Archbishop of Lyons were waiting, having been also summoned. He presently coughed and shivered, begging that the fire might be lighted. The eye close to his scar began to water, and he felt for his handkerchief, but it had been forgotten in his haste. He sent his secretary for his own, but his servant brought him one of the King's. He then opened a silver shell in which he carried sweetmeats, but finding it empty, asked for some prunes. He ate one, but his nose began to bleed, and he laughed, saying it was in consequence of having come out in haste, without food.

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Murder of Guise. 1588.

The King sent his secretary, Revel, to call M. de Guise to speak to him. "How pale you look!" cried Henri. "Rub your cheeks, or you will spoil all."

The message was given. Guise gathered up his cloak, gloves, hat, and shell, and moved away with a courteous bow. He reached the door of the King's closet, and was lifting the curtain that hung over it, when the murderers sprang on him. Five wounds pierced him at once—on brow, neck, and breast. "Miséricorde, mon Dieu!" he cried, but the words were choked in blood. He could not draw his sword, but such was his strength that he dragged his murderers along with him to the foot of the King's bed, where he fell down helpless, though still breathing.

"Is it done?" cried Henri from behind a screen; and then, coming out, he stood gazing for a moment, and exclaimed, "How tall he is!" and then retreating, bade Revel examine the Duke's pockets and bring him any papers. A diamond ring was taken from the dying man's finger, a purse, and slip of paper; then, as there was a convulsive spasm, Revel said, "Monseigneur, while there is time, ask pardon of God and of the King." The lips moved, and the words "*Mes péchés*" came from them, and therewith the last breath was drawn.

Henri ordered a bedside carpet to be thrown over the corpse. The sounds had alarmed the Cardinal of Guise and the Archbishop of Lyons, who started up and flew to opposite doors, but were instantly arrested by the soldiers waiting there, and held while Lognac showed himself with his bloody sword; and Henri himself, coming forward, exclaimed, "At last I am a King, the Duke of Guise is dead!"

The Cardinal of Bourbon was dragged from his bed, and, trembling and weeping like a child, was hurried into the chamber, where the King, pointing to the corpse, abused the favourite claimant of the League violently. "Fool, knave, and puppet, do you know that but for your age, old idiot, I would treat you in the same way! You wanted to be second in the kingdom: I will make you so small that the least shall be greater than you."

The unhappy mother of Guise and all the other kindred of the house of Lorraine were likewise placed under arrest, and Henri, wrought up to a state of fury like that of his brother on the S. Bartholomew, talked of exterminating the whole family.

Soldiers were sent to the hall of the *Tiers État* by the provost-marshal, who announced that a conspiracy against the King had been discovered; while the soldiers behind him shouted "Kill, kill! shoot, shoot!" The frightened deputies declared themselves submissive to the King, and the provost-marshal accepted their submission, but made the most active and factious Leaguers among them follow him to the château, where they were shown two streams of blood issuing from beneath the door of the King's room, after which they were shut up in a small prison chamber.

Then Henri dressed himself to go to church (!), passing out through

CAMEO XXIX — *Death of Guise.* 1588.

the room where the body still lay at the foot of his bed. "There, gentlemen," he said to the nobles who stood around, "thus henceforth shall I punish the unfaithful."

He then went to his mother's room, where he found her in much pain, and the Archbishop of Paris reading the breviary to her. He said, "Madame, I have no rival now. Henceforth I am King of France."

"Promptitude and resolution alone can save you. May you only not be King of nothing," answered Catherine, hardly able to speak for pain.

After mass, a council was held on the fate of the two imprisoned prelates. The Cardinal of Guise had been a thorough partizan of his brother, had done violent things, and had said much that was treasonable and imprudent, and had moreover, on hearing of his brother's death, sworn that he would have vengeance. Henri was resolved on his death, perilous as it was to slay a cardinal, a prince of the Church, but he left the blow to be struck till the morning. The two prelates, in their cell, absolved one another, and at an early hour in the morning the Cardinal was called out. He knelt in prayer, but his butchers were impatient, and fell on him with swords and halberts so savagely that his remains could scarcely be recognised when he was laid beside his elder brother in a small chapel. The Archbishop of Lyons was spared.

Catherine sent for the unhappy mother and tried to give her some comfort; but the King came in during the interview, and the miserable duchess turned on him with fierce reproaches, which he answered with a brutal sneer that she should rejoice that her sons had died like Julius Cæsar. She begged permission to remove their bodies, but even this was refused. Henri knew that they would be treated as relics, and on that Christmas night they were destroyed, buried in quick lime apparently, but Richelieu declared that it was in consecrated ground.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," was as true in the sixteenth century as at the foundation of the world, and the thought may have been at Catherine's heart as she lay in her chamber on that dreadful Christmas Day, listening to the Mass which told of peace and goodwill. Or had religion in her case been too entirely severed from the moral law for these thoughts to trouble her? She is a mysterious character. She was personally correct in life, and was far from being wantonly merciless. She had strong affections, and a dignified kindness and courtesy that obtained for her both respect and love; she was exact in her religious habits, yet in earlier life was tolerant and almost indifferent; but power was at first her ruling passion, and afterwards expediency, and she was utterly callous to the vices she promoted to gain her ends, even in her own children. All who came under her personal influence seem to have supposed that murder, treachery, and the most shameless immortality, were trifles compared with external devotion; nor do any of the clergy seem to

CAMEO XXIX. — *Death of Catherine.* 1589.

have attempted to undeceive them, except latterly a few of the obscure preachers of the League, and even they condoned the same guilt in their own leaders. However, the end of her thirty years of corrupt power was fast drawing on, and her last influence with her son was exerted in the cause of mercy, interceding for the prisoners in his hands. On the New Year's day of 1589 she was so much better as to be carried in a chair, by her son's permission, to visit the Cardinal of Bourbon in the chamber to which he was confined. The old man fell on his knees before her, kissing her hands and weeping over them. Her tears flowed fast, and she could not utter the words of comfort she had intended. Suddenly the Cardinal's mood changed, and he began to reproach her with having decoyed him and his friends into this trap for their destruction. She solemnly protested her innocence, but how could the woman be believed who had beguiled Coligny to Paris? The Cardinal, without listening, cried—

"Oh madame, madame, this is your doing, you have slain us all."

"Oh! this is too much!" she cried out in agony. "Take me away; this man will be the death of me."

She was carried back to her room fainting, and from that hour was a dying woman. She only rallied enough to dictate her will. It must have added a pang to her death-bed, that Marguerite, the daughter whose affection for the murdered Guise she had thrown to the winds in order to bait the snare for the Huguenots, had left her husband, and was living in disgraceful profligacy. Catherine disinherited her, even while begging Henri III. to treat her leniently if she should fall into his hands. How different might the lot of all have been had Henri of Guise and Marguerite of Valois been permitted to wed in honour. For not only did they love, but Guise had shown Catherine of Cleves that he was not a man to treat his wife's levity with the supreme carelessness of Henri of Navarre.

Paroxysms of pain and intervals of unconsciousness rapidly succeeded one another, and on the 5th of January, 1589, Catherine de Medici expired in the arms of her son, her favourite, and the one of all her family whom she had the most utterly corrupted.

Meantime the fury and despair of the people of Paris at the murder of their idol were most violent. When the tidings arrived, the whole mob rushed to the Hotel de Guise, and clamoured for a sight of the duchesses there. Poor Madame de Guise, scarcely recovered from a swoon into which the dreadful news had thrown her, was assisted out to the balcony to content them, and Madame de Montpensier, who had swollen ankles, received a deputation from the Sixteen on her couch. She gave way to paroxysms of grief and rage, tearing her hair, and uttering shrieks that resounded through the house.

The gates of the city were closed, and the citizens expected hourly an attack. Their Provost was at Blois in the hands of the King, with others of the leading citizens, and vague terror added to their rage. The sermons on Christmas Day and the ensuing feasts were wildly

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Fury of Paris. 1589.

revengeful. A preacher named Lincestre availed himself of the anagram of Henri de Valois to term the King, Vilain Herodes, and his denunciations were such—as well as those of other clergy—that cries broke out in the churches themselves "We have no King! Death to the tyrant!" and all the pictures of Henri III. within reach were shot and hacked to pieces. At a meeting held at the Hotel de Ville, on the 26th of December, it was decided to give the government of Paris for the present to the Duke of Aumale, Guise's youngest brother, until Charles, Duke of Mayenne, the eldest survivor of the brotherhood, could arrive.

The murdered Duke's son and successor was a mere boy, and was at Blois, and in the King's hands. The magistrates of Paris set forth in procession to visit the widow in her chamber hung with black to assure her of their protection, and to promise that the city should stand godmother to her expected infant.

Day after day the fury of the populace grew to a greater extent. The Cardinal's murder, as a Churchman, specially excited the clergy. A Lent was made of the carnival, with prayers and fastings four times a week, and on several of these days a procession was formed of all the children in Paris, 100,000 in number, each carrying a lighted taper from the Cemetery of the Innocents to the Church of S. Geneviève, where all threw their lights on the ground and trampled on them, crying, "Thus perish the race of Valois!" Other processions of grown people, scantily clothed, paraded the streets, and the theologians of the Sorbonne solemnly decreed that Henri had by his own act forfeited the throne, and that the people were released from their oaths of allegiance, and free to collect money and make war against him.

The denunciations in the sermons were too dreadful to bear repetition. The taste for antiquities, inherited from the Medici, was turned against Henri, and two silver-guilt figures of Satyrs were actually exhibited by Lincestre in the middle of a sermon in token of the King's commerce with the evil one.

Mayenne was rapturously welcomed into Paris, and made Lieutenant-Governor with a council of forty. He was a cool, wary, rather indolent man, and his father had always predicted that while Henri, the eldest of the family, would ruin it by over-daring, Charles would save it by his steadiness. He arrived just as his fatherless nephew was born and baptized with high ceremony and passionate pity, for the hatred of the King was far from burning itself out. A Leaguer who stayed from his Easter Communion because of his abhorrence of Henri, was blamed by a priest, who declared that he would not scruple with the Host in his hand to stab the sacrilegious monster before the Altar.

Catherine de Medici could not be buried at S. Denys, because the bourgeoisie threatened to sally out, fall on the funeral train, and throw her remains into the Seine.

The Pope added his voice to the general condemnation. Henri had

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Despair of Henri III. 1589.

sent the Cardinal de Joyeuse to represent that the Duke of Guise had been put to death as a turbulent traitor, but to ask pardon and absolution for the death of the Cardinal. Sixtus V. refused this, severely censured the King for slaughtering Guise without a trial, would accept no precedent in excuse of the crime, and refused to listen to any pleadings unless the King owned his guilt and released the Cardinal of Bourbon and the Archbishop of Lyons.

The old Cardinal and young Duke of Guise, with five other prisoners, had been sent off to the Castle of Amboise, the government of which was given to De Guast, who had commanded the party who murdered Cardinal de Guise. One captive, the Duke of Nemours, bribed his guards, and escaped before the convoy set out. On learning this, Henri, who had before intended to release Madame de Nemours, determined to send her to Amboise to serve as a hostage for her sons. As she walked to the barge that was to take her there, she passed the statue of her grandfather Louis XII.

"Ah! great King," she cried, stretching out her arms, "you never intended this palace to become the slaughter-house of your great-grandchildren."

Henri's fury had soon collapsed. He deeply felt the death of his mother, the only friend he could trust, and he kept his bed for some days after her death, only getting up for a final meeting with his States-General on the 16th of January. They were too much intimidated to speak out, but when they returned home there were few who did not sign the League.

A miserable deserted being was Henri III. He had turned the whole world against him except the ruthless mercenary bravos who did his bidding only as long as he could find the money that was failing him, the Mignons who were, like him, hateful to every one; and a very few chivalrous loyalists who held that no crime could destroy the King's claim to their obedience. And what broke his spirit more than all, he had at last incurred the ban of the Church.

All France was revolting from him; every post brought in tidings of fresh cities going over to the League. Henri of Navarre had taken up arms, and was gaining ground in Poitou and Saintonge, and Philip of Spain was only withheld by his war with England from sending an army to secure the crown for his daughter. If Queen Elizabeth sent her Ambassador, Lord Stafford, to encourage the unhappy Harry, it was only to prevent him from succumbing at once to the League and Spain, and thus renewing the danger to England. Seals for the kingdom had been struck bearing an empty throne, and to the greater number of his subjects Henri III. was as a dead man, or a mere subject of execration. His name was omitted from the liturgy, and the Sorbonne had excommunicated him.

His niece, Diane, Duchess of Angoulême, was the first person who openly uttered the advice to throw himself on Henri of Navarre, for whose *rights* he had braved the enmity of the League. The Catholics

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Advance of Henri of Navarre. 1589.

could not hate him more than they did already, and he would at least gain one friend.

Henri tried by large offers to make his peace with the Pope and with Mayenne, but his overtures were rejected by both. The Marshal d'Aumont, and the Duke d'Epernon, were his only supporters, and they likewise agreed in advising him to enter into communication with the King of Navarre, who had profited by the divided state of his enemies to advance step by step with his army of Huguenots. He had bided his time, and waited till a new generation had grown up to replace that which had been cut off at the massacre. The elder men, like Philippe Du Plessis Morny, Maximilien de Rosny, and Agrippe d'Aubigne, had been welded in the furnace of adversity; and their King, though most unlike in character and temper to all that Calvinism approved, had a frank generosity and affability that won all hearts, and was at last manifesting a genius for war and policy such as was utterly wanting in the opposite party.

They had won their way northwards as far as Niort, where their King fell ill of a sharp attack of pleurisy, but rapidly recovering under bloodletting, he had pushed on to Maillé, a place only six miles from Tours, where Henri III. then was. Messengers were sent to him, but no writing, for the French King feared his letters falling into the hands of the Papal Legate or the Leaguers, and this made the Huguenot leaders slightly uneasy, for it was not impossible that Henri III. might be tempted to make his peace with the League by yielding up to them his Huguenot heir, and then the infant Condé could be bred up to whatever they pleased.

At last, on Sunday, the 30th of April, came a message that Henri of France was going to attend mass at the great old abbey of Marmontiers, and that he asked Henri of Navarre to meet him on a bridge in the park of Plessis les Tours. Epernon and d'Aumont, through whom the message passed, guaranteed the safety of "le Béarnois." So Henri of Navarre set forth on horseback, with a small party of gentlemen. Halting at a mill, he asked each in turn his opinion of the adventure. Most declared that it was indeed a risk, but that the venture was worth making; and he spent a few moments in thought, then exclaimed, "Allons, my friends, there is no use in thinking any more." And on they went.

The intended interview had been reported, and all the people of Tours had turned out to see the two Kings together. So great was the throng that they were for some time within a few yards of one another without being able to approach nearer, till d'Aumont cleared off the crowd, and the two princes met. Henri of France dressed in purple velvet mourning for his mother, point device as usual; Henri of Navarre wore a scarlet cloak thrown over his grey doublet, with a white plume and the white scarf of the Bourbons. "Courage, cousin," he was heard to say, perhaps for the benefit of the throng. "Two Henris may well outweigh one Carolus." The coin called a Henri was of

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Meeting of the Kings. 1589.

gold; the Carolus, struck by Charles IX., was of copper. The two had been boys together, and boon companions in their youth, and their old relations were quickly restored; indeed, as the miserable Valois detailed his misfortunes, the warm-hearted Bourbon had tears in his eyes, and consoled him with promises to take his part, as the stronger schoolboy might protect the weaker against a bully. Nor could the Navarrese forget that it had been his rights which his cousin had defended to the last.

That night he said to Duplessis Mornay, "The ice is broken; I have ventured, in spite of many warnings that I was no better than a dead man if I hazarded myself. The cries of *Vivent les rois* gladdened my heart. Let the army move on."

"Sire," said Mornay, "you have done what you ought, but what no man ought to have counselled you to do."

The next day the Béarnois visited his cousin on foot, only followed by a single page. The armies of the two Kings coalesced, but were almost instantly attacked by Mayenne and the Leaguers, who were however beaten off. Henri of Navarre was absent, and was greatly disappointed at not being in time to pursue them. When the Huguenots came forward, headed by the Count of Châtillon, son of Coligny, the Leaguers called out, "Honest Huguenots, we do not want to hurt you, but your enemies. Go back, Châtillon! our attack is on the perfidious men who slew your father!"

Of course the alliance of the two Henris increased the fury of the Leaguers to the utmost pitch, and the declamations of the preachers in Paris were well-nigh frantic. Processions were made, Huguenot victims were burnt, men who would not renounce their allegiance were refused absolution. A criminal suit for murder was commenced by the Duchess of Guise before the Parliament of Paris against Henri de Valois, formerly the King of France, and protests were sent by all the Lorraine family to the Pope against any pardon to Henri III.

His coalition with the heretics had finally decided Sixtus V. against him. That Pope, calm and grave as he was, had a convulsive fit on hearing the news, and the very presence of Cardinal de Joyeuse caused him such dangerous agitation that it was judged prudent that the French envoys should retire to Venice. The Spanish ambassador was not slow further to inflame his indignation, and on the 5th of May a bull was published excommunicating Henri de Valois, unless he should within thirty days release the Cardinal of Bourbon and the Archbishop of Lyons, only permitting absolution in case of his submission at the hour of death. Sixtus would not, however, advance any money to the League, and this was their great need. All the diamonds of the house of Guise had long been exhausted, including the splendid jewels that had come to their mother through Renée of France from Anne of Brittany; and the two Kings, reinforced by Protestants from Switzerland, began to press them hard.

An attack on Paris was intended, and in the meantime Queen Louise

was lodged in the castle of Chinon, where Henry II. of England had died, and where Cardinal de Bourbon, the Leaguers' King, was shut up in the highest tower. She was ill, and in the lowest spirits, for she seemed to have really loved her husband, and she foreboded that she would never see him more.

The Duke of Aumale was sent forth, goaded by the sarcasms of Madame de Montpensier, to besiege Senlis. He had almost taken it when La Noue made a sudden attack on him, and put him to flight so disgracefully that "the long spurs of Senlis" became a proverb, and in truth the burghers of Paris were little fitted to fight without their walls.

Siege was regularly laid to the city by the two Kings. They met at Saint Cloud, where Henri III. reviewed the army of his own Politiques, of the Huguenots, and of the Swiss. "It will be a pity," he said, "but in a few days there will be nothing but ruins at Paris." He set up his camp on the north side, Henri of Navarre on the south, and so weak were the forces within the city, so hampered were the movements of Mayenne, that destruction seemed certain.

But the time of grace that Sixtus V. had given Henri in which to appear and make his submission was over. The bull of excommunication was set up on the church doors of Rome, and read in all the churches of the places under the power of the Leaguers. Preachers were not wanting to declare that the man under the ban of the Church was beyond the pale of law or humanity; and that the man would be blessed who executed the sentence of his Holiness. Madame de Montpensier fell into transports, and prayed aloud for such a deliverer. She was not long in finding him. One Jacques Clément, who had been a soldier, had been impelled by what he took for visions to become a Dominican monk, but as such his conduct had been far from correct, and all through the recent excitement he had divided his time between fanatic transports and licentious pleasures. He was only twenty-two, and the beauty of Madame de Montpensier affected his imagination as much as her wild talk of the merits of one who should rid the world of the monster.

Clément consulted his superiors, but they would not directly counsel murder, though they spoke of the deed of Judith with significance. Then Madame de Montpensier obtained for him an interview with two faithful royalists who were kept under arrest. He told them he had an important secret for the King, and begged for credentials that he might gain access to the presence. They fell into the snare, and gave him the letters he asked, and with these he proceeded to S. Cloud. When taken by the royalist troops, he showed his letters, and was in consequence admitted, and, allowed to spend the night in the precincts of the palace.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, 1589, he was admitted to the chamber of the King, who was dressing. It was the very hour at which, seven months before, Guise had died at the foot of

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—
Murder of Henri III.
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Henri's bed. The friar gave a letter to the King, and the next moment drew a long knife from his sleeve, and plunged it into Henri's body. "Wretch! he has wounded me!" cried the King, snatching out the knife, and dashing it in his face. The two nearest guards rushed in, plunged their swords into Clément's body, and hurled it from the window.

The King was lifted on his bed; he seemed in little pain, but he soon fainted, and the surgeons soon found that his life could not be saved. He was calm, and dictated a loving letter to his wife, sent for his cousin of Navarre, and asked to receive the last Sacraments.

His words to his nobles might have been those of the best sovereign in the world, and he made no outward sign that he regretted one of the most vile and blood-stained careers that ever was run by monarch. He acknowledged Henri of Navarre as his only rightful heir, recommended him to return to the Church, but in any event, bade the nobles to take the oath of allegiance to him.

Henri of Navarre kissed his hand, and wept bitterly.

The King slept a little, but awoke at two in the morning dying. On an assurance that he submitted to the Pope he was absolved, and received the Holy Eucharist, and in two hours more—on the 2nd of August, 1589—he expired from internal hæmorrhage.

So ended the line of Valois Kings, one of the worst dynasties which has reigned in modern times; and thus was the blood of S. Bartholomew Day visited on the heads of the perpetrators—not by their victims, but by one another.

CAMEO XXX.

THE HUGUENOT KING.

(1589—1591.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henry IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1585. Sixtus V.
		1590. Urban VIII.
		1591. Gregory XIV.
		1592. Clement VIII.

THE scale had decidedly turned in Western Europe, though the League and the King of Spain could not be expected to recognise it, and the crisis of the struggle in France was brought on by the dagger of Jacques Clément, which led to an issue the question, whether a Huguenot should reign in France.

At the first moment, after the last breath of Henri III. had been drawn, while Henri of Navarre still stood at the foot of the bed, some of the *mignons* invoked imprecations on themselves if they should acknowledge a heretic king, but Epernon hastily silenced them, saying, "Hold your peace! you chatter like women!" and Marshal de Biron bent the knee, and saluted the new King loyally. Henri took his arm, and left the chamber.

"M. de Biron," said he, "now is the time to proclaim yourself the support of my crown. No speeches. Let us act. Go and receive the oaths of the Swiss troops, then return and help me to overcome your enemies and my own."

This first work was however already done by M. de Givry, who came in exclaiming, "Sire, our gallant cavaliers say they will mourn the King when they have avenged him. Your are King of the brave; only cowards will forsake your cause."

Other officers flocked in, and in a short time one of the violet velvet mourning suits of poor Henri III. had been brought, in which to array his successor, instead of the old grey *pourpoint*. The same stores supplied mourning hangings for his apartments in the Hotel de Tillet. There he gave audience to all who would come and offer him their homage, but these were all too few. The great nobles had met at the lodgings of the Count of Luxemberg to consult upon their measures. The *mignons* disliked the rough and ready Béarnais. Some had been

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Arrival of Deputies. 1589.

personally insolent to him, especially the young Count of Auvergne, son of Charles IX., and the haughty Duke of Epernon; but, on the other hand, they had too much personal dislike to the Duke of Mayenne and contempt and hatred for the Parisians, their King's murderers, to coalesce with them; and the Spanish Infanta, the other choice, would have brought in a foreign yoke. No other existing Bourbon prince was capable of being a leader, and there seemed no alternative if France were to continue a nation. Some protested that anarchy was better than a heretic prince; but finally it was agreed to consent to the proclamation of Henri, provided he would bind himself, within six months' time, to receive instruction in the Roman Catholic faith, and permit them to send an embassy to Rome to explain their reasons for accepting him. "If he was to be called the Most Christian King, it behoved him to show himself a Christian," was the message put into the mouth of M. d'O., who, whatever his faith might be, had little of the Christian in his life.

Henri received the deputation gracefully, promising to study the subject and submit to the decision of the Council of the Gallican Church. Every one was pleased with his winning manners, only as he had never cared for any special honour to be paid to his empty title of King of Navarre, and had lived on the freest possible terms with his old Huguenot followers, they had to learn, what they were slow to understand, that there was a vast difference between a King of France and a King of Navarre, so that their familiarity might not disgust the proud French nobles.

Meantime Paris had hailed the news of the murder with unseemly rapture. Madame de Montpensier kissed the scavenger who first brought the tidings. All mourning for the Duke of Guise was cast off, and Clément's portrait was hung up beside those of the two brothers whom his dagger had avenged. The Duchess of Montpensier and her mother made one of their triumphal progresses through Paris in a car drawn by six horses, much blasphemous exultation was uttered by the Leaguer clergy, and there were illuminations and wild carouses all night. Still the councils of the Leaguers were divided. The male posterity of the house of Valois was extinct, and the heretic heir was not acknowledged. The Infanta Isabel of Spain was the child of the elder daughter of Henri II., but no fanaticism could make Frenchmen in general willing to accept a Spanish sovereign. Duke Henri of Lorraine was son to the second sister, Claude, and he likewise inherited the blood of the Karling race; but Spain would give no support to his pretensions, and even in Paris itself a third section existed, who hoped to bring the rightful heir back to the Church.

Meantime the powerful and only half persuaded nobles, like Epernon and the *mignons*, were retiring, on different pretexts, from Henri's camp, so that he was forced to abandon the siege of Paris and retire into Normandy, breaking his army into three divisions. His uncle and prisoner, the old Cardinal, was at the same time proclaimed King

at Paris as Charles X. the two parties of Leaguers believing that during the short remainder of his life they should be able to decide whether Isabel or Henri of Lorraine should have the mastery.

The Duke of Mayenne, as the eldest effective member of the house of Guise, was declared Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Nature had made him a fat, easy-tempered man, by no means inclined to the extreme politics of his eldest brother or of his sister, though he was obliged to go on with the family measures and principles, yet with such moderation that the first thing he did was to liberate 300 Huguenots who had been shut up in the Bastille to serve as hostages for the life of Jacques Clément. He then led his army outside the walls, and was joined by forces from all quarters, till it amounted to 28,000 men, whom the Parisians regarded as so certain of victory that they actually let the windows of the houses in the Rue S. Antoine at high prices to those who were resolved to witness the triumph of Mayenne, with Henri of Béarn led in chains behind him. On S. Bartholomew's Day, eighteen persons set off by boat to S. Cloud, carrying baskets or jars in which to bring home earth from the spot where the body of Clément had been consumed, so as to obtain some of the ashes of their "saintly martyr;" but these strange relics did not preserve them when, on their return, the boat sank, and many were drowned. A huge procession, half clad, went through the streets, some singing dirges and litanies, some blasphemous songs, and all joining in the *Dies Iræ* whenever they passed a picture of the murder of the late King. Madame de Montpensier was there, with her feet, head, and shoulders bare, and her hair streaming loosely on the wind.

Her stepson, faithful to the head of the Bourbons, was among the truest supporters of Henri IV.; but the new King's danger was great, penned up, with only 6,000 infantry and 1,400 horse, into the Pays de Caux in Normandy, with the sea behind him and Mayenne's huge army before him; but he showed himself frank, fearless, and joyous, keeping up the spirits of his men by his gaiety, but taking all measures for their security. Chinon was so near the scene of action, and the governor was so old and feeble, that it was thought safer to send the wise and brave Philippe Du Plessis Mornay to take the Cardinal, the King of the Leaguers, to Fontenoy, where the castellane was the Sieur du Boulaye. The old man wept bitterly, and his valet observed, "His Eminence would have been wiser to have no dealings with the Leaguers."

"Do you not believe that they would have made war on my house even had I not joined them?" answered the Cardinal. "While I live they are at least acknowledging a Bourbon. My nephew the King will prevail. I am only guarding his crown for the time."

Henri likewise sent off a messenger to Queen Elizabeth, entreating her aid, and another to Sixtus V., begging to be relieved from the Papal censure, and declaring his desire to reconsider the points at issue between the Reformed and the Church. In effect, he knew that his

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The Battle of Arques. 1590.

conformity was but a matter of time, and was only deferring it to give it some air of sincerity. He did not love Calvinism and its strictness, though he trusted his Calvinist friends far more than any Romanist; but he had no true regard for religion of any sort, and the French Church was showing herself tolerant of a vicious life, while the honest Calvinists abhorred it, and testified against it constantly even in him, their only hope and defender.

He was encamped at Arques, a place that had once been the scene of the victory that established the power of William, our future Conqueror, in Normandy, after his stormy minority. It is a small town four miles to the south of Dieppe, which had a strong castle and was well protected. The country was rough and uneven, covered with low thickets of brushwood, dipping between two steep wooded ridges, and with the little river Béthune running in the bottom. High tides made it overflow, and cut off the approach to Dieppe from Arques through the valley; but there was a longer road, winding round the head of the valley. Arques itself still had its old Norman castle, high on the ridge to the left, with the village clustering beneath it; and beyond lay a plain, with a large village called Martinéglise, containing a leper-house, which the peasants called *la Maladrerie*. The King established his head-quarters in the castle, and surrounded it and the village with a *fosse* eight feet wide, at which he set the example of labouring, and which was worked at by the soldiers and peasants; while Biron made another great entrenchment shutting in *la Maladrerie*.

They expected that Mayenne would come by the straight road to Dieppe, and that Arques, standing full in his road, would be the place of the battle; but Mayenne showed some strategy in reaching Dieppe by another road and seizing the suburb which commanded the harbour, so as to prevent Henri from receiving succours from England. Henri had to change his whole plans, to prevent himself from being blockaded in his entrenchment. He decided on crossing the valley, and leaving the enemy no exit but the way by which he had come in. Three days passed, during which he was constantly riding from post to post, while Mayenne seemed to be in a lethargic state, and for forty-eight hours was not seen outside his quarters. A few skirmishes took place among the outposts, but nothing of importance happened till the night of the 20th of September, a very dark one, which Henri spent on the alert. He thought he beheld in the valley a long line of lighted matches, but not a sound was heard, and some doubted whether the lights were not those of glow-worms. At five o'clock, Henri sent orders to prepare for action. He was sitting in a great trench eating his breakfast with some of his officers, when a prisoner was brought to him, a Leaguer gentleman, who had advanced too far when reconnoitring.

"Good morning, Bélin," he called out. "Embrace me for your welcome."

Bélin accepted the embrace, and told him that he would immediately

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have upon him 30,000 foot and 10,000 horse, adding, "Where are your forces?" and looking about for them.

"Oh, you do not see them all, M. de Bélin," said Henri. "You are not reckoning my good God and my good right."

The battle did not begin till ten o'clock, and even then the fog was so thick that the two parties could scarcely see one another. The German mercenaries in Mayenne's army advanced on the Maladrerie, making gestures as if they wished to go over to the King's party. The Swiss within were deceived. They helped the Germans to mount the parapet, and were instantly assailed, not only by them, but by a large body of Leaguers who had been waiting in ambush. The Swiss fled, and Biron, in trying to rally them, was wounded and dismounted. The general attack now began by an advance on Aumale's part upon the plain, where the battle raged hotly for three hours. The League began to prevail by force of numbers, pushing back the division of Montpensier, and leaving the King almost unsupported. He rode up to the retreating troops, and cried—

"Courage, messieurs! Are there not among you fifty cavaliers who will die with their King?"

Shouts of "Le Béarnais!" broke out, the line advanced again, the struggle was renewed. Aumale sent a message to call on Mayenne to bring up the reserve, but Mayenne answered that Le Béarnais was driven from the field, and they had only to bury him in his own fortications. To bring about this consummation, Mayenne had just set forth in a leisurely manner, when the fog suddenly rolled off, and made the whole valley visible to young Coligny and the garrison of the castle of Arques.

Perceiving that not a moment was to be lost, Coligny sallied out with two fresh regiments of Huguenot troops, singing their battle psalm, and burst upon Aumale's wearied troops. This decided the battle. The Leaguers broke, Mayenne could not rally them, and in the meantime Biron, with much hard fighting, had recovered the Maladrerie. Scattered and defeated, Mayenne's army retreated upon Martinéglise at dusk, having lost 600 men, while the King had only lost 400. Henri himself was amazed at his own victory, and said, gaily—

"Either M. de Mayenne is not the soldier he is supposed to be, or he respects his King, and reserves his prowess for a better occasion."

Sixtus V., however, was not surprised, since, as he said, "the Duke spent more time at table than the King did in bed." Henri was too wise as yet to relax his vigilance, or even to permit any rejoicings while the enemy was still so near. He had gained the battle just in time to open the way for the English succours which were announced by Walter Devereux, brother to the Earl of Essex. There was such enthusiasm in England for the gallant Henri that the succour was far more free and ready than ever had come to the Dutch. There were 8,000*l.* sterling, 70,000 pounds of powder, 3,000 cannon balls, 700 sacks of flour, as well as wine, beer, cloth, shoes, and other stores,

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Consternation in Paris. 1590.

with fifty gallant volunteers, and a promise of further aid. This arrival dismayed the Leaguers, and there was dissension in the camp. The heir of Lorraine questioned Mayenne's right to command, and the heir of Aumale flatly disobeyed him, while all Madame de Montpensier could do at Paris, where she went about dressed as Minerva, and promising the return of her brother with Le Béarnais dragged at his chariot wheels, was insufficient to retrieve the defeat of Arques or to prevent the Spanish party from preparing to call in the power of Philip.

Mayenne was defeated in more than one skirmish, and at length marched off to Amiens, the very day before the arrival at Dieppe of 4,000 English and 1,000 Scots, commanded by Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby, that son of the Duchess of Suffolk who had been born on her flight to Holland in Queen Mary's time. The other two divisions of the royal army now joined him, and he actually resolved on passing by the army of Mayenne and renewing his attack on Paris.

There the consternation was extreme; but Madame de Montpensier did her utmost to keep up the fierce resolution of the citizens. The attack was made on All Saints' Day in the faubourgs, where there was desperate fighting until dusk. Eight thousand Leaguers were slain, and had Henri stormed the city that night he would probably have captured it; but the afternoon was advancing, and he paused, intending to renew the assault next day, letting his troops plunder, and himself repairing to a convent, where the coadjutress abbess had sent to ask for a guard. This lady, Marie de Beauvilliers, had been a Court beauty, and was still young; Henri was received by her with the graces she had learnt in Queen Catherine's squadron; and while he was amusing himself thus, the Duke de Nemours had brought a division of the army safely into Paris over a bridge across the Oise, which the royalists had neglected to destroy. Mayenne himself followed by the morning, having been for once roused out of his indolence. Henri's chance of mastering Paris by a *coup de main* was thus lost, and he could not lay siege to the city, because strong garrisons were needed in Normandy in case of an invasion by the Duke of Parma from the Netherlands. He waited for a day in case Mayenne should come out and give him battle, and then drew off to Tours, carrying with him, to the terrible scandal of both parties, the young Abbess of Montmarte. He also took away, as a prisoner, Bourgoing, the Dominican Prior who was said to have encouraged Clément, and who was taken in armour. He was tried, and confessed so far as to say, "I have done all I could, but not all I wished." He was put to a barbarous death—a martyrdom in the eyes of one party; in those of the other, the fate of the Amalekite who had slain Saul.

Henri entered Tours in triumph, with a torchlight procession on the 20th of November, 1589.

Meantime his envoys, and those of the League, were on their way to Rome. Mayenne's was the Dean of Rheims, who found Sixtus V. distressed and uncertain, though he consented to send a legate to France

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Embassies to Rome.
1590.

to demand the liberation of Cardinal de Bourbon; but there was no recognition of the old man as Charles X., and the embassy seemed chiefly intended to inquire into the condition of France. The legate was Cardinal Enrico Gaetano, a Neapolitan, and thus a Spanish subject, and he was assisted by some of the ablest men of the papal court, in especial by Roberto Bellarmino, a Jesuit, whose works have become text-books of the Roman Church. Before the departure of the legate, the ambassador of Henri, the Duke of Luxembourg-Piney, arrived. When the Pope announced that he was at hand, Badeur, the Venetian ambassador, whispered, "We must pray Heaven to inspire the King of Navarre! The day he embraces your Holiness there will be peace for France, but not till then. Humanly speaking, it is the only chance of amendment for that realm."

Sixtus only answered that God would order all things for the best, and that he should wait. Indeed, Spain was so powerful at Rome, that he was scarcely a free agent, and when the Duke of Luxembourg arrived with twenty-two carriages filled with French gentlemen, he found the Vatican closed, and double sentries at all the doors. He was indeed admitted, but all his suite were made to lay aside their swords. Some whispers passed of treachery, and he himself was not only indignant but alarmed; and he was greatly amazed, for when he reached the presence chamber he was most affectionately greeted, made to take a seat—an honour but rarely granted—told that the Pope would have wished to lodge him in his own palace, and treated with all courtesy.

This reception represented the real mind of Sixtus, who had charged Gaetano to be strictly neutral: but he was not obeyed, for the Cardinal's heart was Spanish. On the 6th of January, 1590, all Paris turned out to welcome the legate. The Provost des Marchants and 10,000 citizens awaited him in the Faubourg S. Jacques, and escorted him to his hotel with salvoes of musquetry which alarmed him much; but all the signs he made for their cessation were taken for approval, and he reached his abode almost deafened and quite exhausted.

He and the Sorbonne were of one mind in setting forth decrees against Henri and all his supporters, but Paris were unanimous in nothing else. The Seize were all for Spain; Mayenne declared himself lieutenant for Charles X., and would take no directions from them; and the Duchess of Guise began to head a party who hoped to marry her son, the young Duke, to the Spanish Infanta, and this much abated the ardour of the elder branch of the family. The Duke of Lorraine and his son Mayenne made appeals to Parma for help, and obtained from him the support of some Spanish and Walloon regiments, led by the young Count Egmont, who was now entirely on the Spanish side. French instinct was all against Spaniards on the soil of the kingdom, and many hitherto lukewarm partisans of the rightful heir now joined him heartily. He laid siege to Dreux early in the year, and the artillery, Rosny's special charge, played on the city for five days. It was on the point of

CAMEO XXX.
Battle of Ivry.
1590.

surrendering when Mayenne marched to its relief with 19,000 men. Henri had only 10,000, but he resolved to open battle, and drew his troops to the village of St. André, between two other villages called Nonancourt and Ivry. He drew up the plan of the battle with his own hand, and laid it before Biron, Montpensier, and d'Aumont, who all approved it. Schomberg, the colonel of the German horse, came in the name of his men to demand pay; but Henri answered sharply, "One does not bargain for money on the eve of battle."

Mayenne had in the meantime advanced to Ivry. His army was arrayed under a white banner, embroidered with black fleurs-de-lys, and was gay with bright scarfs and gilded helmets; while Henri's men, beneath the white flag of Bourbon, were gravely clad, displaying no scarfs, as befitted stern soldiers; but Henri himself wore a tall white plume and a suit of bright chain armour. The army was drawn up in three divisions, and he rode along the ranks at daybreak on the 12th of March. To Schomberg he said, "Colonel, I offended you. This may be the last day of my life. I would not take away with me the honour of a brave and honest gentleman like you. Pardon and embrace me." "Sire," said the Colonel, "you wounded me before, now you kill me."

> "The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
> And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
> He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
> He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
> Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing
> Down all our line a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the king.'
> . . . . .
> 'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
> For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
> Pass where ye see my white plume shine among the ranks of war;
> And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!'"

These were the words of Henri, ere—after a psalm and prayer—the fight began, with a discharge of his artillery upon the German troops of the League. These, under Bassompierre, tried to charge, but were driven back on the main body under Mayenne, and he instantly fell on them, so that, attacked on both sides, they fled from the field in disarray. Then Tavannes charged d'Aumont, and the struggle was very hot, so that Henri himself came to the rescue, and on this Mayenne ordered a general charge, and the heat of the conflict came on, a terrible hand to hand fight, in which for a moment the standard sank, but the white plume was still visible, and by and by the tide of battle bore away the Leaguers. Egmont was slain; Mayenne fled across the Eure.

> "The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags and cloven mail,
> And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
> 'Remember S. Bartholomew!' was passed from man to man.
> But out spoke gentle Henri, 'No Frenchman is my foe—
> Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!'
> O was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
> As our sovereign lord, King Henri, the soldier of Navarre!"

Colonel Schomberg was among the slain; Rosny was wounded in five places in the two first charges and fell, having twice had his horse killed under him. He lay insensible for some minutes and then saw a lance coming to attack him, but getting into a tree he managed to parry the attack till the man quitted him. With armour broken and helmet lost, Rosny bought a horse that had been captured on the field, and was wearily riding away when a party of seven horsemen appeared with the black and white standard of the League, and he thought himself lost; but to his amazement four of them surrendered to him their standard and their swords, telling him that they were defeated, and giving themselves up as prisoners. The other three, being better mounted, fled from the field, but Rosny could carry his master the best of the trophies. Biron had been obliged to remain with the reserve all day, and was greatly disappointed at having carried off no honours. "Sire," he said to Henri after the battle, "you have done the part I ought to have done to-day, and I have done the part befitting a king of France."

Mayenne fled to Mantes, where he found the gates shut, and entered by a wicket, while one of his officers took upon him to swear that he had seen Le Béarnais dead upon the field. Henri followed him as far as Rosny, and there supped merrily in a wretched little inn. He sent forward the Vidame de Chartres to Mantes, where the citizens surrendered to him, but did not hinder Mayenne from carrying off the remnant of the Leaguers to Paris before the arrival of the royal army. Mayenne halted at S. Denis, unwilling to face either his sister or the Spanish ambassador. His wife and sister came out and brought him back into Paris, while Henri loitered at Mantes, having fallen in love with another lady, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, the betrothed of the Marquis de Bellegarde. Meantime supplies of corn and wine were thrown into Paris, so that the city was able to venture on closing its gates against the King, in the hope of holding out till the Duke of Parma should bring his forces to annihilate Le Béarnais.

On the 14th of May the siege began, and on that same day died in his captivity the old Cardinal de Bourbon, the so-called Charles X. The Duke de Nevers had recently visited him by permission, and had been strongly advised by him to be reconciled to Henri. On the other hand Philip urged the proclamation of the young Duke of Guise, to whom he intended to marry his daughter; but Guise was a prisoner, and Paris was blockaded, so that nothing but defence could be thought of for the present. Nemours was the governor of the city; Mayenne moved about outside and went to the frontier as far as Condé to consult with the Duke of Parma.

Within the city fanaticism raged as much as ever. The priests and monks offered themselves as warriors, 1,500 in number, and marched through the streets with secular weapons in one hand and sacred emblems in the other, occasionally, in their enthusiasm, discharging their arquebuses. Cardinal Gaetano came out in his coach to witness the procession, and this so stimulated their ardour that there was a general

CAMEO XXX.
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Blockade of Paris. 1590.

discharge of fire-arms. A ball from the piece of one of this awkward squad actually killed the secretary by the side of the legate in his carriage. Everything was done to stimulate the ardour of the citizens, but hunger soon began to press them heavily. We have seen like scenes in our own generation — fanaticism pushed to the point of absurdity, only differing in that it was the fanaticism of irreligion instead of superstition, and then rage, hunger, misery.

Soup kitchens were set up, money was distributed, Gaetano sold all his plate and kept only a single silver spoon, but multitudes perished in the streets and on dunghills. There was an inspection of the granaries, and some of the convents were found to have large stores. A soup of dog's flesh, peas, and barley meal was then served out, but so scantily that cries of "Bread or Peace!" pursued the authorities whenever they went out of doors, and the great ladies themselves had to live on the smallest rations that would support life.

Henri meanwhile trusted entirely to the blockade. He took all the lesser places adjacent, and watched the roads, but did not attack the walls, being probably unwilling to give the city up to the fury of an assaulting soldiery, and leave memories that would for ever destroy his chance of being regarded with friendly eyes. Philip II. was very anxious for the success of the League, and wrote to Parma to lead his army into France, and give up the Low Countries rather than Paris, where the Infanta was to be placed on the throne and the Salic Law repealed. Parma had little hope of entire success, and did not like to leave his original charge in the Netherlands to fall into the hands of Maurice; but he lent Mayenne 500 horses, and while skirmishing with the King about Laon the Duke contrived to get a convoy of provisions safely into Paris early in June.

This however only lasted for a very short time. Gaunt spectres wasted with misery fought in the streets for scraps of the vilest offal. No less than 200 corpses were sometimes picked up in the streets in the morning. The soldiers, especially the Germans, watched at the corners of the streets, caught all the dogs that passed with a noose, and devoured them. A gentleman of rank having fallen sick, his physician prescribed for him the brains of a dog, but the only dog known to exist was a pet of Madame de Montpensier, of the same breed as the favourites of Henry III. The sick man's cousin visited the Duchess and besought her to give up her dog to save the patient's life, but she politely refused, saying that the famine would soon slay them altogether; the dog was her private solace, and she might soon need him herself as much as monsieur did.

On the 23rd of July, the distress came to such a pitch that several persons leapt down from the walls and were taken up insensible. They were taken to the King as soon as they were in a state to speak, and they described the horrible famine within the walls, saying that they had come to implore the King to allow some of the innocent and peaceful inhabitants to leave these scenes of misery. The tender-hearted King

CAMEO XXX.
Conference with the Citizens. 1590.

shed tears as he heard the terrible story, and he protested that he was not the cause of their suffering, but that it was the work of the faction who wanted to give Paris to the Spaniards. He ordered that they should have a good meal, and calling his council, decided on drawing up a pass empowering 3,000 souls to quit Paris. They were to be women, children, peasants, students, and clerks not belonging to the Seize. The poor creatures flocked out and were fed and assisted by the King. A second troop followed, many bringing clothes, valuables, and jewels wherewith to purchase food from the soldiers. Henri longed to let them pass, but his officers thought this would be too imprudent. The troop was therefore forced to return into the city, but they carried with them bags of corn and flour and loaves of bread, and they told their fellow-citizens of the kindness they had received, thus turning their hearts towards their King.

However, Henri caused an attack to be made on the faubourgs S. Martin, S. Honoré, and S. Denis, and seized them all. The people clamoured for surrender, and the Archbishops of Paris and Lyons were commissioned to confer with Henri at the Abbey of S. Antoine, on the 5th of August, 1590.

He came as a King, with his collar of the S. Esprit, his plume clasped with diamonds, and a rich dress of purple velvet, and he sat under a canopy with his nobles surrounding him in a grandeur of state which he seldom assumed. Within the city the Quarante and the Seize were raging against what they called treachery, and taking oaths never to acknowledge the Béarnese heretic, while crowds of starving people were kneeling before the shrines of the saints imploring that the negotiations might succeed and end their miseries, and some actually dropping down dead from exhaustion as they knelt. Madame de Montpensier and the other ladies, in green scarfs worked with the black fleur-de-lys, stood on the battlements to watch the reception of the envoys, as of course there was an armistice.

Gondi, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, publicly offered to assist in arranging a peace with the Duke of Mayenne. He had also a private conference with the King, in which he showed himself not unwilling to make a reconciliation provided the King returned to the bosom of the Church. Passports were to be given to them to visit the Duke of Mayenne and confer with him, and they parted from the King, as he told them that his heart wept for his people, and that he sorrowed for every house, garden and orchard desolated in the struggle.

The famished people were thronging together, expecting them to return with promises of peace and a great convoy of provisions, and a great outcry of lamentation and rage greeted their return ; indeed the populace were so desperate that it was necessary to post guards at the doors of the ladies of the house of Guise who had lately been the popular idols. Among those who were enduring this siege, most unwilling victims, were the surgeon Ambroise Paré, and the potter Bernard Palissy, both eighty years old, and greatly respected. Paré could even remonstrate with the Archbishop of Lyons.

CAMEO XXX.

Arrival of the Duke of Parma. 1590.

"Monseigneur," he said, "this unhappy people is dying of disease, raging with hunger, and asking mercy of you. For God's sake, give to them what you need from Him!"

Mayenne would come to no terms, for he knew that the Duke of Parma was at last in motion: but to gain time he wrote to Henri of his willingness to be at peace, while to his brother of Nemours he sent orders to hold out to the last. On the 22nd of August, Farnese was actually at Meaux in person, his army of 16,000 men following. They did not equal in number the 19,000 who had perished under the miseries of the blockade of Paris. Truly, retribution had been complete, not only on Henri of Valois and Henri of Guise, but on the miserable city which had obeyed their wicked will.

Henri IV. would not expose them to the frightful chances of an assault, nor endanger his own army before marching off to offer battle to the Duke of Parma. His Huguenots might have remembered S. Bartholomew's Eve in the fury of victory, and have blotted his name for ever. So on the 30th of August he broke up his camp and marched to Challes, where he began a series of attempts to persuade Farnese to give battle, but the wary Italian had no mind to risk his master's troops and his own reputation in a combat with the high-spirited, dashing French King, and kept safe within his entrenchments.

Henri's army was in want of provisions and pay. The French nobles who had unwillingly joined him wanted to keep him as low as possible, lest the Huguenot spirit should triumph. His own table and wardrobe were ill provided. Once in presence of M. d'O, the master of his wardrobe, he asked his valet if he had half a dozen shirts?

"Yes, sire, but half are too ragged to put on."

"And how many pocket-handkerchiefs? Did you say eight?"

"Only five, sire."

M. d'O said he had just ordered 6,000 crowns worth of fine Flanders cambric for his Majesty's use.

"I shall have my shirts when I get into the Louvre."

Henri's unfailing good humour bore him through much at this time. He would not see affronts, and his real dignity rose above taking umbrage at what would have fretted a meaner spirit; but his difficulties were great. His Catholic nobles were disappointed, and angry that he had not accepted their faith, and he durst not as yet do what might alienate the Huguenots. Besides, the death of the Pope had just added to his difficulties. Sixtus V. was a man of high mark, and had begun with large-minded feelings which had they been entertained by his predecessors, might have brought back peace and unity, but he was bound hand and foot by Spain and by his own Court, and could carry out nothing he wished. He had caused an Italian translation of the Bible to be published. It was from the Vulgate, but the Cardinals thought it dangerous, and requested Philip to cause his ambassador to remonstrate, but Sixtus only answered—

"We do it for the benefit of you who do not understand Latin."

Whereupon the Cardinal of Toledo exclaimed—

"How has Heaven abandoned the Church! When will he deliver us from this wicked Pope?"

CAMEO XXX.

Death of Sixtus V. 1590.

Philip talked about convening a council and deposing the Pope; and though he durst not attempt such a daring measure, he contrived to harass the Pope at every turn, both by his power over Italy and his influence over the Cardinals. Those regulations which he had made for putting down robbery were interfered with; the good order he had at first maintained was overthrown; the embassy he had sent to France to attempt to mediate between the contending parties openly espoused the cause of the League, and the oppression under which he lived forced him into the measures his clear judgment saw to be worst for the Church and for religion. He was obliged to proscribe and alienate the two sovereigns whom he considered as the ablest in Europe, and he had no consolation save the occasional utterance of caustic sayings that were repeated to Philip, and increased the distrust felt for him.

A terrible famine made him publish an edict against the vanity and luxury that prevailed at Rome. He also set to work to drain the fens and marshes of Terracina. When he went to visit the works, with a strong guard to keep away the banditti, he was suspected of intending to attack the kingdom of Naples, and 4,000 Spanish troops were immediately ordered to the frontier. He thereupon returned to Rome, and soon after died suddenly, in his 69th year, on the 27th of August, 1590, without having accomplished what he had looked forward to as the crowning honour of his pontificate, the reconciliation of Henri IV.

There was an extraordinary rapid succession of Popes after him. Urban VII. only reigned thirteen days, and did not live to put on the tiara; and Gregory XIII. died on the 20th December, so that Rome saw three Popes in the year 1590. Ippolito Aldobrandini, a distinguished Cardinal, was then elected, and reigned under the name of Clément VIII.

CAMEO XXXI.

THE ABJURATION OF HENRI IV.

(1590—1592.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henri IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolf II.	1590. Urban XIII.
		1590. Gregory XIV.
		1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXI.

Henri's Character.

THE long hesitation of Henri IV. to renounce the Reformed faith is somewhat surprising. He had very little religion of any kind. His nature was generous, humane, and benevolent; and he freely followed its dictates. He was not an unbeliever in Christian truths, but morality was utterly alien to him, and his vices were tolerated by the ministers of both parties, so as to destroy his respect for them alike. Austere Calvinist gentlemen, most correct in their own behaviour, had given up in despair the hope of bridling his licence, and seemed to have made up their minds to endure it in the man whom they all loved for his many charms, and in whom was their only hope. The ministers found that the only effect of denouncing his sins was to make him absent himself from their sermons, and they let him alone. On the other hand, all patriotic Frenchmen longed to have the kingdom reunited under the rightful heir, and if the Roman Catholic clergy were not unanimous in desiring to welcome him, the drawback was not in his licentiousness, but his having been a relapsed heretic.

His wife, the wretched Marguerite, was leading a scandalous life, at a distance from his camp, and he was continually under the influence of some lady, more than one of whom entertained wild hopes of becoming his queen if he could only be freed from Marguerite, who, it was remembered, had never uttered the marriage vow, and had been united to him without a dispensation from the Pope, so that there was more than usual facility for dissolving the ill-starred union which both utterly disregarded.

One of the ladies who long held Henri under her power was the Countess of Guiche, a Huguenot dame, whom he had first seen going to a sermon in a green dress with a little white dog in her arms. She

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Gabrielle d'Estrées.

probably did something to retain him as a nominal Huguenot, but she was losing her first charms, when he encountered the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées, daughter of the Count de Cœuvres, and the betrothed of the Duke de Bellegarde, whom she really loved. Unfortunately this gentleman had boasted of her beauty before the King, her flaxen hair and lovely blue eyes, and fair complexion; and Henri was incited to visit her father's castle, where he admired her so much that she was greatly diverted, and laughed with her friends at the devotion of "his grey-bearded majesty." The Duke of Longueville fell in love with her and would have married her, but she refused him for Bellegarde's sake.

When the King dispersed his army after the siege of Paris he took up his abode at Senlis, and sent for M. de Cœuvres, ordering him to bring his daughter. Gabrielle implored M. de Bellegarde to marry her at once in private, but the Duke was afraid of displeasing the King. Still she struggled against the net that was round her. She returned the King's presents, took care not to be left alone with him, and openly besought him to forward her marriage; but the only consequence was that Henri, who absolutely had no shame in such matters, sternly told Bellegrade—"Monsieur, I will brook no rival either in love or war," and forced him to give up his pretensions. A scene with Gabrielle followed, in which she wept passionately, upbraided the King, and besought him again to let her marry the man of her choice, kneeling at his feet, and when this proved vain, hurrying out of the room. That night she went back to her home at Cœuvres, and paid no attention to the summons to return sent by her father and the King. But the poor girl had little help in her own family; her mother was a woman of no good repute, and her sister was the scandal of the Convent of Maubuisson, of which she was the abbess.

While Henri was occupied in this unworthy manner the Duke of Parma had visited Paris, with which he expressed himself much disappointed. No wonder, for the city had not recovered the ravages of the disease and famine caused by the siege; the shops and houses were poverty-stricken and the Church plate had been melted up. The Duke's cold Spanish manners and grave silence caused much displeasure and greatly diminished the Spanish party, and the soldiers in his camp plundered the districts around like a hostile country, in contrast to those of Henri, who were strictly restrained from pillage, and whose purveyors paid for all provisions, so that the peasants felt which was their King and which their enemy. On leaving Paris, Parma, without consulting Mayenne, attacked the city of Corbeil, took it after a month's siege, and allowed his soldiers to treat the inhabitants in the horrible way they had been accustomed to in the Netherlands, plundering, torturing, killing, and burning.

Then leaving a Spanish garrison, he marched back to the Netherlands, but he was scarcely out of the town before Henri had sent Givry and a troop, who recovered Corbeil and slew all the Spaniards, the natives rising upon these cruel men in a fury of revenge. The League

CAMEO XXXI.

Retreat of Farnese. 1590.

entreated Farnese to return and help them, but he declared that the insufficiency of the garrison at Corbeil was the consequence of the jealousies of the League, and he refused to return, unless the Infanta were proclaimed Queen of France. He said to Mendoza—"The Prince of Béarn wears out more boots than shoes. The only way is to exhaust him and to gain partizans in large towns."

So Parma marched on, and Henri hovered on his rear with 800 chosen horse. While at La Fère, Henri was mad enough to set forth on a November night to make a visit to Gabrielle in her father's castle close to a thick wood, only three miles from Soissons, a Leaguer town. He rode with twelve nobles as far as a little roadside inn, where he put on a peasant's dress and took a sack of straw upon his back, with which he safely arrived, and was met by Biron, with news that he had persuaded the lady to see him.

Gabrielle was chaperoned by her sister, Madame de Villars, a proud, ambitious woman, who thought the Bellegarde marriage a better speculation than the King's admiration, though she had no higher principle. The two ladies came out into a balcony, and Gabrielle went into fits of laughter at the hooked-nosed grey-bearded figure in the peasant garb under the sack of straw. But if she hoped thus to give offence, she failed, for Henri was too good humoured himself and had too much sense of the ludicrous to be affronted by being laughed at. She walked off, declaring that she had nothing to say to his Majesty, who cut such a figure that she could not even look at him; but her sister flattered him and begged him to excuse Gabrielle's awkwardness and reserve, and in ten minutes the foolish girl, getting frightened at her own act, and recollecting what an unexampled proof of passion she had excited, came back as hostess of her father's castle with refreshments. The King took a cup of wine and a piece of bread from her hands, and soon after set forth so as to be back in his camp before morning. "Nothing will go wrong with me now," he said. "In a few days *ma belle* will hear what gallant deeds I have done for love of her!"

That return of Gabrielle's sealed her fate, and led to her enrollment, not among the glories, but among the disgraces of her sex. Her beauty, especially that of her fair complexion and blue eyes, is described in rapturous terms: but her portrait, like those of many other much famed French ladies of the period is disappointing, and it seems as if refinement and regularity of features had not then been admired.

Henri found his intimates in great consternation at his absence, but he was ready at once to continue the pursuit. He pressed closely on the Spanish rear, and at a place called Baroges he actually beheld the Duke of Parma. Alphonse de Corse rode up and pointed out, not more than a hundred paces off, an officer in a felt hat, a great ruff, and a little furred cassock, galloping up and down and waving his sword to make the carabiniers fall back. Henri suspected that this was a feint to lead him to an attack, and involve his 3,000 men with the whole

CAMEO XXXI.

La Journée des Farines. 1591.

Spanish army, so he retreated. Parma was too much wanted in the Netherlands to remain, and after a skirmish at Arbre le Guise, where some banners were taken and sent to Gabrielle's feet, he took leave of Mayenne and returned to the Netherlands.

Still there was war raging in every province in France, and nothing could be more deplorable than the state of the kingdom from end to end. Every city was a garrison for one party or the other, and each side was again divided against itself. The Seize and the Guisards rent the Leaguers asunder, the Politiques and the Huguenots could scarcely brook to act in concert, and the winter of 1590-1 was spent in struggles and attempts in both armies, in the midst of which the King's attachment to Gabrielle became so openly known that the Duke of Bellegarde gave her up and returned her letters and portrait. Whereupon her father insisted that she should immediately marry the Baron de Liancour, a feeble-minded old widower with nine children. She was in despair and appealed to the King, who returned for answer that he was not powerful enough to forbid the marriage, but that he gave her his word as a King that he would cause her to be carried off an hour after its celebration. The miserable girl submitted to the mockery of such a wedding, and she made her vows with trembling and profane lips, intending instantly to falsify them; then she made her secret preparations and watched for her escort, but all in vain.

For an attempt had been made by the Parisians, under the Chevalier d'Aumale, to seize St. Denis. They had been beaten off, and their leader killed, and a summons had been sent to Henri to tell him that in ensuing disputes and confusion there might be a hope of surprising the garrison of Paris. Henri hurried to the camp, and on the night of the 20th of January, 1591, he sent twenty officers, disguised as peasants, driving asses carrying bags of flour, and followed by a train of carts and waggons, driven by soldiers, who were to dash forward the moment the Porte St. Honoré was opened to the supposed convoy, while the Baron de Biron was ready with 1,200 men to enter the city. All, however, was disconcerted by the wariness of the captain of the guard, who refused to open the gate; the advance of the Huguenots was detected, and the city was all on the alert, so that the royal forces made no attack, and the only consequence of "*la journée des Farines*," as it was called, was that the Duke of Mayenne admitted 4,000 Spanish troops to strengthen his garrison.

Meantime Gabrielle had made herself as disagreeable as possible to M. de Liancour, and as soon as this attempt was given up, Henri summoned the ill-assorted pair to his camp at Chauny, and no sooner were they there than the unfortunate husband was exiled from court, and ordered to live in one of his castles in the Limousin. It is strange that if Henri professed that he had not power to hinder the marriage, he should stretch his authority to do what was so much more shameless, as to exile this unoffending man while his wife reigned supreme at court. All she now thought of was the means of retaining the King's affections,

CAMEO XXXI.

Escape of the Duke of Guise. 1592.

and her wit and light badinage had such charms that during her short life, she retained her power over him.

His military court was really more scandalous than even that of his predecessor had been, for the decorum that Queen Catherine had always preserved on the surface had given way, open vice prevailed, and the Huguenot boast that theirs was the cause of morality, had entirely passed away. Two ladies were actually murdered by their husbands—one pushed into a pond, and one strangled in her own hair—and the King's kind heart was shocked for the time, but the effect soon passed away.

The year 1591 was spent in skirmishes and sieges, and early in 1592 the young Duke of Guise, who had been imprisoned at Tours ever since his father's murder, made his escape. He was closely guarded, but all day was allowed the range of the castle, and often used to play at hide-and-seek with his guards. By a lady in the suite of Queen Louise a cord was sent to him in his linen, and hidden by his servants. One morning the Duke, a tall, athletic young man of five-and-twenty, proposed to his guards to race up the stairs of the clock tower, and on their refusing, dashed off alone, as if for a prank, and rushed up the stairs leading to his own rooms, and slamming the great door that led to them, he barred and bolted it. Then he flew into his own bedroom, where his two servants fixed the rope to the iron bar of the window, and tied a pole to the end of the rope, on which he hung, and began his descent, while the guards were thundering at the door. The height was 100 feet, with the Loire below; but before he had gone twenty feet, the men in one of the watch towers shot at him, and the valets were so startled that they let go the rope, and he fell all the rest of the way into the bed of the river which was here nearly dry. He only lay stunned for a few seconds, then leapt up and ran towards a place where he knew some old servants of his father were waiting. He presently met a horse led by a man, who was in such utter confusion at the noise of firing and ringing of bells in all quarters, and at the sight of a gentleman running hatless[1] along the dry bed of the river, that he made no resistance when the Duke vaulted on the horse and galloped off upon it.

The whole city now was roused, and the Duke was so closely pursued that he soon was forced to leap from the horse and swim the river. His friends, who were waiting for him on the other side, fancied that the uproar was caused by the discovery of their scheme and the pursuit was of them, and they began to flee, as he ran after them, shouting and waving, till they called out "*Qui vive?*" "*Vive Guise!*" he answered, nearly exhausted. He was joyfully welcomed, mounted on a swift horse, and escourted to Bourges. The Leaguers considered his escape as a miracle in their favour; but Henri IV., on the other hand, declared it would be the ruin of the League, since it would bring another element of dissension into the already sufficiently divided counsels, and the astute cardinals at Rome thought the same.

CAMEO XXXI.

Death of La Noue. 1591.

Queen Elizabeth had taken up the French cause more earnestly than ever before. She liked a legitimate sovereign, and she had always favoured a French alliance, and now that the Protestant cause was identified with these, and Spain was best to be encountered on the soil of France, she sent 3,000 stout Englishmen, commanded by the brave Norris and the fiery Welshman, Roger Williams, to the aid of Henri. She embroidered a scarf for him and wrote him friendly letters, and hopes were given of a still larger army under the young Earl of Essex himself. The Spaniards had, on the other hand, sent 3,000 more men, under Don Juan de Aguilar, who landed at Blavet, in Normandy, and the hottest of the many fights raged in that Duchy and in Brittany. While besieging Lamballe the stout old leader, La Noue, took off his helmet and mounted a ladder to examine the breach. A shot from an arquebus wounded him slightly, but made him fall, and one of his legs being stiff from a former wound, became entangled in the ladder, so that before he could be released he had received such injuries that he died after lingering eighteen days, and embracing his son-in-law, Teligny, who had just arrived, after seven years' captivity at Antwerp.

The Seize were meantime becoming more and more desperate. They were very angry with the Parliament of Paris for opposing their illegal measures. A person whom the Seize had denounced had been recently acquitted by the Parliament, and a few days later the President, Brisson, a man universally respected and beloved, together with two other magistrates, was seized in his own house at night, dragged before a committee of the Seize, condemned, and hanged in prison the same night. The bodies were exposed the next morning with labels terming them traitors, in the hope of striking terror into the people; but far more indignation than alarm was manifested; and on the tidings being brought to the Duke of Mayenne at Laon, he immediately marched back to Paris with 5,000 men, and put the nine who had been concerned in the murder to death. This so broke the force of the Seize that from that time forward they had little further influence upon public affairs.

The Duke of Mayenne was henceforth the most powerful personage in Paris. He silenced the factious priests by proclaiming that their political harangues should be punished by exile and deprivation, and he also dispensed with the services of the Spanish garrison. Every one was astonished at his unwonted vigour, but he was not equal to the situation in which he found himself. His best course, as regarded the cause of the League, would have been freely to have given his consent to the union of his nephew with the Spanish Infanta, and to have done his utmost to seat them on the throne. But hereditary and patriotic dislike to Spain, the sense that if the Carlovingian descent was to be brought forward at all, the Duke of Lorraine had the better right, and a lurking perception that there would be no real tranquillity save in accepting the rightful heir, kept him in a state of vacillation in which he made himself contemptible to all parties.

CAMEO XXXI.
—
Expedition of Essex.
1591.

Philip II. wished heartily for the conquest of France, and in spite of the remonstrances of Parma, compelled that great general to neglect the defence of the Netherlands, where Prince Maurice was making great progress, and to advance into France, where Henri IV. was besieging Rouen, which was defended by a son of Mayenne, known as the Duke of Aiguillon.

Queen Elizabeth had sent 4,000 troops to the assistance of Henri, and the young Earl of Essex broke loose from his attendance on her and took the command, being in fact in some disgrace on account of his marriage. He was accompanied by his brother, Walter Devereux, a youth of great promise, and these two young men rushed into every post of danger, like two knights errant. Walter was killed in a sortie, and Robert soon after sent a cartel to the Admiral de Brancas Villars, the most distinguished officer in Rouen, challenging him to fight on foot or on horseback, in doublet or in coat of mail; "in either of which arrays," wrote the young Earl, "I will maintain that my quarrel is more just than that of the League, that I am a better man than yourself, and that my mistress is the greater beauty." Did he mean his newly-wedded wife or Queen Elizabeth? He added an offer to bring twenty men to meet twenty, or sixty to meet sixty, if Villars preferred either of these arrangements to the single duello. In answer, the French governor accepted his defiance, and denied all his allegations, alike as to his cause, himself, and his lady; but, said Villars, the duello could not take place until the Duke of Mayenne's arrival to take charge of the army, and thus the whole challenge passed in empty words.

On the tidings of the preparation of Parma, Duplessis Mornay was sent to entreat Elizabeth to send a reinforcement of 5,000 men, who might probably be only detained a few weeks, and who were the more needed that only 600 of those originally promised were serviceable; and the Queen was so angry at her favourite's wilfulness, that Duplessis believed that his return would be the chief mode of persuading his mistress to grant supplies; but Essex, in the hope of a battle, would not hear of going home, although at Dieppe, Mornay met one of his uncles, who had been sent out on purpose to bring him back like a naughty boy.

Elizabeth had just lost another old friend, the Lord Chancellor, Christopher Hatton. He had only held the post four years, and being by no means fitted for it by learning or intellect, he had striven so hard to do his work honestly that his health had completely broken down. He strove day and night to accomplish his duties, and at last, on Elizabeth's showing her usual parsimony and suspicion respecting the recovery of a debt due to the crown, he took to his bed, and was pronounced to be in danger. Much shocked, the Queen came to him, assured him of her confidence, implored him to take food, and even administered a posset to him with her own hands; but it was too late, Hatton was past recovery, and died a few days later. He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Essex had hoped to have succeeded

him, and was much mortified when the Queen sent orders that Lord Buckhurst should be chosen in his stead.

CAMEO XXXI.

Embassy of Mornay: 1591.

At Rye, and again at his lodging, Duplessis Mornay was met by messengers requesting that he should write to his King to insist that Essex should either be returned to England, or removed from a dangerous post which he had taken up between the two armies. The answer was that Henri had already forbidden the lodgment, and Mornay had three interviews with the Queen, but probably he was too straightforward to manage and flatter her as had been done by the emissaries from the Medici court, though he did once bring himself to say that if the young gentleman did show too much courage, it was all out of affection to her. Elizabeth seems to have been actuated at once by her abiding love of peace and dislike of war, by uneasiness for the personal safety of Essex, and likewise by jealousy of his assuming a prominent position. Once she flew into a rage and declared that he had persuaded the King that he was lord of all, but that she would make him level with the meanest peasant. The next time, she yielded a little, and promised 3,000 men from Kent, Sussex, and the Isle of Wight; but she changed her mind again, and declared that no men should be sent while the Earl remained. Duplessis gave the matter up in despair, demanded his passports, and returned.

Meantime Essex and the King had alike come to the conclusion that the cause must not be risked by irritating her any further, so the Earl took a hasty leave of Henri, hurried to Dieppe, and crossed in a little skiff, expecting great wrath from the Queen. However, she was so glad to see him, that nothing but feasting and jollity prevailed for a week: orders were despatched for sending the 3,000 men off to Rouen, and leave was even granted to the Earl to accompany them, but he did not venture thus to risk his newly recovered favour.

The Spanish Army was actually advancing into Normandy, and had united with that of Mayenne, so that the numbers were 24,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. Parma was too infirm to ride, and travelled in a carriage; and, on the other hand, so did the Duke of Nevers, without whose consent, Henri had no power over the Politiques of his army.

Leaving Biron in command of the besieging force, Henri set forth with his cavalry and 200 men to reconnoitre. He had about 900 horse when he came suddenly on Parma's main body near Aumale. He could hear their drums and trumpets and count their numbers from the spot whence he first perceived them.

"We are at once too many and too few," he said. He ordered 800 of his horse to draw up in a valley near at hand, and then rode forward with the hundred left. Thinking there must be an ambuscade, Parma halted while he sent out scouts, and only when he was certain that the force in front of him was very small did he allow them to be attacked. They rode and fought, and as Henri was recognised, Spaniards and Leaguers were alike ardent to press on, and surround and capture him and his horse. But Parma would not believe that the King could

CAMEO XXXI.

Skirmish at Aumale. 1591.

be leading a picket like a mere captain, and refused to let the main body of his army stir, though from a hill he watched the chase of the gallant hundred. Henri received an arquebus shot in the loins as he kept guard at the end of a bridge while his men crossed, but did not fall, though sixty out of the hundred men dropped round him, and two of his chief officers were wounded.

Four hundred dragoons now dismounted and threw themselves between him and the enemy. These were musqueteers who rode when not in action, but fought on foot. These almost all perished, but they saved the King, who was met before the gates of Aumale by Nevers and Longueville with force enough to turn back the pursuers. His wound was not dangerous, though he had to be inactive for some little time, and he acknowledged his imprudence by calling the day "the blunder of Aumale." Duplessis was horrified at his rashness in exposing his life, and wrote to him—"Sire, I do not think your Majesty can ever do me so much good as you have done me ill this day."

Henri had time to recover, for Farnese, the most cautious of men, moved on very slowly, and though Villars sent word that an attack by a detachment would break up the royal army, he still advanced so tardily, that, as the spring advanced, Villars was reduced to such distress that in April he informed Parma that if he were not succoured before the end of the month, he must surrender. Thereupon Parma made an advance with his whole army in good earnest, intending to make a general attack on the King in his camp, but Henri, whose army of volunteers had been dwindling under the fatigues of the siege, did not wait for him, broke up his camp and marched off.

Parma was received in Rouen with transports of joy, while Henri hovered about with his head-quarters at Dieppe. The Leaguers decided on besieging the old Norman town of Caudebec, on the Seine, as from thence the Royalists were able often to cut off supplies going by water to Rouen.

The Prince of Parma was visiting the trenches with an Italian engineer, and making arrangements for the siege, when he was struck a little below the elbow by a musket ball. No faltering, not even a start or pause, betrayed his suffering, until the loss of blood became visible on his cheek, and he was carried to his bed. He had already a tendency to dropsy, and became so ill that he had to give up the command of the Flemings to his son Ranuccio, between whom and Mayenne there were considerable jealousies, and indeed on his sick bed, Farnese was distracted with the belief that Mayenne secretly preferred the Béarnais to Italian, Spaniard, Fleming, or fanatic Parisian, and would only be thankful to be quit of the whole League, and at peace with his lawful prince.

Caudebec fell at once, but Henri had gathered his forces together, and coming forward from Dieppe to Yvetot, shut the whole Leaguer force into a narrow triangle formed by the sea and the two rivers Seine and Dieppe, with the Dutch guarding the coast and the mouth of the Seine. The only way out for the invading army lay across the Seine below

CAMEO XXXI.

Retreat of Parma. 1591.

Caudebec, but there were no bridges, and the river was wide, and daily swelled by the tide. Provisions ran low in the Leaguer camp. There was no bread nor hay, and scarcely any drinking water. A single jug was worth a crown: and moreover the general-in-chief was very ill, and his men were furious. Henri was exulting in the trap in which he had caught the old fox, when behold, on the morning of the 23rd of May, he was called to find the snare broken, and to see the very last of the Leaguers crossing the Seine, and as soon as they landed making a bonfire of their boats. Parma had secretly collected all the boats and craft from Rouen and its neighbourhood, formed rafts, repaired temporarily the single broken bridge, whose remnants were available, and had managed to carry off his whole army in one short night of May. This was held to be the greatest of all his feats of generalship, as it was his last. The Royalists could hardly believe their eyes, and when the King wanted to hurry on in pursuit, the Politiques held him back, unwilling that he should gain the victory over the League while he was still a Huguenot. Queen Elizabeth likewise insisted that he should restore Calais as the price of her assistance, and reproached him with needlessly exposing the lives of her subjects, recalling all the forces she had lent him as soon as he refused to yield up Calais—an act for which his subjects would never have forgiven him. Another disaster was the death of his faithful old friend Marshal Biron, who was shot through the head while surveying Epernon.

On the other hand, Henri's ablest enemy, the Prince of Parma, was slowly sinking at Spa, weighed down by a complication of diseases, and still more by the suspicions of Philip, who charged on him all that want of success which was really caused by the Spanish King's interference. The archives of Spain show reams of letters from Farnese, pleading with Philip for proper supplies, explaining the difficulties in the way, warning against men and measures, showing the unreasonableness of the commands issued. And on the other hand, Philip's own marginal notes, and his letters in return, show how he believed himself to know better in his study than his nephew on the spot, and sent this able general forth to conquer the Netherlands, England, and France with his hands tied. After the retreat from Rouen, during which Maurice of Nassau had made considerable progress in confirming the defences of the United Provinces, Philip sent out the Marquis of Ceralho with instructions to send Parma back to Spain, or remove him by any means, giving the government to Count Peter Mansfeldt, until the Archduke Albert of Austria should arrive to undertake it; but the removal was not to take place till the troops had been prepared to part with their trusted general: and Philip meant the Prince to make one more campaign in France. Parma, somewhat recruited, had returned to Arras, and had begun his preparations, when on the 3rd of December, 1592, he fainted as he was undressing for the night, and expired in a short time, leaving no general or statesman equal to him among all the kingdoms of Philip II.

CAMEO XXXI.
—
Deliberation of Henri.
1591.

Henri IV. was thus relieved from the only man who could out-general him, and he had made up his mind that the time had come for conciliating his subjects by abjuring Calvinism. Queen Elizabeth still demanded Calais as the price of her assistance, and thus nothing was gained with her by persisting in the profession which had little real hold over him, and his Huguenot friends knew him to be their only protector. Maximilien de Rosny, though himself a staunch Protestant, gave the following advice :—

"To advise you to go to Mass cannot be expected of me, being of the religion : but I can tell you that it is the only way of overthrowing evil projects. You will not meet so many enemies, troubles, and difficulties in *this* world. I can't answer for it as to how it will be in the other." And he laughed, the King also laughing.

A day or two after the King sent for him very early in the morning, and asked his advice, scratching his head in perplexity, and this is what the worldly-wise adviser answered—

"I hold for certain that whatever form of religion men may profess outwardly, provided they die in the observation of the Decalogue, faith in the Apostles' creed, with a hearty love of God, charity to their neighbour, hope in the mercy of God and trust in salvation, through the death, the merits, and the righteousness of JESUS CHRIST, they cannot fail to be saved."

The argument that Henri declared to weigh the most with him was that the Catholic side must be the safer, since they affirmed that nobody could be saved outside their pale, while the Calvinists allowed that there might be salvation for those who did not think like them.

Duplessis Mornay's counsel was far more high-minded. He believed that no profession of faith would do any man good if he were not sincere in it : and represented that if the King's mind were wavering, he ought to hear both sides fully argued out by able champions, and Henri so far yielded to him as to desire him to collect the ablest theologians on his own side. The Catholic nobles in the camp besought Mornay not to awaken Henri's scruples, and even offered him 20,000 crowns if he would hold his peace.

"Neither my master's conscience nor mine is for sale," he answered ; but he must have spoken with a misgiving that this was only true of his own.

Then the Politiques tried to persuade Henri to send this honest man away ; but Mornay chanced to fall upon one of their consultations, and spoke thus—

"It is hard, messieurs, to prevent a master from speaking to a faithful servant. Whatever I say to him might be uttered aloud before you all. I propose to him to serve God with a good conscience, to set Him before his eyes in every action, to appease the schism in his dominions by a holy reformation of the Church, to be an example to Christendom and to all posterity. Are these things to be spoken in the chimney corner ! You want me to advise him to go to Mass. You do him a

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Conference. 1591.

wrong in thinking that would move him. With what conscience could I advise him, unless I went there first; and what religion would mine be if it could be pulled off like a shirt?"

"Monsieur," cried Marshal d'Aumont, "you are more worthy than we are. If I said two days ago that we ought to give you a pistol shot, to-day I say that we ought to set up a statue to you!"

Mornay had let himself be hoodwinked by the King's professions of sincerity. Henri had desired all the Reformed congregations to fast and pray that the conferences might be blessed, and he had said to the pastors assembled at Saumur—

"If you hear some excesses attributed to me, you may believe it in part, for I am a man subject to great infirmities; but if you are told that I have fallen from the religion, do not believe it. I shall die in it."

However, Gabrielle d'Estrées was working away, probably thinking that to be an instrument in the King's conversion would atone for her guilt, and win for her such gratitude as the nation felt for Agnes Sorel. Mornay was sent away, and the conferences began at Mantes. But they were all on one side. The Calvinist ministers whom Mornay had been desired to select were not invited to appear on the scene at all. A letter is extant in which the Bishop of Chartres was told that he might come securely, without troubling himself about theology. Indeed, Henri had given his royal word to the Grand Duke of Tuscany that he would not delay his abjuration. He afterwards told the pastors that the step was necessary, and that he had not chosen to expose them to the mortification of defeat. The more moderate Leaguers rejoiced. The famous curé, Lincestre, was willing to be present at the conference, and a truce was concluded in order that the conferences might take place at S. Denis instead of Mantes. The more fanatical Parisians were still resolved to hold out. A procession was headed by the Legate, in which the relics of numerous saints were carried, and among them the bier of S. Louis, on the shoulders of thirteen councillors of parliament in their scarlet robes. A sermon was given in which the text, "Take me out of the mire" (*Delivrez-moi de la Bourbe*), was treated as an allusion to the Bourbon! Mayenne, at the same time, while writing to flatter Philip with hopes for the Infanta, kept the States-General from coming to an election till the result should be seen.

On the 15th of July the ecclesiastics began to assemble at S. Denis. On the 23rd Henri wrote to Gabrielle that he had sent a guard to escort her from Chartres, and added accidentally—"To-morrow I take the perilous leap."

The next day, at 6 A.M. the Prelates were admitted to his presence, the procession beginning with the Archbishops of Bourges and Lyons. Henri began by avowing himself willing to accept the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and the supremacy of the Pope. He said he wanted to know whether each Christian was required to pray to all the saints

CAMEO XXXI.
Abjuration.
1591.

separately. The Bishop of Evreux answered that it was sufficient to address the individual patron in private, but that all were invoked in the litanies. Then Henri asked questions about confessions. Here begins the most shameful part of the transaction. The Bishops knew that he was resolved that he would not resign his vices at the call of any director, and that he might quite possibly disappoint them all if he were threatened with the necessity of a faithful confession and true repentance. So the Archbishop of Bourges replied—

"A Christian's conscience is tender. It is the duty of every man to examine his life and conscience, and to accuse himself when even not aware of sin. A confessor-in-chief ought to inquire into the spiritual condition of his penitent, because there are some sins which a simple priest cannot absolve."

Henri understood this unmeaning speech to convey that he would not be interfered with, and then satisfied himself that the Pope would only be concerned in spiritual matters. Then he declared himself satisfied, repeating that, "as to the oblation of the Mass, I have always believed as you do."

The Prelates, however, each had a speech to make, and the conference lasted till one o'clock. Soon after Gabrielle arrived in great state, and at a distance the faithful Mornay wrote, "I pray that if he forget his God, God may not forget him."

The next day was Sunday. The streets leading to the Cathedral were hung with tapestry, beneath which stood the guards. Within the Cathedral a canopy of state was hung over chairs placed for the ladies, among whom Gabrielle had the foremost place. At nine o'clock Henri came forth, all in white satin, except his cap and cloak, and escorted by all his princes and nobles.

At the door of the Cathedral sat the Archbishop of Bourges in full robes, mitre and crosier, his suffragan Bishops round him, and at his right hand the Abbot of S. Denis, with a golden cross, and an acolyte on each side of him, one bearing the Gospels, the other a vessel of holy water.

The Archbishop demanded of the advancing figure—

"Who are you?"

"The King."

"What is your desire?"

"To be received into the bosom of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

He then knelt and took an oath to live and die in the Communion of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, renouncing all other belief, heresies, and doctrines, and he gave a paper to the same effect. The Bishops all laid their hands on his head, in token of absolution and reconciliation, cannon thundered, the people shouted, the princes waved their swords, and the general ecstasy brought tears to the eyes of the King. The choir, singing the *Te Deum*, headed a long procession to the altar, when Henri again made his abjuration on the book of the

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The High Mass at St. Denis. 1591.

Gospels, and then was shut, with the recently-created Cardinal de Bourbon, into a velvet gold-embroidered confessional, while a general silence prevailed, and every one knelt, the Bishops laying aside their mitres.

When he emerged, High Mass was celebrated, and at the elevation of the Host he prostrated himself till he touched the pavement with his brow. The joy was intense among all those who beheld the first real hope of peace within the distracted kingdom, though as yet only the first step was taken. The League derided it as a mere farce, and the Pope had by no means made up his mind to accept it.

In fact, there was a grand crisis, by which true zeal for the honour of God and His Church *might* have profited. Had the question been whether Henry IV. should be welcomed while persisting in the grossest vices, instead of whether Rome could afford to offend Spain, what might not have been the effect upon France, and indeed upon the morality of Europe?

CAMEO XXXII.

THE WITCHES' STORM.

(1589—1594.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*Rome.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1590. Urban VIII.
Spain.	*Germany.*	1590. Gregory XIV.
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.
	France.	
	1589. Henry IV.	

CAMEO XXXII.

The King and the Presbytery.

JAMES VI. had come to years of manhood, but Scotland was in as miserable a state of anarchy as ever; each family pursuing its own feud with little regard to the King, and the strongest power of all in the kingdom being the Presbytery, who rebuked the King pretty sternly whenever he displeased them.

In his heart of hearts, James had no love for Calvinism, but it was as much as his life and throne were worth to betray his real admiration for Spain, and his distaste for the ministers who by turns bullied and patronised him. He had likewise to keep on good terms with Elizabeth, who pensioned him and his council, gave them her orders, and encouraged plots if he disobeyed her. The Gordons, with the Marquis of Huntly at their head, were the leading Roman Catholic family, and most of the Highlands were of the same faith, except the Campbells and their head, the Earl of Argyle, while most of the Lowlanders were Calvinist.

James depended chiefly at this time on his Chancellor, Maitland, a nephew of the famous Lethington, who had inherited much of his ability, and was as nearly honest and loyal as any statesman of the period. Both he and his King probably felt that the real hope for Scotland was in the English inheritance, which might strengthen the royal power to put down horrible misrule. But James was an heir-at-law with his inheritance in the hands of a capricious kinswoman, who might easily be disobliged and offended and bequeath it to other hands. So at least it must have appeared to him. In truth, Elizabeth's feelings respecting hereditary right were so strong that she had never attempted to declare his mother incapable of succeeding her, although she chose to keep him in wholesome uncertainty by way of ruling him *the more securely*. He was now twenty-two, and a marriage, that

CAMEO XXXII.

Question of Marriage.

might gratify her as much as any marriage was likely to do, was the consideration as soon as the destruction of the Armada had made it plain that Spain was not to triumph. An undoubted Princess and a Protestant the lady must be, and Henri of Navarre had offered the hand of his sister Catherine with the full approbation of Elizabeth; but Catherine was much older than James, and was grave, melancholy, and far from beautiful enough to tempt the imagination of a young King.

His mind was far more inclined to one of the Princesses of Denmark, and Frederick II., their father, was much disposed to desire the match by way of ending a dispute respecting the possession of the Orkney and Shetland isles, and actually sent envoys in 1587 to offer his eldest daughter, or, in case she were not accepted, to demand the islands. James was then under the influence of the Earl of Arran, and the ambassadors were unfavourably received, considered themselves insulted, and went angrily home. However, the body of the nation were alarmed at the idea of war with the Danes, and the Council decided on sending Peter Young, the King's old tutor, to visit Denmark, and report on the young ladies and their "tocher." Peter was well pleased with the princesses, but Frederick doubted the sincerity of the negotiation, and while giving his eldest daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, threatened Scotland with war. However, he died in 1589, leaving a son, Christiern IV., only eleven years old, with the Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg as Regent.

A miniature of Anne, the remaining daughter of Denmark, was sent to James by Peter Young, and his kinsman Colonel Stewart. It showed her as a small, regularly-featured maiden, with an exceedingly fair skin and dark eyes, and it at once decided him in her favour. He placed it in one of the green enamelled heads of thistles in the badge of the Order, which he always wore, and there it passed from father to son for two hundred and thirty years, till it was bequeathed to George IV. by the last of the race, the Cardinal of York. James then entered on a course of prayers for direction, and at the end of a fortnight formally announced to his Council his intention of wedding the Princess of Denmark. It was very welcome to the Scots at large, but Queen Elizabeth was absolutely averse to it, preferring the French alliance, if James must marry at all; for though his death without a direct heir would have been a frightful disaster to both kingdoms, her perverse temper would not endure the thought of his wedding; and she actually wrote to Henri IV. that if the engagement with his sister should take place, the marriage must be delayed for three years.

So many of the Scottish privy council were in her pay that they likewise opposed the Danish match, till James, out of patience, set some of his familiars at work upon the deacons of the Edinburgh citizens to incite the populace to rise and threaten to slay the Chancellor and maltreat the Council if they presumed to hinder the marriage. The mob took the hint. They shouted that Queen Elizabeth and her friends were afraid of their King having a son who might avenge Queen Mary's

CAMEO XXXII.

Proposal for Anne of Denmark. 1589.

death, and made such a tumult, that the Council feared to make further delay, and appointed the Earl Marischal, the Constable of Dundee, and Lord Andrew Keith as proxies, to conclude the marriage; but money for their outfit was not readily found, and they did not arrive in Denmark till June, 1589. The Danes were only too glad to see them, and on the 20th of August, the Earl Marischal of Scotland represented his King at the proxy wedding in the fortress of Kronenberg, in the island of Zealand. Early in September, twelve Danish ships, under the command of Peter Munch, the admiral, set sail for Scotland to convey the bride, while malicious gossips declared that she would be there in such haste that neither King James's hose nor his house would be ready for her.

No such thing. The household was ready, and at the head of it were placed the faithful Jean Kennedy, and Sir Andrew Melville whom she had married since the death of their mistress. On the news of her appointment, she endeavoured to cross Leith ferry in an open boat, but a terrible storm arose, and in it the good lady met her death. That same storm was driving back the young bride from the Scottish coast. Twice it came within sight of shore, twice it was driven back to the rocky promontories of Norway. Poor Peter Munch, sore bestead, bethought him of having in an evil hour boxed the ears of a burgher of Copenhagen whose wife was a noted witch, and who was no doubt brewing this storm to avenge his wrongs, after the fashion of Macbeth's witches. A third storm came on, in which a cannon in his own ship broke from its tacklings, killed eight men, and nearly fell on the young bride herself, damaging the whole vessel so much that she could hardly be kept afloat. He gave up the contest, and took refuge in one of the Norwegian fiords, running twenty miles inland. Thence he sent letters to Copenhagen accusing the witch, and the unhappy woman was actually burnt for her supposed incantations. But he did not think it permissible to bring back the bride to her home, and as frost immediately set in it was impossible to take her to Scotland. All that could be done was to send off a young Danish gentleman named Stephen Beale, who undertook, through all difficulties, to convey letters to King James, telling him of her situation, and how she was waiting at the little village of Upslo till she received his directions.

James was at Craigmillar Castle when he received the letters. He at once directed his cousin, Francis Stewart, to whom he had given the fatal title of Earl of Bothwell, to proceed to Norway with six royal ships to fetch home the bride. The next day, Bothwell brought an alarming calculation of expenses, so entirely beyond the powers of the royal purse, that James was sorely dismayed, but his Chancellor, Maitland, came forward and said, that if his Majesty would be content with such ships as he and other loyal subjects could furnish, he would go and fetch the Queen himself. On this, James decided that he would make the voyage himself in the Chancellor's ship, but he kept his intention an absolute secret even from the Chancellor, disclaiming it flatly to the

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Expedition of James. 1589.

Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Bothwell, lest the people should rise to hinder him from risking his royal person on such an expedition.

There was considerable danger in it besides the perils of the wintry seas. Eight English ships of war hovered on the coast of Scotland, and James had only been able to collect five little ships and barks, of which only the largest (150 tons), wherein he himself was to embark, carried some small brass guns. True, he was at peace with England, but Elizabeth's captains, and probably she herself, would have thought a truant King no small prize.

He left letters appointing Lennox to preside over the Council, and Bothwell to assist him. Bidding the ministers pray for his safe return, and announcing that his reasons for concealing his intention from the Chancellor were that he remembered "quhat envious and unjust burden he daily bears for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself," he added that he thought it time to be married, lest folk "should consider him a barren stock."

To so timid a nature as James's this voyage must have been a terrible ordeal. He sailed on the 22nd of October, 1589, had four days of prosperity, and then one severe gale; but on the 28th safely landed at Staickray, whence he made his way, apparently upon Norwegian ponies, to Upslo, where he arrived on the 19th of November. He went straight, just he as was, in his boots and spurs, to the lodging (probably the Manse); where his strange ungainly figure suddenly appeared before the fair and delicate girl of sixteen. With scant ceremony he proceeded to embrace her, but she shrank back and pushed him away. However, a few words passed between them, probably in French, though his broad Scotch was not far removed from her Danish, and she then accepted his demonstrations, though they must have been rather trying, considering that he always carried his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and was the most awkward of mankind; but she could not help being touched with the effort he had made on her behalf, and, bating a few quarrels, they were faithfully attached throughout their lives.

They were married on the ensuing Sunday in the little parish church of Upslo, by David Lindsay, the King's chaplain, using the French language. It is a curious thing that one of our Kings should have been married in Cyprus, and another at a little Norwegian village, the last places that could have been thought of for the bridal ceremony of a British monarch. Perhaps James and his gentlemen thought of the fate of Sir Patrick Spens when he went to "fetch the King's daughter of Norroway hame," for he made no attempt to leave Upslo till he had received an invitation from his bride's mother to visit her at Copenhagen. The sea was by this time closed by ice, and the difficulties of a land journey through Sweden were so severe, that James, after sending to ask a safe-conduct from the King of Sweden, set forth himself to reconnoitre, and satisfied himself that the mountain road was practicable for his Anne before going back to fetch her.

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Visit of James to Denmark. 1590.

King John of Sweden sent 400 troopers as their escort, and sometimes riding, sometimes sleighing, they reached Elsingborg, on the Sound, and there waited three days, while a storm was raging. They then crossed to Zealand, and were welcomed with delight by the young King and his mother. They submitted to be married over again, Lutheran fashion, and spent the Christmas in revelry. The Danish vice was drinking, and it was as a well-informed contemporary that Shakespeare wrote of the salutes by the cannon of Elsinore as the King caroused as that "custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance." Unfortunately James did not regard the practice as did the English poet. He had broken loose from his masters, and he found what he called "drinking and driving *our*" so congenial, that he acquired habits that were the disgrace of his throne throughout his life.

So long did he remain in Denmark, that his subjects sent six ships with Peter Galloway to bring him home, and together with a large Danish fleet under Peter Munch they set sail with the young couple on the 21st of April, and came to Leith on the May-day of 1590.

Great preparations were then made for the coronation festival. Contributions were requested in all quarters, and there are letters in the King's own hand showing the poverty of his Court. From one family he begged for the loan of some silver spoons, and when expecting the Spanish Ambassador, he wrote to the Earl of Mar by the familiar old name of Johnnie Slates, to borrow a pair of silk stockings, on the unanswerable plea "Ye wad not that your King should look like ane scrub on sic an occasion." The coronation ceremonies were a great matter of controversy. None of the so-called Bishops were at hand, and Mr. Robert Bruce was appointed to officiate; but his fellow-ministers objected to anointing as a Jewish rite, and threatened to censure him if he performed it; on which James declared that if any objection were made he should send for the Bishops, who would do as he pleased. Their very name was so obnoxious to the Presbytery that they yielded, and the solemn entry took place, the King riding in state, and the Queen following him in an open chariot drawn by eight horses. Thus they came to Holyrood, and Anne was crowned in the chapel, being anointed on head and breast by Mr. Bruce, after which the crown was set on her head by her husband himself.

Two days after, she was taken in a gilt coach in triumphal procession through the City. At the gate she was welcomed in a Latin speech by Maister John Russell, while his young son, little Maister John Russell, emerged from a gilt globe on the top of the gate, arrayed as an angel, and presented the Queen with the keys. At the Netherbow, another pause occurred, a purple velvet box with a great A in diamonds being let down on her. It contained 20,000 crowns' worth of jewels as a present from the City, speaking well for the prosperity of the burghers. A sensible wife might have been an infinite advantage to one so affectionate and easily influenced as James; but Anne, though irreproachable in

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Return of James. 1590.

conduct, was never a wise woman, and did little or nothing to steady or raise her husband's tone.

James was, however, full of high purposes at this period of his youth, endeavouring to mediate between England and Spain, or else to arrange a Protestant League. He gave so much satisfaction to Elizabeth that she forgave his marriage and sent him the Order of the Garter.

Scotland had been in a state of unusual calm during his absence, but it was as usual full of elements of disturbance. One of these was the King's cousin, Francis Stewart, who was son to Lord John Stewart, one of the illegitimate progeny of James V. His mother was Lady Jean Hepburn, sister to the notorious Bothwell, and the title had been given to him by Queen Mary's request. Bothwell was a handsome dark man, highly cultivated, able to speak many languages, and of great courage and graceful address, but turbulent and unprincipled, and though hitherto a favourite with the King, he was thought to have had hopes of the crown, which were disappointed by the King's marriage; and this gave colour to the extraordinary accusations made by a woman named Agnes Simpson and a man named Richard Graham, who both separately declared Lord Bothwell to have instigated them to raise the storms which had drowned Jean Kennedy and kept the young Queen so long aloof from Scotland.

Belief in witchcraft, and a morbid tendency to self-accusation of dealings with Satan, seems to be a sort of epidemic, breaking out at different periods in various countries, especially in such as have cast off a large amount of other superstitions. It may have been the mere report of the fate of the Danish witch that worked on Agnes Simpson to believe herself guilty of the like sorceries. She was not an ignorant hag, but a sedate, matronly woman, who made her answers in a grave and settled way when personally examined by the King, who was much excited about the whole matter. No wonder, for these grave and settled answers were most extraordinary.

She said she had a familiar spirit, who would answer her questions. The King asked how she summoned him; and she replied that he had instructed her to say "Holla, Maister." The Earl of Bothwell had bidden her to ask how long the King would reign, and what would happen after his death; but though the Spirit promised to make away with the Queen, all it could say about the King was, in a language she could not understand, *Il est homme de Dieu.*

Greatly encouraged, James further extracted from her an account of a midnight sabbath of witches in the church of North Berwick, where the Devil preached to them. He had a nose like an eagle's beak, burning eyes, hairy legs, nails like the griffin, and a body of iron. The company kissed his ears, which were cold as ice, and he told them of the compact of the Scotch and Norwegian witches to hinder the Queen's voyage.

The storm, she said, was actually raised by a party of witches meeting at Leith, where they baptized a cat, passed her thrice through the links of the chain on which cauldrons are hung in the chimney, then tied four

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The Witches' Trial.

bones of a dead man to her feet, and carried her at midnight to the pier-head, where they flung her out to sea as far as they could. As she swam ashore, they augured that the Queen would at length arrive.

As the interrogation proceeded, her story became more wonderful. How did she reach this synod at Berwick? No less than two hundred witches started each on her own riddle, *i.e.* sieve; and therein floated from Leith to Berwick, where they landed, and, headed by one Gillies Duncan, playing a reel on the Jew's harp, danced up to the church singing—

"Cummer, go ye before,
Cummer go ye.
Gif ye will not go before,
Cummer, let me."

Here the King began to demur, whereupon Agnes Simpson begged that Gillies Duncan and his Jew's harp might be sent for, and he actually performed the Satanic tune and danced the witches' dance before the Council. As the King was still unconvinced, Agnes took him aside, and told him all that had happened in his first interview with the Queen.

Richard Graham, when examined, also implicated Lord Claud Hamilton as having made inquiries as to the King's life. By Bothwell's desire, it was said, a spell had been attempted by hanging a waxen image of James between the head of a calf and the body of a fox. Upon this Bothwell, who laughed and defied all these absurdities, was arrested, and shut up in Edinburgh Castle for a short time, while the unfortunate sorcerers and sorceresses were strangled and then burnt, persisting to the last in their wonderful declarations. However it might be with the war of the elements, the storm their confessions raised in Scotland was fierce and long enough. In truth, though witchcraft was the excuse, the struggle was between the Roman Catholic Huntly and the Presbyterian party of the south.

"The Black Bothwell," as he was called, soon made himself heard of. He had gathered a wild band of outlaws on the Border, and believing that his disgrace had been owing to the Chancellor Maitland, he came to take his revenge by attacking his chamber in Holyrood House at night. The doors of the King, Queen, and Chancellor were all beset—the King's with fire, the Queen's with hammers; but the Provost and citizens came to the rescue, and Bothwell fled. The King went to return thanks for his safety at St. Giles's, but was scolded from the pulpit by Mr. John Craigie, who told him it was a warning to him.

Poor James had enough of such warnings, for Bothwell attacked him again in the palace of Falkland, but the men of Fife rose and delivered him. James was not allowed any sort of guard, so jealous were the Estates of any attempt to form an army; so there was no security in any of his palaces for a moment. At last, however, when Bothwell brought 500 Border ruffians to Edinburgh, Lord Home was at hand with seven or eight score spears. He fought and chased the Hepburns out of

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The Bonnie Earl of Moray.
1592.

the city. The fashion of executing justice in Scotland at that time was to give what was called "a writ of fire and sword" to some nobleman who was at deadly feud with the offender, and who would fall on him with satisfaction. Such letters were issued to the head of the Gordons, the Marquis of Huntly, and he effectually drove Bothwell out of the country to England. But Huntly had another private enemy to follow under colour of this writ, namely, Stewart of Doune, the husband of one of the Regent Moray's daughters, who bore his title of Earl of Moray, a splendidly handsome man, of great stature and strength, with a fair complexion and long golden hair. He was commonly called the Bonnie Yerl o' Moray, and Queen Anne had expressed her admiration of him as a sort of Paladin, somewhat to the annoyance of her husband, who certainly never was beautiful. It was said that the Earl had been seen among Bothwell's allies on the last night of his attacks on Holyrood, and this gave Huntly his opportunity. Lord Ochiltree, the firm friend of Moray, had been endeavouring to reconcile the two, and had induced the Earl to come from his northern fastnesses to his mother's castle of Dumbristle, not far from the Queen's ferry, there intending to meet Huntly, who was in attendance at Court.

Ochiltree rode to Queen's ferry, meaning to cross to Dumbristle and arrange the interview, but he found there was a royal order forbidding any boats to cross the Firth of Forth.

Meantime James went out hunting, and Huntly collected forty followers to go with him. Then, pretending that he had heard that Black Bothwell was coming, he rode off, and beset the castle of Dumbristle, having made no difficulty as to crossing the ferry. Moray, whose mother and sisters were with him, held out, in hopes of a rescue; but the Gordons collected the stacks of hay and straw from the farms around, heaped them up, and fired them. A desperate sally was made, in which the Sheriff of Moray was killed, but the young Earl, with his long hair streaming on fire behind him, broke through the toils like a lion, and rushed down to the sea-shore. But the silken plume of his helmet blazed up, and showed him to his enemies, who hunted him into a cave, and there murdered him. Huntly would have held back, but his kinsman, Gordon of Buckie, cursed him as afraid to go as far as the rest, and forced him on to give a blow that he might be art and part in the death, as he had been in the conspiracy. Thus goaded, Huntly slashed the face of the Earl, who already lay dying under Buckie's blow, but who looked up with a strange smile and said, "Ye've spoilt a bonnier face than yer ain."

The ladies were saved, and the mother, Lady Doune, caused the mangled body of her beautiful son and of the Sheriff to be laid in the church at Leith. Lord Forbes marched through the North with Moray's bloody shirt on a spear calling for revenge, and the populace of Edinburgh were in such a tumult of wrath that Huntly fled to Ravenshugh, and the King and Chancellor Maitland also left the city, the Provost and Bailies scarcely restraining the people from laying hands on them.

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Attack on Holyrood. 1593.

Huntly surrendered to take his trial at Blackness Castle, but he pleaded the Royal Writ, and this was admitted as sufficient excuse, and he was released. On this, every kinsman of the murdered man rose in arms, and Bothwell returned from England. However, James pacified them by dismissing his Chancellor, sending Huntly from Court, and admitting five ministers to hear him excuse himself by the analogy of David, when he could not avenge the blood of Abner because the sons of Zeruiah were too hard for him.

However, he brought back Chancellor Maitland, and held a Parliament in 1593, in which Bothwell was declared a traitor at the Market Cross; but only a few days after, as James was being dressed, on the morning of the 24th of July, and was having his points trussed, a noise arose in the next room, and before him stood Bothwell, sword in hand. James darted to the door of the Queen's room, but while he was asleep it had been locked by Bothwell himself, who had been admitted to the palace by Lady Athole, one of the Ruthven family. Brought to bay, James behaved with spirit. "Come on," he said, "Francis! you seek my life, but you cannot hurt my soul."

Here as Lennox and Athole came in Bothwell fell on his knees; but the King indignantly said, "Kneel not, nor add hypocrisy to treason. Put me to death, for I will not live a prisoner or dishonoured," and he calmly sat down, as if ready for the worst.

Bothwell however, still kneeling, declared that he only came to sue for pardon. He kissed the hilt of his sword, and holding it by the point, gave it to the King, shaking his long black hair from his neck and bending his head as if to invite the King to do justice on him on the spot, and then laid hold of the King's foot and put it on his own head, so that James must have felt rather like Charles the Simple during the homage of Rollo.

Meanwhile a wild uproar arose on the outside, and a gentleman standing in the window called out to the King that the gude folk of Edinburgh, at one sign from him, would force the doors and rid him of the traitors. James fearing that such a rescue might lead to still greater danger, hastily fixed a day for Bothwell's trial on the question of witchcraft, now four years old, and only required him to withdraw from Court till that was over, but his friends remained in possession of the King's person.

Bothwell, well knowing that Queen Elizabeth was his secret supporter, betook himself to Durham, and there poured the whole story into the unwilling ears of the Dean, Dr. Toby Matthews, and likewise wrote a letter to Elizabeth, wherein he addressed her as "Most renowned Empress," and entreated her interference on his behalf. After this he collected six leashes of hounds and some fine horses as a present to the King, and went home to take his trial for witchcraft.

The indictment was wonderful. It was on the deposition of Richard Graham, who had long ago been burnt, and it accused the Earl of procuring a poison made of quite as curious ingredients as those used by Macbeth's witches, being compounded of adder skins, toad skins, and

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Defeat of Bothwell. 1593.

the like. It was to be placed where it might ooze on the King's head, when one drop would cause instant death. However, Bothwell's lawyer successfully showed that this evidence conflicted with that of Agnes Simpson and the other women, and that it had been obtained under an unfulfilled promise of pardon. Bothwell was acquitted, as he probably would have been if he had been guilty.

However, James had made all his arrangements for escaping from the hands of Athole and Bothwell's other friends, and throwing himself upon the Huntly faction in the North. He was actually leaving Holyrood at three o'clock in the morning, when Bothwell discovered what was going on, and insisted that he should not leave the palace till he had revoked Bothwell's outlawry, restored him to his lands and offices, and revenged the death of Moray.

James would not listen. The ministers of the Kirk and the English Ambassador were called in, but he remained firm to his resolution not to submit to this dishonourable coercion and semi-captivity, and all that could be obtained from him was Bothwell's pardon, and a promise that he would not summon Maitland and his colleagues to Court till after the sitting of the Parliament, which was to meet in six weeks at Stirling. Till that time Bothwell was to absent himself from Court.

James was really all the time led by Maitland, and was with his assistance negotiating with Huntly and the Roman Catholic party, much to the discontent of Elizabeth. Another plot was arranged by Bothwell with the knowledge of the English ambassador, Lord Zouch, for making himself master of the King, or of his little heir, Henry Frederick, who had been born on the 19th of February, 1594, to the great joy of the people, who were said to be daft for mirth. A few weeks later Bothwell raised 600 horse and waited at Leith to be joined by the Earls of Athole and Argyle; but James had been warned in time, and had brought up the Borderers under Buccleuch, Cessford, and Hume. There was a fight at Edmeston Edge which ended in Bothwell's defeat. It was the close of his attempts; he left Scotland, and shortly after died in France in poverty. It is his grandson whom Scott introduces as a Lifeguardsman in *Old Mortality*.

CAMEO XXXIII.

PACIFICATION OF FRANCE.

(1592—1599.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henry IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Truce with the League. 1591.

THE abjuration of Henri IV. was followed by a breathing time. A week later, a truce was signed for three months between him and the Duke of Mayenne. He showed his magnanimity and good sense by not being a stickler for titles. They called it an agreement between the chiefs of the two parties. He signed simply as Henri, and Mayenne as Charles of Lorraine. All the country nobles were glad to go home to gather in their harvest and vintage in peace, and Leaguers, Politiques, and Huguenots found themselves travelling the same roads, resting at the same inns, renewing old friendships, and agreeing that they were heartily weary of the war.

The hungry Parisians were delighted, and flocked to St. Denys to gaze on the King, who rode freely about, almost unattended at one time, and at another with a display of military state to delight their eyes. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" broke out, and Gabrielle was likewise cheered, being supposed to have contributed to his conversion.

The States-General, however, continued to sit, and on the 8th of August the Duke of Mayenne was driven to purchase the support of the Legate by consenting to the publication of the Canons of the Council of Trent, which had never yet been accepted in France, and he further took an oath not to dissolve the assembly till they had elected a king, provided the King of Spain would pay him 8,000 crowns a month wherewith to maintain the members. All his kindred took the oath except the Duke of Lorraine, who was negotiating with Henri and proposing to marry his eldest son to Catherine of Navarre. A *Te Deum* was sung at St. Germain L'Auxerrois, and the States-General were prorogued, though not dismissed.

Henri soon after set out for Fontainebleau. He incurred considerable

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Attempt to kill Henri IV. 1592.

danger on his way. A wheelwright of Orleans, named Barrière, had been in the service of Queen Marguerite and had offered to avenge her captivity by assassinating her husband. She would not listen to him and dismissed him; but he retained his design, and told several priests of it, most of whom encouraged him. He followed the King about with a long knife, but never had actual presence of mind enough to use it, though once Henri, on getting off his horse, gave him the bridle to hold, and another time asked his help in gathering fruit from a tree. One of the priests to whom the man had spoken sent a warning, and as the man entered Melun in the disguise of a seller of melons, he was arrested. He was sent to the Parliament sitting at Tours to be tried, and made full confession. It appeared that the priests of Paris had forbidden him to impart his design to the Dukes of Mayenne and Nemours, and that when he told them that he could not kill Henri at mass at St. Denys, they answered that the King was a mere hypocrite who went to mass in the morning and to sermon in the evening. The King tried to save the poor wretch, but the Parliament insisted on his execution, and by horrible tortures; and all that Henri could do was to insist that these should be shortened, and to send a gentleman to meet the criminal on the scaffold with an assurance of his personal forgiveness. The names of the clergy who had instigated the crime were made known in Paris, and there was such indignation against them that they were obliged to flee to Rome, where one of them, the Jesuit Pigerat, is said to have died suddenly in the pulpit two months later, struck with apoplexy while denouncing Henri IV.

Meantime the King travelled to Fontainebleau, the splendid hunting palace of François I., but which had been neglected by that monarch's grandsons. Henri IV., a lover of the country and the forest, longed to restore it whenever his poverty should consent. He sent off the Duke of Nevers with a petition to the Pope for his reconciliation with the Church. Nevers was an Italian named Ludovico de Gonzago, and was next heir to the duchy of Mantua, so that it was hoped that he would be acceptable at Rome. Clement VIII., however, was surrounded by Spanish cardinals, and he himself infinitely disliked the heretic King, whose sincerity he doubted. So he sent off a Jesuit, Father Paissevin, to meet the Duke at Cività Vecchia, and tell him that he might be welcomed as an Italian prince and good Catholic, but not as Ambassador from the King of Navarre; and a second message met him on the road to command him to diminish his retinue, since he must not enter Rome with the appearance of an embassy, and to forbid him to remain more than ten days, or to have any intercourse with the Cardinals. Much annoyed, Nevers had to submit, diminished his attendants to his ordinary escort of fifty gentlemen, and drove into Rome in his coach at nightfall.

He went straight to the Vatican, where he spent several hours with the Pope in private; but to all his requests he could get no more definite reply than "*Vederemo*" (we will see). The Cardinal Toleto, who was sent two days later to him with the answer to these requests, was most

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—
Embassy to Rome.
1593.

unpropitious, refusing consent to remain in Rome, and declaring that the Bishops who had received the abjuration must answer for their conduct to the Inquisition before they could be admitted to the presence of the Pope.

The Duke was permitted another audience before the Court of Rome, in which he made a speech setting forth most pathetically the miseries and dissensions of France, and conjuring the Pope to imitate the Good Shepherd by accepting the King, and thus setting them at one again. He even knelt at the Pope's feet, imploring him to receive the penitent, and presenting a copy of the abjuration. Clement waved it aside disdainfully. "You will never make me believe," he said, "that he whom you term your King is a sincere Catholic. I would not believe it were I told so by an angel from heaven. All Catholics who support him are disobedient rebels, traitors to the faith, children of the bondwoman. The children of the Holy League are the heirs of the promise, the keystone of the building, the pillars of the sanctuary."

Every request was answered in this manner, and the Roman clergy and people were as bitter against the embassy as the Pope himself. The Bishops and clergy who had accompanied it would not venture out of doors, and Nevers himself declared that he had been treated like a mere petty citizen.

The Pope took an oath in solemn consistory never to absolve Henri, and though Nevers was not actually expelled, and pains were taken to do him personal honour as an Italian prince, he gained nothing for his master, and when leaving Rome on the 5th of January, 1594, he only succeeded in carrying off the French Bishops safely by putting them in his own coach, and making it known that he should run the first through the body who tried to hale them to the Inquisition.

Henri meantime was much mortified to find that his Huguenot friends stood aloof. "You want peace," he said, "and if I have incurred condemnation to give it to you, why are you not grateful to me?" He finished letter after letter to Duplessis Mornay with "Come to me if you love me," while Mornay on his side declared that he should have preferred the Infanta Isabel's coronation to his master's apostasy. Queen Elizabeth was likewise very angry, and ordered home the troops she had lent him though they did not actually go. However, the League was quarrelling with the Princes of Lorraine; and the Dukes of Mayenne, Guise, and Nemours were in a state of dissension. The three months' truce had been prolonged into January 1594, and at the close of it nothing could be plainer than that the cause of Henri had gained much. Orleans submitted on the 25th of January, amid shouts of ecstasy, bonfires, and cries of "*A bas la signe maudite.*" Pontoise soon followed under the Duke of Villeroi, Lyons rose in insurrection, proclaimed the King, and burnt a hideous effigy personifying the League; Aix, and many cities in Provence, followed. Only Brittany, Champagne, and Paris still remained to the League, except some scattered cities of which Rheims was one.

Henri could no longer defer his coronation, though excluded from the

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Coronation of Henri IV.

1594.

rightful city, and still excommunicate. He decided therefore on being crowned at Chartres. All the regalia, except the crowns of Charlemagne and S. Louis, had been melted up by the League, the robes and everything else destroyed, and the holy oil in the Ampulla supposed to have been brought by an angel for the anointing of Clovis, was at Rheims.

English jewellers and goldsmiths were employed, plate was borrowed from churches and convents, and chrism was procured from the Abbey of Marmontiers, where was a vessel of oil with which S. Martin was held to have effected a miraculous cure. The absolution of the French clergy was permitted to admit the King to communion, and all was made ready for the ceremony on Sunday, the 27th of February.

At eight o'clock Henri repaired to the Cathedral in a vest of crimson satin and a robe of cloth of silver. He was anointed by the Bishop of Chartres, and the crown of Charlemagne, brought from S. Denys, was set on his head. He communicated in both kinds, and afterwards, in robes of purple velvet and ermine, with the crown on his head, showed himself at a banquet to the people, who assembled in crowds in ecstasies of delight.

Henri wrote to Queen Elizabeth that the pageant was the more necessary as the Spaniards were again about to invade the country. It was true, and Mayenne, contrary to his mother's advice, set forth to join them, telling the citizens of Paris that he left his wife and children to their care as pledges of his confidence; but Madame de Mayenne, not feeling equal confidence in the Parisians, did not choose to remain behind, and carried off her family.

She was wise. Paris was in a terrible state of tumult. Mobs met, some demanding bread, and shouting, "Down with the League!" others crying, "Away with les Politiques!" The shops were closed, the streets were grass-grown, all was desolation and gloom, and the people naturally so gay went about haggard and careworn. The Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Feria, who commanded the garrison, was threatened with assassination, and Henri, taking up his station at S. Cloud, felt that his hour was come.

There was much rage and despair at the departure of the Mayenne family. Hamilton, the curé of S. Côme, went about with a great troop shouting, "Take care of the city. The Politiques are making terrible work!" Others cried, "Down with the Politiques! Begin! Let us have an end of them!"

The quieter bourgeois, whom they called Politiques, were in despair. The Parliament could no longer endure the Seize, and forbade them to assemble. The Count de Brissac, Governor of Paris, felt that this was the moment when he could gain universal favour by admitting the King. He had an interview at the Abbey of S. Antoine with his brother-in-law, the Sieur de S. Luc, grand master of the King's artillery. In it all their arrangements were made, but they separated as if they had been quarrelling, and Brissac, on his return to Paris, went to the Legate faction, and asked absolution for conversing with a heretic, as he said, on needful family affairs.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Entry into Paris. 1594

The Legate was quite delighted, and sang his praises to the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Feria, who replied, "M. de Brissac is a good man. One has only to set the Jesuits at him to make him do what is wanted. He cares little for business, and I have seen him when we were in full council busy catching flies."

He never guessed that on the night of the 22nd of March the royal forces were to be admitted, and that Henri was already drawing them in numbers from all the garrisons round Some warning reached Feria that there was treachery, but he merely answered, "*Palabras de mugeres*"—women's words. Some gentlemen came on the 21st to tell Brissac that there were reports that the royal forces were to be admitted by the Politiques; but he replied, "So I have heard. I have taken my measures. Keep quiet, and do not alarm those who are to be seized. Messieurs les Politiques will have a surprise!"

All night between the 21st and 22nd of March, Brissac was going from post to post with a great appearance of vigilance; but he had some difficulty in ridding himself of some Spanish officers, whom Feria had sent with secret orders to kill him if they saw anything suspicious. At two o'clock in the morning, he brought them back to their Duke tired out.

Henri had come to S. Denys at midnight, and marched towards Paris, through a wild stormy night, in torrents of rain, which somewhat delayed him. Brissac and the Politiques grew very uneasy. They had surrounded Feria's house, and Brissac with d'Huillier, the Prévôt des Marchands, were at the Porte Neuve, where they had dismissed the guards, and the Echevin L'Anglais had done the same at the Porte S. Denys. A little after four in the morning the first of the royal troops under Vitry were seen, and admitted at the latter gate; S. Luc soon after.

At the Porte S. Denys, M. de S. Luc was admitted, the same at Porte Neuve, and posted a hundred men in file along the quay, and four hundred more at the crossing streets near the Louvre. Others gradually poured in in four bodies; the fifth with the King himself, unarmed, his sword and helmet borne behind him by a page. The citizens awoke to find their whole town in the hands of the King. The only blood that was shed was that of some German mercenaries at the Louvre, sixty in number, who refused to cry "*Vive le Roi*," and were massacred by Matignon's troops.

The King was much grieved.

"Would that I could have said I had taken Paris without the loss of a life," he cried.

M. de Brissac caused d'Huillier to present the keys of the city.

"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," said the Count.

"*Rendre, non pas vendre*," retorted the Provost, moved perhaps by the fact that when the Count presented the King with a white scarf, embroidered with lilies, Henri, taking off his own, threw it round Brissac, and saluted him as marshal.

Others of the royal army, from all the garrisons round, were coming

CAMEO XXXIII.
—
Reception in Paris.
1594.

in by water and by land, according to the admirable arrangements made by Henri, and the Parisians beheld with delight that their long and weary struggle was over. They were in absolute ecstasies to find the siege ended without the horrors of assault, and the tyranny of the League at an end. They shouted "*Vive le Roi*," they wept, they thronged, they threw themselves round the King, they kissed his boots, and embraced his horse's legs.

Some one hinted that fanatic Leaguers were not extinct, and some assassin might yet take advantage of these opportunities, so that it would be wise to keep clear of the multitude.

"No," said Henri, "let them look! I had rather run the risk than disappoint them. It is so long since they have seen a King, these poor Parisians."

At each step he showed some trait of the sweetness and generosity of his nature. No pillage was allowed. He made his men drag their pikes. When he saw a soldier taking bread by force from a baker, he ran up to him and menaced him with his sword. A man looked from a window without taking off his cap, and only retreated when he saw the King's eye on him. Henri immediately forbade any of his party to enter the house to do any injury there.

There were still, however, the Spanish and Flemish garrison in one fort, and the remnant of the Seize armed in the Bastille and Temple. Henri sent a message to them that if they would leave Paris that afternoon, he would grant them to march out with the honours of war. He also sent a guard to protect the house of Madame de Nemours and her daughter, Madame de Montpensier, who was very little grateful, but jumped screaming out of bed, and rushed about her room, tearing her hair, calling for some one to plunge a dagger in her heart, and abusing Brissac. Her mother, on the contrary, was relieved to have Paris in the King's hands, and sent him a complimentary message.

Henri went at once to return thanks at Nôtre Dame, and there a strange thing happened. As he knelt before the high altar, a beautiful child in glistening attire was seen kneeling beside him.

The officials would have sent away the intruder, but a cry arose, "It is his guardian angel."

The child then took the King's hand, and they remained thus while the first verse of the *Te Deum* was sung. At that moment Brissac came up and whispered something to the King, and while he was replying, the child vanished, and it was never known who the little one had been, so that the enthusiasts were able to preserve their belief that Henri's angel had been made visible to them.

Meantime heralds proclaimed him, as at an accession all over the city. Two of the Leaguer curés tried to raise the populace, but in vain. From the cathedral he proceeded to the Louvre, and there dined, after which he went to the Porte S. Denys, to enjoy from a window the sight of the departure of the Spaniards. They passed him with banners displayed, but lowered in salutation, as they looked up at the tall, spare,

CAMEO XXXIII.

Departure of the Legate. 1594.

active form, clad in light grey, with a large black hat and drooping white feather, the nose and chin very prominent; the hair, beard, and moustache grey before their time. He was a very different figure from the lad who had entered Paris twenty-two years before for the wedding, which was the prelude to the massacre of S. Bartholomew, and yet through all he had preserved his indomitable lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits. So many Bourbon scarfs were put on that day that not a yard of white silk was left unused!

His next task was the welcome one of signing a passport for the Cardinal Legate, who was escorted out with all respect, but who died on the way back to Italy—of vexation, as it was said.

The last order Henri gave on that evening was for the destruction of a picture displayed in Nôtre Dame, representing Queen Elizabeth watching the burning of several of her Roman Catholic subjects, assisted by demons with pitchforks. Two days later he astonished the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier, by suddenly calling on them. As he passed the hall, where hung a portrait of the murdered Guise, he halted and bowed low to it. Quite subdued, Madame de Montpensier fell at his feet and implored his pardon, which was freely given, and the ladies shortly after withdrew to Soissons, where was the Duke of Mayenne.

The mercy and generosity Henri showed to all his enemies were truly free and noble, and won the hearts of the people. He went to the prisons, and demanded the reasons of each man's captivity, releasing the debtors and most of the political offenders. This was his way of keeping Maundy Thursday, and he likewise scrupulously washed the feet of twelve poor men, after true royal fashion. On Easter Sunday he touched 600 patients for the king's evil. At the same time, his sister Catherine was keeping Easter Day by a sermon and communion, after the reformed fashion, at S. Germain. On this account her entrance into Paris had been deferred, and she did not come in till the Wednesday. She was thought dull, cold, haughty, and melancholy, and no doubt to a pure-minded, austere Calvinist, such as she was, the residence at such a court as her brother's must have been most painful.

Gabrielle d'Estrées had borne him a son whom he named César, and created Duke of Vendôme; and he was taking measures to have her divorced from her husband, old de Liancour; and himself from Marguerite de Valois, so that he might marry the lady on whom he had set his affections.

But the affair did not advance, since the nation would not esteem the marriage cancelled, save by the Pope's consent; and Marguerite had made up her mind not to consent unless the King meant to make choice of a princess. She would never set him free to marry Gabrielle.

Rouen and almost all Normandy submitted in the course of the summer, and Feria found no consolation save in vituperating Mayenne in letters to Philip II., while Mayenne equally abused Feria. The game

CAMBO XXXIII.

Attempt to assassinate Henri. 1595.

was still not thrown up, however, by the remains of the League. Henri might make a solemn entry into Paris with his grey coat of velvet, studded with emeralds, and his white plume fastened by a clasp of diamonds, a *Te Deum* might be sung among the acclamations of an enthusiastic people, but the fanatics of the League still hoped to destroy him by assassination.

A lad of nineteen, named Jean du Chastel, son of a cloth merchant, sprang at him as he was bending to embrace a gentleman named Montigny kneeling before him, doing him homage.

The blow was aimed at his throat, but only struck his lip, and broke one of his teeth.

"I am wounded," he cried.

"This is the murderer," shouted Montigny; "it is I or he."

"Let him go," said Henri; "it cannot be that lad."

But the knife was found, and the unhappy lad made full confession of his intention, showing how the Jesuit priests, who had educated him, had taught him to think it a good work to slay a heretic and excommunicate tyrant.

The people were ready to pull down the college, and the King had to use all his authority to hinder the Jesuits from being torn to pieces. The Order was banished, while their victim was put to death with cruel tortures, which he bore like a martyr.

The young Duke of Guise made his own terms with the King, and was rewarded with the government of Provence; but Mayenne still held out, and Philip II., who still only spoke of the Prince of Béarn, sent another army into Burgundy in June 1595. This was under the Constable of Castille, and was joined by the Duke of Mayenne. On the 8th of June, 1595, this was totally routed by Henri at Fontaine Françoise in a brief and masterly battle, whose success surprised himself.

It was quite plain that Rome and Spain could not hinder Henri IV. from being King of France, but that it was quite possible that an independent Gallican Church, like the Anglican, might arise, if Rome repeated the mistake which had been made in rejecting Queen Elizabeth. Henri had seen his blunder in sending the brilliant embassy which had attracted attention, but he kept Cardinal d'Ossat at work quietly at Rome, convincing the Pope that it was vain to resist any longer, and arranging the terms of his reconciliation. These were that the Catholic worship should be re-established in Béarn, and wherever it had been suppressed; that all Church property should be restored; that the young Prince of Condé, who was at present heir to the throne, should be bred up as a Catholic; and that the Council of Trent should be accepted by the Church of France.

To all this Henri agreed, and not a word was said of his scandalous life, though he further promised to hear mass daily, to confess and communicate four times a year, and to establish convents in different parts of France; as a secret article also to recall the Jesuits.

All this being done on the 17th of September, 1595, Clement VIII. appeared on a platform in front of the closed doors of S. Peter's.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Peace in France. 1595.

Henri's representatives, the Cardinals d'Ossat and Perron, knelt before him, and in their master's name renounced all heresy, and swore to maintain the faith and to uphold the authority of the Pope. The *Miserere* was sung, while the Pope gave a slight scourging to the two prelates with a light rod. He then pronounced the absolution, and great shouts of joy followed from the fickle people.

Henri was now owned as Most Christian King, eldest Son of the Church; and the weary land could rest. The League had no further cause to exist; and Mayenne, who had quarrelled with the Constable of Castille over the defeat at Fontaine Françoise, began to treat with the King.

After all had been arranged, he came to meet Henri at Mousseaux, and was gladly welcomed with the words, "Cousin, is it you, or a dream that I see?"

Then, Henri began walking about with him in the beautiful park of Mousseaux. Henri was light and active; Mayenne, though only forty-two, a year younger than the King, was fat, heavy, and rheumatic, and laboured along till Henri whispered to Rosny, "If I walk this big body about much longer, I shall be avenged of all my wrongs, for it will be a dead man!"

Then, making Mayenne confess that he could bear it no longer, Henri clapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"There then, cousin, with Heaven's goodwill ends the last vexation I will ever cause you."

And thus, on the 31st of January, 1597, France was once more a united nation at peace within herself, though still at war with Spain.

CAMEO XXXIV.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

(1589—1596.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henry IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXIV. — *English sailors.*

AGE made no difference in the enmity of Philip II. to Elizabeth, which indeed he held to be hatred to the enemies of Heaven. England, Holland, and Huguenot France were in his eyes the accursed lands that he was called on, as the champion of the Church, to reduce, and sitting at his table in his study, he continued to issue his commands, as though his ships were not shattered and his greatest captains dead. He had vowed that he would be revenged for the destruction of the Armada, even if he had to pawn the last candlestick from his own chapel, and with indomitable perseverance he kept his word. The wooden walls of old England remained her chief protection.

It is curious to review and contrast the great mariners who were then their leaders, and in whom the Sea King was by no means extinct. Foremost was the veteran High-Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, a stout old noble, who fought by sea much as he would have done by land, because the Queen commanded him there to serve her, and who was wise, wary and cautious, often forced to appeal loudly to her for mere maintenance for his vessels and his sailors, and for that very reason not willing to try her parsimony too far by expense or by enterprise.

His secretary was old Sir John Hawkins, one of a family in whom the pirate, the merchant, and the patriot were as strangely combined as in any Viking of olden time. They were valiant and skilful, but avaricious and cunning, and all these qualities met to the utmost degree in Sir John, who was at this time specially enraged with the Spaniards, who were keeping his son Richard a prisoner in Peru.

Sir Martin Frobisher, whom the Queen trusted the most of all as a naval commander, was an admirable seaman, honest, upright, and only

CAMEO XXXIV.
Drake.

moderately rapacious, but illiterate, and nothing more nor less than a loyal sailor.

Sir Francis Drake was something more, though likewise bred to the sea, and most at home upon it. He had larger views and more resource, and not only had signalised himself by his voyage round the world, but by supplying his native town of Plymouth with water conducted from Dartmoor in a long channel called the Leat.

These were the chief professional seamen, and to them must be added the gentlemen who might be viewed as amateurs. There was George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, the grandson of the shepherd lord, a perfect sea-king of romance, most magnificent by sea and land, honourable and punctilious as any of Spenser's knights though he thought robbing the Spaniards perfectly right service, and often fantastically courteous. Once when the Queen had dropped her glove, he picked it up and restored it to her on his knee, whereupon she bestowed it on him. He adorned it with gold and diamonds, and wore it on state occasions in his plumed hat, in which his portrait was taken. His point of honour was so delicately punctilious, that it was not thought good often to entrust him with commissions in the public service, but Elizabeth made him her champion to represent her at all tournaments.

But he was "in stern fight a champion grim," and he delighted in the sea. With small aid from the Queen he fitted out ships at his own expense in which to go privateering in his own way, when, as his biographer says, "his fleet was bound to no other port than the port of honour, though touching at the port of profit in passage thereunto."

The "port of profit" had its allurements for the ablest and most many-sided man of them all, Sir Walter Raleigh, or, as the Spaniards called him, the Corsair Gualteral. Scholar, author, and thinker as he was, he cared not only for England's supremacy, but looked on the strange new world with the eyes of an observer of the marvels of creation, and of a philosopher forecasting its future. He alone of all the discoverers of the reign had the ability to profit by the customs of the natives, or to import their productions, but his satirical and haughty manner gained him enemies at home, and want of means and of rank made his talents far less available than they should have been.

The other Devon knight, Sir Richard Grenville, was of a more common type, brave and faithful, but violent and rapacious.

To these must be added the Queen's spoilt darling, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, to whom a voyage of adventure or a command in the French camp were delightful relaxations from the tedious task of acting as something between lover and son to an old lady of nearly sixty years, who tried to keep a wild falcon like a tame bullfinch. But with all their faults, what sovereign ever had a more gallant array of servants?

The Spanish treasure ships, called carracks, loaded from the mines of Rio de la Plata, Peru, and Mexico, were wont to assemble at Panama, to be convoyed home by ships of war sent out from Spain with freights of iron and all manner of commodities, even Papal

CAMEO XXXIV.
Frobisher.

Indulgences, which the colonists were prohibited from buying from any one but the King. To catch these ships on their way was the exciting sport of the English, and was in their eyes by no means piracy, but was at once pious, patriotic, and profitable.

To harass the Spaniards and enrich themselves and the Queen by their feats at sea was the delight of Elizabeth's great sailors. Sir Martin Frobisher cruised in the Channel, and fought, though he could not spell, and the despatches in which he communicated his successes

To the reyghte
honourable the
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are curious specimens. He relates that "in sendynge the Moune tou Ostedynde she hathe taken a Lonnedragare and a Spanyare in her bounde for Donkerke, and the Spanyarde caste ovare borde tou paketes of Letares." This is believed to mean that the good ship *Moon*, on her way to Ostend, took a *l'homme de guerre*, with a Spaniard on board!

He prays for the Queen's "longe and prosperous rene ovare hus," "and for the hellthe of the Lor heye tresarare." His letters must have been far harder tasks than the capture of Lonnedragare!

In 1589, Sir Martin received a commission to sail "to the westwards" with five ships, one of them commanded by a namesake of his, probably a nephew. They made first for Cape S. Vincent, and at Castel Sagres, a port a little to the south, captured a Biscayan ship, though not without damage, and then crossed to the Azores, where he lurked till the Spanish fleet from America came in his way, eighteen in number. He took the Admiral's and Vice-Admiral's ships, but lost the former in a storm off the Eddystone.

Frobisher caused some one to write at his dictation a long letter to Lord Burghley, urging that the best way to cripple the Spaniards and prevent them from collecting another Armada, was to fit out a considerable fleet, so provided as to be able to wait for the treasure ships if their sailing were delayed. Sir John Hawkins, then seventy years old, always eager for gain, commanded one of them. He obtained, in 1590, twelve ships, but they could not obtain the provision he wanted, and Philip, learning intelligence of the expedition, prevented his new ships from coming out to give battle, and his carracks from leaving Havanna and becoming a prey, since Frobisher could not wait for them for want of provisions; but though the English lost their prizes, the Spaniards underwent much damage from their detention at Havanna. Old Hawkins excused the want of success by quoting the text about Paul planting and Apollos watering, whereupon Elizabeth broke out, "The fool went out a soldier, and is come home a divine!"

Frobisher however had obtained wealth enough to purchase an estate and marry a knight's widow. The Earl of Cumberland hovered about the Azores with a fleet of his own fitting out, and year by year met with

CAMEO XXXIV.

Sir Richard Grenville 1591.

varying success. There too Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Richard Grenville watched in 1591 for the carracks, but instead of meeting them were attacked by the fleet under Don Alfonso de Bassano, whom Philip sent out on discovering their purpose. The English were carelessly awaiting the galleons, when from behind the island, the huge fleet of fifty-three sail appeared so near them that they had hardly time to weigh anchor. Many of the men were sick, many on shore, all was confusion, but Howard contrived to get away with all the ships save that of Grenville, who wanted to get the men ashore on board, refusing to forsake them, and thus "dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ships." He then proceeded with his one vessel, the *Revenge*, to fight his way through the whole of the enemy's fleet. Five vessels attacked him at once. Again and again he beat off his assailants, sorely damaged, and for fifteen hours kept up the fight, till his masts being shattered, his tackle gone, his powder spent, forty men killed, himself desperately wounded, he bade the master-gunner to sink the ship, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands. The survivors however took the matter into their own hands and surrendered. Don Alfonso wished to remove Sir Richard from the *Revenge*, which was like a slaughter-house, but he refused to leave it with his own consent. However, with all honour he was taken on board a Spanish ship, where he died two days after, saying, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life as a good soldier ought to do."

He further said that those who had deserted him were but dogs, and would be a reproach for ever. It seems, however, that Howard would have come to his aid, if the sailors would have consented, but Raleigh, who wrote the account of this splendid act of courage, and who was a friend of Grenville's, thinks the attempt would have been only a waste of brave men. Tennyson has a fine poem on this loss of the *Revenge*.

Raleigh himself burnt to be at sea, and with great effort fitted out thirteen ships, and persuaded the Queen to lend him two more, wherewith to sail to the Isthmus of Darien. He set sail on May 9th, 1592, but he was too great a favourite to be spared, and he was followed the next day by a pinnace containing Sir Martin Frobisher with orders to take the command, and send him home, though old Frobisher might sail where he chose. However, Raleigh was bent on the expedition to Darien, and the two captains proceeded together till there was a great storm off Cape Finisterre, which did the ships so much damage that Raleigh saw that by the time they were repaired, it would be too late to proceed to the Isthmus. He therefore divided his vessels into two squadrons, sending one with Frobisher to watch the Spanish coast, and prevent the escort from going out to meet the carracks, and the other with Sir John Burroughs to capture these same carracks at the Westward islands. They had good success, Frobisher capturing an outward bound ship with 7,000*l.* worth of iron ware, and Burroughs the *Madre de Dios*, a seven-decked ship with 230 brass cannon, the largest that had yet been brought into Plymouth harbour.

CAMEO XXXIV.

Raleigh.

But meantime Raleigh had fallen into disgrace. He had committed the offence of marrying Elizabeth Throgmorton in secret, and with some circumstances discreditable to him; the affair had become known and the Queen had sent him to the Tower, whence he wrote deplorable letters to Sir Robert Cecil for her Majesty's perusal, describing his chief misery to be his seclusion from the presence of the Queen. "I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like an Orpheus."

Pretty well for a lady aged fifty-nine! When he saw from the window her barge going by on the Thames, he fell into a theatrical passion, struggling with his keeper, not for a sight of his young bride but of the elderly Queen, threatening to be an Orlando Furioso, if deprived of his Angelica. On the tidings of the arrival of the huge prize, and the commotion it excited in Plymouth, Angelica sent her Orlando down, but with Mr. Blount as a keeper to watch over him, to look after his interests and her own. The port was like a fair, for the sailors had all tried to abstract whatever they could of the precious freight, and merchants of all kinds were there to purchase. Sir Robert Cecil went down also, and wrote to his father that whenever he met any persons whose luggage smelt of musk or ambergris, he had them to Exeter and searched them, by which means he recovered a bag of seed pearls, divers pieces of damask, and the like, thus smuggled out of the *Madre*.

She had been taken to Dartmouth, and there Raleigh came on board, very pensive and melancholy, and calling himself the Queen's poor captive, although he was greeted with such delight by the sailors, and was so popular and powerful among them that Cecil declared himself quite amazed thereat. Finally the Queen, for her share in the adventure, obtained 72,000*l.* out of the prize, Lord Cumberland half that sum, and the other adventurers, including Raleigh, divided 36,000*l.* between them. Perhaps it was partly in consideration of his claims that Elizabeth not only relieved him of her displeasure, but when he coveted the manor of Sherborne, she made the Bishop of Salisbury grant her a ninety-nine years lease of it for him, and on the vacancy of the see, made the appointment of the new Bishop conditional on his granting the manor to Raleigh in perpetuity. But as we shall see, the sacrilegious gift did not thrive with Sir Walter or his family.

Philip now sent orders that with a few quick sailing vessels from Dunkirk 3,000 or 4,000 troops should be taken across to Rochester, there to burn the English vessels in their harbour! But such an imitation of Drake was made impossible by Sir Martin Frobisher, who had been placed in command of the fleet in the Broad Seas, as the North Sea was named, in distinction to the Narrow Seas, or Channel, also then called the Sleeve, as the French still term it La Manche. Stout old Sir Martin was the commander in whom the Queen placed most confidence.

Meanwhile there had been maturing in the Netherlands a man of great

CAMEO XXXIV.
—
Siege of Groningen
1593.

ability, though not of attractive character, Maurice of Nassau, who, born and bred among tempests, had learnt to trim his boat with the utmost wariness and discretion. His father's cognomen of The Silent was far more suited to him, for he waited with taciturnity that no one penetrated, while he studied mathematics and engineering as no general had hitherto considered needful, and awaited the moment to act, while bringing his army up to a pitch of discipline and precision such as had seldom been since old Roman days. Moreover the Dutch paid them punctually, so that there was no fear of mutiny for pay in the face of the enemy. Nobody was left capable of really making head against Maurice, who had already gained several cities by siege while Parma was absent in France.

In 1593 he besieged Gertruydenberg, keeping his soldiers in such perfect order that the peasants ploughed and sowed without fear of violence, and not so much as an egg was taken without being paid for. Counts Peter Ernest Mansfield and Hohenlo vainly tried to relieve the garrison, or to tempt Prince Maurice out to give them battle. He kept his men in the camp and in the trenches, undermining the great bastion, yet, after all, the city was taken almost by an accident. Three captains reconnoitring, crossed the ditch on planks, and, with half a company of soldiers, climbed into the fort. No one saw them till they were well within, and then some of the garrison discovered them. Then there was a struggle in which sixteen of the assailants were killed, and nine of the garrison, but there was such a panic that the citizens sent out into the camp in haste to offer to surrender the place. Maurice thought at first that it was a trick, and Count Mansfield first learned what had happened when he saw the camp illuminated for joy.

Then followed the equally successful siege of Groningen, in which the English allies under Sir Francis Vere did their part. By this time Philip was ready to appoint a new governor. He had long intended for this purpose the Archduke Ernest, the second of his Austrian nephews. There was strong allegiance in the house of Austria to the direct representative of Charles V., or else the influence of his daughter, the Empress Marie, must have been very strong; for though the gentle, tolerant kindly Maximilian II. was so utterly diverse from his cousin Philip, he had thought fit to send all his sons to be educated at Madrid, where the gloomy Spanish nature they derived from their mother was fostered, and they were moulded to be obedient servants to their uncle.

Rudolf, the eldest, was reigning as Emperor, a victim to superstitious fears. An astrologer had told him that he would be murdered by his nephew, and he therefore was most unwilling that any of his brothers should marry. Archduke Ernest had however been intended by Philip to marry the Infanta Clara Eugenia, and to reign over France; but the League had shown so plainly that if they accepted the Infanta it must be as wife to either the heir of Lorraine or the Duke of Guise, that the scheme had to be abandoned, and Ernest was sent alone to rule the remnant of the Low Countries that remained to Spain. He was of a

CAMEO XXXIV.
Archduke Ernest.
1593.

gentle disposition, melancholy like most of his family, suffered much from gout, and had no property of his own ; so that, devoted as he was to Rome and to his uncle, he was not likely to retrieve the cause of Spain. Philip paid his travelling expenses, and they must have been heavy, for he brought 670 gentlemen, pages and cooks, and 534 coach horses. Coming from Austria, he showed himself distrustful of the Spanish officers, and offended many of them ; but he was all the time managed by the cleverest of them all, Fuentes, who had been at Brussels ever since the recall of Alva, and was the most cunning politician of them all, while the Governor of Brussels, Ybarra, and his secretaries, kept a close watch on every movement of the Archduke, and reported them to King Philip.

The most extraordinary and pedantic pageants were prepared at Antwerp and Brussels. Ernest's effigy stood on a scaffold fifty-five feet high, and represented Apollo hurling his darts at a python who grasped in one claw a city, in another a burgher. Elsewhere he was shown as Perseus releasing Andromeda, namely Belgium, and as Vulcan forging darts in the crater of Mount Etna. All the virtues, and very odd ones some of them were, came out to welcome him ; and most extraordinary Latin poetry was perpetrated, while the poor prince endured it all, half dead with fatigue and gout.

He was harmless enough, and was trusted with none of the plans that were hatched between Fuentes and Ybarra, with the King's full complicity.

The Count of Fuentes had charge of the department of assassination, and it is absolutely known that the King had furnished him with a list of persons to be thus made away with, among whom Elizabeth and Henri IV. had the foremost places. A poisoned nosegay is said to have been administered by Andrada, a Portuguese adept, to Henri, but without effect.

Elizabeth had in her service a Portuguese Jew physician named Lopez. Jews had not been suffered in England since their expulsion by Edward I., but this man had been recommended to her by Don Antonio, the pretender of Portugal, and she had great confidence in him. He was the only living model Shakespeare could have possibly had for Shylock. A splendid ring of rubies and emeralds was conveyed to this man by means of Andrada, to bind him to the service of Philip, and he was further promised as large a sum as he might choose to ask, if he would destroy Elizabeth at once, and procure for his employers "a merry Easter."

Dr. Lopez undertook the work for 50,000 crowns, but he further demanded large marriage portions for his daughters. While they were haggling, Antony Bacon, secretary to Essex, received a hint from a fugitive secretary of Philip's that dangerous letters were passing between Brussels and London. Enough was discovered to make the Earl hurry to the Queen, who would not believe him at first, because Lopez had brought her a jewel which he said had been sent with intent to corrupt

CAMEO XXXIV.

Plots of Ybarra.

him; but Essex declared it was a mere blind, and she permitted an inquiry to be made by him and the Cecils, father and son.

Sir Robert Cecil was always the personal enemy of Essex, and the result of the investigation in the house of the Jew was that the accusation was false. Elizabeth sent for the Earl, and rated him well as "a rash temerarious youth who had brought a slander on an innocent man." He was very angry and shut himself up in his room in a rage, but before many days had passed, letters were intercepted showing that the deed was only delayed because Lopez wanted his fee paid down, and Philip, equally prudent, would give nothing before the work was done. The plan for burning the fleet was also disclosed. The Queen was much overcome at finding how great her danger had been, and exclaimed, "My times are in Thy Hand." Essex was of course treated with all affection and gratitude; but Sir Robert Cecil did not love him the better for having been in the right.

Lopez was executed, confessing the correspondence, but denying all murderous purposes towards the Queen, whom he said he loved as he did the Christian Saviour. The crowd believed him to mean that he hated both alike, and shouted forth their maledictions, which seem to have been justly deserved.

Poor Ernest was quite guiltless of all this. He was a good man, but fit only to be a monk, and died on the 20th of February, 1595, when the government passed to Fuentes, a far more able and active man.

The Spaniards had taken advantage of their alliance with the League to build a fort at Crozon, one of the wild rocky points that inclose the harbour of Brest, a place of vantage where a second Armada hoped to rally for a fresh attack on England. Here they kept a garrison under Don Juan d'Aguila; and Marshal d'Aumont, the President of the States of Brittany, represented to Elizabeth how much it was for her safety to drive these enemies away. She summoned Sir John Norris from Holland to report upon the matter, and his account decided her on sending 5,000 men, with six ships, and two pinnaces, but demanded Brest as a pledge. The Dutch contributed 1,500 men. Frobisher took the command, and while cruising about in preparation, made his will, leaving all his property to his nephew Peter, Martin being dead. Norris was ready on the 29th of August, 1594, but he showed himself very doubtful of the character of his troops, and not altogether satisfied that the sailors would be good for aught but plunder.

It was an arduous undertaking, for the fort of Crozon stood on a little peninsula strong by nature, and fortified with all the science of the time. Norris laid regular siege on the land side, Frobisher fired away at sea, but without producing much effect; and Norris's first assault was unsuccessful, being beaten off with great loss, for which the prudent old Queen reprimanded him. "The blood of men ought not to be squandered away at all adventures," she wrote. Angry as were the English at their repulse, they had to wait eighteen days while

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—
Death of Frobisher.
1595.

a mine was being made beneath one of the great bastions under the direction of Marshal d'Aumont, and meantime the sailors were starving. It was not by Elizabeth's fault this time, but that of her officer Darnell. Large stores of meat, bread, cheese, and beer were ready and spoiling at Plymouth and Dartmouth because no transport chartered by her Majesty was at hand, and this punctilious gentleman would neither hire vessels nor even deliver the provisions to the captains of two ships whom Sir Martin sent home to fetch them. The men were put on short rations, but in spite of hunger when the mine was sprung on the 7th of November, they stoutly scaled the western walls with ladders, while Norris and the land forces entered by the breach. D'Aumont was ill, and forced to give up the command.

Frobisher was shot in the hip, but pressed on until his bastion was won and the Spanish banner hauled down. The place was taken, and with grievous slaughter, for quarter was neither asked nor given, and only five or six prisoners were made. The Queen was delighted at the news, and wrote her thanks in her own hand to the Admiral, calling him her "trustie and well beloved." The letter met him at Plymouth, whither he had been carried, dying, not so much of his wound as of unskilful surgery. He rejoiced over the letter like a true Elizabethan servant, but it could not save his life, and he died on the 22nd of November, 1594, leaving a gallant name behind him.

Meantime Sir Walter Raleigh, at Sherborne, was, to the discomfiture of his poor young wife, meditating a grand voyage. In a remarkable letter she begged Sir Robert Cecil to "draw water from the east rather than help him to the sunset," but Cecil was in favour of his going, and Elizabeth had not so condoned his offences as, in spite of his outrageous flattery, to be unable to dispense with his presence. So in February, 1595, he set forth with a squadron of five ships to explore the mouths of the river Orinoco. He wrote the history of his expedition himself, and it is full of delight at the beauty of the scenes,—flowers and trees of such variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of herbals, and birds of all colours. In his intercourse with the Indians Sir Walter was gentle and kindly, and kept his men "of the meaner sort from spoil and stealing," making compensation whenever damage was done. The natives of Guiana, a friendly and gentle race, were entirely conciliated, kept him well supplied with provisions, and gave him all the information they could. Beyond, at the source of their rivers, they talked of a golden city, and wonderful lands of gold and silver, the El Dorado of the Spaniard, being no doubt a confused account of the wealth of the Empire of Peru. An old chief named Topiawari was specially friendly, and counselled Raleigh how to conquer "the Emperor Inga," who reigned over this wonderful country; but clothes, provisions, and stores being exhausted, Raleigh was forced to return home, hoping to collect a force sufficient for such an undertaking, leaving two men with Topiawari to learn his language, and carrying home the chief's only son, who went willingly. He arrived in

CAMEO XXXIV.

Deaths of Hawkins and Drake.

August, 1595, but his descriptions could not prevail on his countrymen to undertake any expedition on so large a scale as he desired.

He arrived at Plymouth just as old Sir John Hawkins with Sir Francis Drake were starting on a less peaceful expedition to the west, with twenty-seven ships and 25,000 men. Their plan was to fall on and destroy Nombre de Dios, where Drake had won so much glory previously, and then to march on to Panama, and lay hands on the treasure collected from Peru. Just, however, as they were setting off they heard that all the treasure ships were safe in Spain, except one galleon, which had been obliged to wait at Puerto Rico. They were advised to secure it, but Drake wished to begin by an attack on the island of Teneriffe, and this was done, against the advice of Hawkins. The attempt was unsuccessful, and in the meantime the galleon was escorted safely to Lisbon, the English were beaten off from Puerto Rico, and the two captains had a hot dispute over the cause of failure. His passion seems to have been too much for Sir John Hawkins, who was more than half way between seventy and eighty; a fever came on, and he died off Puerto Rico a day or two later. Drake, whose nature was a good and kindly one, grieved much over the death of his old patron, but he went on to Panama, and reaching it at Christmas made a descent on it, in vain, and returning on board gave way to a settled melancholy, sickened with low fever, and died on the 28th of January, 1598. He was only fifty-one years of age.

CAMEO XXXV.

DEATH OF PHILIP II.

(1595—1598.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henri IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1555. Philip II.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXV.

Death of Ernest. 1593.

THE great struggle between the old and the new faiths was nearly fought out for the time, and the two foremost leaders, Philip II. and Elizabeth, had grown old in the strife, while the moderate and tolerant Henri IV. had come to the front.

Archduke Ernest died at Brussels in February, 1595. Count Fuentes governed the Spanish Netherlands, and maintained the war with Maurice and with the French until the arrival of the next of the Austrian archdukes, Albert, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who brought back with him Philip William, Prince of Orange, that eldest son of William the Silent, who had been a prisoner in Spain from sixteen years old to forty-two, and now seems to have been released in order to cause perplexities in the situation of his younger brother, Maurice.

Captured before his father's acceptance of Calvinism, he had in Spain been placed under Jesuit training, and was an undoubting Roman Catholic, though he retained a passionate veneration for his father, and had thrown a man out of window who had spoken lightly of the prince. On his father's death, the King offered to put him in possession of his estates, subject to an annuity to the relations of Gérard, the murderer; but the idea so shocked him that he nearly stabbed the person who carried him the proposal.

He had been permitted to ride and hunt, and enjoy manly exercises and Spanish society, and he had become a thorough Spaniard in habits and manners, though more like in countenance to his father than any of the younger ones of the family. Obediently he wrote to the States General, but when they declined to receive him he acquiesced. He

CAMEO XXXV. — *Archduke Albert.* 1593.

was grave, silent, and reserved, and some thought him half-witted. He probably neither chose to be a tool to destroy his father's work nor to oppose his King, for he remained neutral.

Archduke Albert was thirty-six years old, a worthy and fairly able person. He had studied a good deal, and understood mathematics. Henri IV. used to say there were three facts true, though no one would believe them—that he himself was a good Catholic, that Queen Elizabeth was an unstained woman, and Cardinal Albert a good general. Albert, though he had been dispensed from his vows as an ecclesiastic in order that he might marry the Infanta Isabel, retained the self-restrained habits he had learned as a bishop. He was very diligent and industrious, and while obedient to the Pope and King of Spain, had all his father's mercifulness of temper, so that if he could have appeared on the scene instead of Alva, the whole revolt might probably have been prevented. When he came, however, it was when almost all the greater men who had served Spain in the Netherlands were dead or superannuated, and he had few to depend upon. The ablest captain at his disposal was a Frenchman named Savigny de Rosne, who had once been a Leaguer, and who had a great hatred for Henri IV., together with a knowledge of his native land, and though very fat, was an active and experienced soldier.

There was a plan for a League between France, England, and Holland against Philip, and the Queen sent Sir Harry Winton over to Henri at Coucy in 1596. The Queen was now sixty-four, and it is amusing to find that in the midst of all their serious interests, the King and the Ambassador thought it needful to play out the old farce, so that Sir Harry might describe to Elizabeth how, after he had seen the lovely Gabrielle, then in the height of her charms (though he is too wary to acknowledge any), he told the King that he had about him the portrait of a far more excellent mistress; how Henri begged for a sight of it, and kissed it passionately, though the Ambassador would not let it out of his own hand till there was a struggle between the two, ending with the King wresting it from him, and vowing he would never give it up!

While these negotiations were in hand, Cardinal Albert had assembled an army of 18,000 men, and detached De Rosne with 4,000 to attack Calais. The Governor, De Gordon, had died two years previously, and his nephew, De Vidosan, who had succeeded to the government, had neglected the defences, especially those of the Risban, which commanded the harbour, and it was easily taken by De Rosne. The city surrendered, but Vidosan retired into the citadel, agreeing to surrender unless relieved within six days.

Henri IV., who was at Boulogne, had on the first alarm sent to England and Holland for aid, and Maurice was at hand with his fleet; but to enter the harbour with the Risban in the power of the enemy was impossible. He was one day too late. Elizabeth also ordered Essex with 4,000 men to Dover, but not to embark till she had obtained

CAMDEN XXXV. — *Spanish Expedition take Calais.* 1593.

from Henri, to whom she sent Sir Robert Sidney, an engagement to make the city over to her. Henri thought this ungenerous, and flew into a passion most unusual with him, declaring that he had rather see the place in the hands of the Spaniards; but he cooled afterwards, and civilities passed about Henri's visiting the Queen at Dover, Sidney declaring that she said she should willingly die at once if she could only have two hours' conference with him.

But the delay had hindered Essex and his men too long. The six days were over. A body of 200 or 300 Frenchmen from Boulogne had succeeded in getting into the citadel, and Vidosan therefore held himself to be relieved, and opened fire on the town. De Rosne returned the cannonade, and then assaulted. On the second attack the place was carried, and every one within put to the sword.

The firing was heard at Greenwich; but Elizabeth was very angry with Henri. It is said that in his impatience he had said with a sneer that she could not spare Essex from her cotillon. The speech was reported to her, whereupon she wrote the King such a letter, that on reading it he raised his hand to strike the messenger. So runs the story, which is probably a garbled version of Henri's stormy interview with Sir Robert Sidney. At any rate, the loss of Calais was a most serious one to both sovereigns, who had in their dispute hardly estimated each other's feeling about it. For Henri to yield to England the conquest that had been the pride of Guise, would have been fatal to his perilous understanding with the Leaguers; while Elizabeth viewed the city as her own just right, the loss of which had been the final stroke that broke her sister's heart. When the fact was accomplished, the French consoled themselves by declaring that they had rather see Calais in Spanish than in English hands. Sancy, the ambassador, even told Elizabeth so, and Henri observed that he had rather be bitten by a lion than by a lioness.

In spite of these amiable outbreaks, necessity drew the two sovereigns together, and the Duke of Bouillon came twice to England, and on his second visit, on the 26th of August, 1596, a Protestant League was sworn to by Queen Elizabeth in a pavilion furnished as a chapel on the pier at Greenwich, and there was afterwards a great banquet at the palace, while all the bells of London were ringing, cannon firing, and bonfires blazing. The States acceded to the League; and indeed it was well, for Philip, aware perhaps that England had lost her three greatest sailors, was again preparing an armada for her destruction, and in the following summer, Howard, Essex, and Raleigh succeeded in gaining permission to renew, with the aid of the Dutch, Drake's exploit of singeing the King of Spain's whiskers.

Raleigh worked hard to get men together, as the leader of a press-gang, hunting up runaway mariners from ale-house to ale-house, and trying to force them into unwilling service; but gentlemen volunteers, both from England and Holland, flocked in, and there were altogether 6,000 foot soldiers, whom Essex was to lead by land. There were

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Essex's Expedition. 1596.

fifty-seven ships of war, twenty-four of them Dutch, led by Admiral Warmond, and all under the command of Lord Howard.

They sailed from Plymouth on the 3rd of June, 1596, shaping their course for Cadiz, where lay a magnificent Spanish fleet, comprising four huge galleons, one of them the largest ship then in existence, called the *St. Philip*, twenty or thirty more men-of-war, and fifty-seven ships well armed, and laden with valuable stores for the Indies.

As the allied ships approached, "a very fair dove" lighted on the main-yard of the Admiral's ship, and sat there undismayed for some hours, and this was hailed as a good omen.

The first proposal was that Essex should begin the attack by land; but Raleigh's advice prevailed against this, and on the following morning the fleet dashed into the encounter. One Dutch ship was burnt early in the day, but this was all the loss. Every ship had its prize, though Raleigh was disappointed of making his *Warspite* shake hands, as he said, with the great *St. Philip*, in comparison of which all the other galleys looked like wasps. He never could get near her till her commander had driven her ashore and blown her up, when her state, and that of her crew of 1,200 men, was such that Raleigh wrote—"If any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured."

The battle was over in three hours; the Indiamen driven into the harbour, where the English would have taken them all, but that some contrived to make their escape through a narrow passage supposed not to be deep enough for ships of their burthen. The land forces under Essex now were put ashore, and soon drove in 1,100 Spaniards sent out to oppose them, then rushed over the bulwarks, and in the general consternation gained the town with little loss, only twenty-five English and Dutch altogether being killed, and Raleigh hurt in the leg, so that he had to return on board, where he still took charge of the fleet.

Essex knighted fifty gentlemen, English and Dutch, in the chief square; and the next day the citadel, with 6,000 men, capitulated, while the Duke of Medina Sidonia burnt the remains of the fleet to hinder it from falling into the hands of the English. The town was then given up to plunder, but not to cruelty. All witnesses agree that Essex's commands were obeyed, and that neither man, woman, nor child suffered personal violence. It is said that the old ballad—

> "O would you hear of a Spanish lady
> How she woo'd an Englishman?
> Garments gay as rich as may be
> Decked with jewels she had on;"

is the veritable history of a gentleman in the band of Essex, and that the gifts that the Spanish lady sent to the wife of her gentle captor are still in possession of the family.

A soldier who was found stealing a woman's gown was sentenced by Essex to be hanged, and was only pardoned on the intercession of one of the canons of Cadiz. The Earl much desired to have held Cadiz, anticipating the possession of Gibraltar; and it could have been done,

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Success at Cadiz. 1596.

with 3,000 men supplied by the fleet. The Moriscoes would gladly have aided from the interior. The Dutch Admiral Warmond was much in favour of the scheme, and offered supplies for 2,000 men for two months; but Lord Howard knew his mistress's parsimony too well to make such a venture, and as the city was not to be kept it was set on fire in four quarters, and the cathedral, churches, and convents destroyed, by way of reprisals for the cruelties inflicted upon Holland.

The wounded Raleigh, with the *Warspite* full of sick, brought the tidings to England. The rest of the fleet proceeded to Lisbon, plundering Faro by the way. Near Lisbon news was received of a great treasure fleet coming from the Azores, and Essex and Warmond were on fire to attack it, but again Howard's caution prevailed, and he insisted on returning home. Essex lingered, but could not attempt the assault with only the Dutch, and the prize was lost. The Queen sent her thanks to the Dutch Admiral, but would not receive a visit from him. In fact, the Cecils had had their way with her, and she was also very angry that the plunder had been shared among the soldiers instead of being reserved for her. She declared that if Essex had done his pleasure hitherto, now she should do hers! She would not see him in private, and caused an inquiry to be made on his conduct, which he felt to be so insulting that he turned on Burleigh, and declared that it was all the fault of his policy that the Spanish carracks, with 900,000,000 dollars, had escaped.

Tidings came that the treasure was safe in Spain, and this made the Queen rage at Burleigh so that he tried to secure Essex's favour by awarding to him the ransom paid by the people of Cadiz for their lives. Elizabeth, on this, called Burleigh a miscreant and coward, and said he was more afraid of Essex than herself! The person most in favour at this time was Raleigh, who was once more Captain of the Guard and admitted to the Privy Council. He tried to mediate between the contending parties, and had some partial success for the time, though the rapacity of all was most humiliating. Peace, however, was as far as ever from the thoughts of Philip II. He was collecting another fleet—the fourth he had brought together—at Ferrol, for the invasion, when, in July 1597, Essex and Raleigh set forth again to destroy the Armada in its harbour, as they hoped, but it was stormy weather, they were driven back to Plymouth, and their ships came in much disabled.

They could not sail again till the 15th of August, and the tempests again began, the wind being in their teeth when they tried to make for Ferrol. So then Essex betook himself to the Azores for the favourite sport of watching for the West Indian fleet, sending word to Raleigh to follow him. Sir Walter, who for ten nights had not ventured to go to bed, met him under lee of the Isle of Flores, and while waiting for the carracks, agreed to seize and spoil the islands. Raleigh reached Fayal first, and after waiting four days for Essex, mastered it himself, after a short combat. Essex arrived just as the victory was complete, and his friends persuaded him to resent Raleigh's conduct in making the attack

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Essex and Raleigh. 1596.

before his coming. Some even declared that he ought to try the knight by court-martial for disobedience to orders. "So I should, if he were my friend," said Essex. Lord Thomas Howard reconciled them in some degree, but Essex never quite forgave the slight.

Giving up the hope of catching the carracks, the two captains returned through a tremendous tempest. Raleigh had won all the praise and profit, and Essex found himself treated with displeasure, reproached for the ill success of the expedition, and actually banished from court.

However, the storm which had so distressed them, had, as before, been fatal to their enemies; 128 ships, with 14,000 men and 3,000 horse, had sailed under Count Santa Gadea for Ireland, or else for Milford Haven, where Philip believed many Roman Catholic families to exist. But no sooner had the fleet sailed than the storm began, and in the Bay of Biscay, forty ships went down with all on board, and the shattered remnants returned to Spain. No wonder the English thought that Heaven fought for them and guarded their shores.

While, however, Lord Howard was created Earl of Nottingham and High Admiral of England, reports were spread so injurious to Essex, and so much to his mortification, that he actually took to his bed. The Queen, however, talked him over with his friend, Sir Francis Vere, who defended his conduct valiantly, forced his detractors to confess their slanders, and thus brought the Queen to restore him to favour. She re-called him to court, and in December, 1597, made him Earl Marshal of England. There was less greed and more generosity about Essex than most of his fellows, but his valour was as much spoilt by pride and presumption as theirs by avarice and jealousy.

Lord Cumberland, in his great ship the *Scourge of Malice*, reported the best ever built and equipped by any subject, made his last and ninth voyage in 1598, accompanied by nineteen other vessels. For seven months he harassed the Spaniards in the Western isles, and did them infinite damage, but he lost two ships and a thousand men, and his prizes did not amount to a tenth part of his expenses; and, coming home, he left the Spanish main to adventurers of less mark, who made it a field of piracy for many subsequent years.

For the war was languishing, Philip was an old man by this time, in failing health, and the alliance was too strong for him. He was resolved on peace with one at least of his enemies, and France was the most exhausted and the most endangered. England could, it seemed, be safe from his armadas, but that long frontier could never be entirely guarded from his land armies. Moreover, Henri IV. and his country greatly needed time to recruit themselves after the wars which had lasted an entire generation. So he showed himself willing to accept the overtures of Spain, and Philip at last consented to acknowledge him as King of France.

So on the 2nd of May, 1598, at Vervins, was signed a treaty which gave France back all she had lost on the borders, even Calais, and

CAMEO XXXV.

Death of Burleigh. 1598.

thus broke up the formidable alliance, leaving only Elizabeth and the States to continue the war; and there was a strong party in England in favour of peace, but, as usual, Elizabeth would not decide, either on giving full aid to Holland, or making peace with her old foe.

This was, of course, no small blow to Elizabeth, but that summer she was greatly taken up with the failing state of her prime counsellor, Burleigh, the man on whom she had relied above all throughout the forty years of her reign. His hands were so swollen that he could neither write nor feed himself, and his appetite failed him. The Queen who really loved him, sent Lady Arundel with daily inquiries for him, and when once sending him some cordial, sent word that "she entreated Heaven for his longer life, else should she, her people, and her council need cordials also." Nay, she often came in person to visit him in his sick room, and when the attendants brought in food, would administer it to him with her own hands.

He died on the 4th of August, 1598, in his seventy-seventh year, really and deeply beloved and regretted by his Queen, who for long after could not hear his name without turning aside in tears.

She herself, at sixty-six, was in full vigour, and insisted on going out in all weathers. Her ladies having once vainly tried to stop her, and made Archbishop Whitgift persuade her without success, set on the fool, Clod, who told her "Heaven forbade her to go out through the Archbishop, earth by its tears, and if she would believe neither, let her listen to Dr. Perne, who hung between both," he having changed his religion four times.

Burleigh had nerved Elizabeth to be Philip's consistent foe. Perhaps he may be taken as the real champion of the Reformation, for his Queen was only driven to be so by the necessities of the time, and by his influence, while he, though conforming under Mary, was at heart a Puritan. Or it may be that his sagacity saw that the Protestant cause was that which would most surely lead to English supremacy. His decay was simultaneous with that of his chief opponent, Philip II.

Philip decided on giving up the Netherlands to his daughter Isabel Clara Eugenia, who was at length to be married to the Archduke Albert. The King of Spain would remain feudal superior, but the sovereignty of the Roman Catholic provinces, known as the Spanish Netherlands, was secured to them and their heirs; and their claims were asserted over the Seven, which they could little hope to gain.

The arrangement was only just made before the last illness of Philip II. set in. He reached the Escorial in June, 1598, never to leave it again. That strange form of living corruption which seems reserved for persecutors had set in upon him. For surely it cannot be only a strange coincidence which made it fall on Antiochus Epiphanes, Herod the Great, and Galerius, and, as far as appears, on no one else save Philip II. And yet Philip did not regard his loathsome agonies as any peculiar visitation. It is one of the strange facts in history that his death-bed was a perfectly peaceful one—most edifying to those who

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Illness of Philip II. 1599.

believed him the faithful champion of the truth. Few men have been more deceitful, more cruel, more ungrateful, or have instigated and approved more private assassinations than Philip II. in his reign of forty-three years. Perhaps no one ever deliberately caused so much human suffering for conscience' sake. And these deeds of his were all done—"thinking that he did God service"—with a self-approving mind, and the admiring sanction, at every step, of the ministers of his Church, in whom he put implicit trust. Dare we judge him? Shall we simply hate him, or only pity him as we read his words?

"Having governed my kingdom for forty years, I now give it back, in the seventy-first year of my age, to God Almighty, to whom it belongs, recommending my soul into His blessed hands, that His Divine Majesty may do what He pleases therewith."

He had had four wives, but only three children remained to him, the Infantas Isabel and Catalina, and the Prince, Philip, who was just twenty-one. Isabel was the daughter of Elizabeth of France, and was the creature he loved best. He recommended her to her brother, saying, "She has been my mirror, the light of my eyes."

For the benefit of his soul, 500 slaves were to be released from the galleys, 500 maidens were to receive marriage portions, and 30,000 masses were to be said. He caused his will to be read over in the presence of Isabel and of Philip, Catalina being married to the Duke of Savoy and absent; and then he sent for a casket, from which he took his chief treasures, a diamond ring of his wife Elizabeth's, which he gave to her daughter, the scourge used by his father, still tinged with blood, and a roll of papers, which he told his son contained his last words of advice.

He twice received Extreme Unction, and declared that he thence derived the utmost joy and consolation. He then put away all worldly thoughts and heard no more about public affairs, but for the thirteen days that he continued to live, constantly had religious books read to him, always observing when the reader's voice grew weary, and causing him to be relieved.

"Father Confessor, you are in the place of God," he said; "and I protest thus before His Presence that I will do all that you declare necessary for my salvation. Thus upon you will be the responsibility for my omissions, because I am ready to do all."

"Father Confessor, you are in the place of God." Is this the key-note of the iniquities which this king was led to commit in what he held to be faithful service? He had been taught to set up a system, which had become a cruel idol, in the place of God, and he thought to save himself by implicit obedience to its dictates. Of the Christian trust in the Saviour we find such traces as the calling for the crucifix his father had grasped at the last, and the begging to have the words of our blessed Lord on the Cross repeated to him that he might remember them. At the last, also, his murmured words were of the Magdalen, the prodigal son, and the paralytic.

CAMEO XXXV.

Death of Philip. 1599.

His final words were, "I die like a good Catholic, in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church."

Faintness seized him, and they thought him dead, and covered his face with a cloth, but he suddenly started, opened his eyes, grasped the crucifix with great energy, kissed it and fell back; nor did he show any return of consciousness. He finally expired at 5 A.M., on the 13th of September, 1599.

Young Philip III. was a man of less energy of character, though of more taste and intellect, than his father. He was content to leave the machinery of government to take its course, interfering with it himself as little as possible; and his minister, the Duke of Lerma, was for many years the real monarch of Spain.

Archduke Albert arrived in the course of the winter, and so did his niece Margarita, the chosen wife of the young king; and in April, 1599, the double marriage took place at Valencia, after which the "Archdukes," as Albert and Isabel were always called, set out for Brussels. He was thirty-nine, she thirty-three. They were deeply and fondly attached to each other, and were faithful, pious, well-meaning people, but they were not possessed of any remarkable abilities. They endeavoured to make peace with England and Holland, but failed, and the war went smouldering on.

CAMEO XXXVI.

THE EDICT OF NANTES.

(1598—1601.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henri IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1599. Philip III.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXVI.

Condition of the Huguenots.

SOME definite settlement between the Huguenot and Roman Catholic inhabitants of France was absolutely necessary, and under no king could it be so well carried out as under one who had experience and sympathy for both parties, and was under deep obligations to each of them; being, in fact, the only ruler since William the Silent who had any principle of toleration.

Hitherto the Huguenots had been treated as enemies or as pariahs. The marriages celebrated by their pastors were not valid according to the law, and their children could be disinherited, nor could they obtain justice in the courts of law. They had often complained and called upon the King to redress their grievances, and as often he had put them off with compromises, in the fear of displeasing the Catholics, and alienating the Pope, whom he was anxious to conciliate in hopes of obtaining the dissolution of his marriage with Marguerite of Valois. A war with the Duke of Savoy, however, began to threaten him; Spain was sure to support any enemy of his, and some of the discontented Huguenots, such as the Duke of Bouillon, showed symptoms of caballing with the Savoyard. He therefore felt the necessity of satisfying them, and conferences were held with their leaders. The treaty was concluded in 1598, a month before the peace of Vervins. By it Calvinist worship was licensed in the cities, where it was actually carried on, and in the baronies, where the lord was high justiciary. Equality of admission to all public offices, and enjoyment of civil rights were granted. A chamber for the trial of Huguenot causes was added to the Parliament of Paris, and Huguenot judges were to sit with Catholic ones in the southern parliaments. Also the two

hundred fortified places in their possession were, for eight years to come, to be garrisoned with Huguenot soldiers.

This document was called the Edict of Nantes, because it was there signed by the King, and registered by the Parliament there. It was not made public or submitted to the Parliament of Paris for another year, because the King wished the Papal Legate to be gone before it was made public. The Parliament of Paris did, in fact, make much opposition, and in some cities there were inflammatory sermons preached, and processions as if for the very purpose of provoking the Huguenots to fall on the Catholics, and thus to break the law and get into disgrace; but this they were too wise to do. It is to be observed that the only really and consistently prosperous period of French history dated from the proclamation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598, to its revocation in 1685, during which time the bitter intolerance of the national character was kept under check. Henri's warmest friendship was for Maximilian de Rosny, who was his secretary of state and master of the ordnance. This good man always retained his Calvinism, as did Philippe du Plessis Mornay. Rosny kept his opinions subordinate to state policy, and though a moral man himself, winked at the King's licentious life. Mornay made no such compromise. He and his friend, Agrippa d'Aubigné, openly grieved over the King's vices, as well as his desertion of their religion; and Mornay published a book of controversy on the Holy Eucharist, attacking the doctrine of the Mass, and tracing its growth since the times of primitive Christianity.

The Catholics accused him of making misquotations from the Fathers; the Pope, Clement VIII., complained of his being treated with favour by the King, and Henri consented to a conference in which the authorities should be compared before three Catholic and three Calvinist commissioners of the highest reputation. The meeting took place on the 4th of May, 1600, at Fontainebleau. Du Perron who had been a Calvinist was present, and argued most ably. Mornay said that he had been so pressed for time that he had only been able to verify nineteen out of the sixty quotations that had been objected to. Nine were examined on the first day, and nearly all were found incorrect. The next day Mornay was taken ill, and the conference was not resumed.

Young De Mornay, a lad of twenty, declared that the King had sacrificed his father to the Pope; but more impartial judges did not think so. "If our religion had no better defender," said Rosny, "I would abandon it to-morrow." Another listener said that Mornay was doing the Pope's work, and giving Du Perron a red hat, and this proved true. Mayenne and Epernon, however, thought, as they said, that "a very faithful servant had been treated very badly." There is no doubt that Mornay's doctrine was ultra-Calvinist, and that the quotations he used, in all honourable good faith must have come through a course of controversialists, who had, unconsciously perhaps, twisted and garbled them, so that they would not bear a comparison with the originals. The

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James VI. in Scotland.

King, however, showed such satisfaction in his defeat as could not but be mortifying to one so faithful hearted; and this was not wholly political, for it may be remembered that Henri said he had always held the opposite doctrine respecting the Mass.

Henri did a cruel thing in driving his sister Catherine to marry the Duke of Bar, heir to the Duke of Lorraine. She would not give up the faith in which her mother had reared her, and she spent a wretched life amid the intolerant family in which she had been placed.

Meantime in Scotland, James VI. and Anne of Denmark were awaiting, on their uneasy throne, the event which should call them to England. They obtained no certainty, for Elizabeth enjoyed keeping her heirs in suspense, just as she had formerly served her suitors; and, further, she recollected the race to congratulate her on her sister's death, and had no mind to promote such a desertion. It was quite possible, too, that James might be considered as a foreign prince incapable of inheriting. Sir Walter Raleigh and several other influential persons were known so to regard him, and to put forward Arabella Stewart, his first cousin, English born and English bred, whom Queen Elizabeth treated as a kinswoman. Sir Robert Cecil paid his addresses to her, no doubt with a view to this possibility, but he was a little ugly crooked man, and Arabella had every reason for preferring to him William Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, that son of the unfortunate Katharine Grey who had been born in the Tower, and who had thus the perilous inheritance of royal blood. Cecil was much displeased at her rejection, and wrote of her to James in spiteful terms as "Shrewsbury's pet."

Another idea was of the revival of the old Lancastrian claim on behalf of the Infanta and her husband. James, by way of securing himself, kept up a correspondence with all parties, and so did statesmen, both English and Scottish.

Scotland still contained a strong and compact party of Roman Catholics, chiefly in the Highlands, but they were far outnumbered by the Presbyterians; and the Earl of Argyle, the most powerful Protestant noble, was Lord of the Isles and of the Western Highlands. The discovery of a supposed correspondence with Spain alarmed Scotland, so that the Romanist Marquis of Huntly was outlawed, and Argyle entrusted with the execution of the sentence. His force was the larger, and Huntly's the better disciplined; but though defeated at Glenlivat, the Protestants gained the advantage in the campaign, and finally, after three years wandering abroad, the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Errol abjured the Romish faith in the church at Edinburgh, and their return was celebrated by a great feast with "wine drunken in abundance."

Such a revel scarcely seems to have been esteemed a sin by the Kirk, though the General Assembly kept the sharpest possible watch on all errors they acknowledged. Ministers were quartered on the Roman Catholics and the new converts, to remain for three months, to instruct

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Rebukes by the General Assembly.

them "by reading and interpretation of the Scriptures at their tables," to catechise their families once or twice every day, to purge their houses of suspicious personages, and to watch over their patronage of the kirks at their disposal. It does not appear how far these proud and turbulent lords allowed their unbidden guests to carry out their commission. Moreover, a deputation was sent to rebuke the King, unfortunately without effect, "that his Majesty is blotted with banning and swearing." Also the Queen was rebuked for not repairing to the Word and Sacraments, for night-walking, balling, and such like.

Anne had the advantage over the King in appearance and manners, but she was by no means a wise woman. She resented greatly the law which committed the custody of the infant heir of Scotland to the trusty family of Mar, to be bred up in Stirling Castle, and she gave much trouble by her attempts to possess herself of her babe, till she gave birth to a second child, Elizabeth, whose company she might enjoy. The turbulence of Scotland made it needful to keep the heir under a different roof from his father, so as to prevent any factious person from seizing them both at once, at a time when a change of ministry was usually accomplished by kidnapping the King. A strange attempt of this kind took place in the year 1600. The family of the Earl of Gowrie had been forgiven and restored by James. There were four brothers and seven sisters. The eldest son was twenty-four years of age, the second, Alexander Ruthven, nineteen. They had studied at Padua, and were handsome, brilliant lads, who, with their two eldest sisters, met with much favour at court.

The Queen was much delighted with them, and made a close friend of Lady Beatrix, but there was much gossip about them. One story was that the Ruthven followers set upon those of the man who had seized the Earl of Gowrie, but that the present lord put an end to the fray, beating down his men's swords, and that when men stood aghast at a proceeding so unaccountable in Scotland, he replied, "*Aquila non captat muscas*," by which he was supposed to mean that he should carry his blood feud higher.

Another absurd tale was that Alexander Ruthven was sleeping under a tree in the gardens of Falkland Palace, when the Queen and his sister Beatrix came by, and by way of joke threw a silver ribbon round his neck to amaze him when he awoke. Now this ribbon had been the gift of the King to the Queen, and he presently came by and stood aghast at the sight of it on the sleeper. Beatrix was, however, watching in some hiding place, and as soon as the King's back was turned she whisked the ribbon from the neck of the still unconscious Alexander, flew by a short cut to the Queen's chamber, and with a hint to her, put the ribbon into its place in her wardrobe. Up came James, demanding where was the ribbon. Anne, with an air of innocence produced it, and James exclaimed, "Evil take me, if *like* be not an evil mark!"

The royal family were still at Falkland on the 5th of August, and the King rose early, telling his wife that he expected to kill a prime

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The Gowrie Conspiracy. 1599.

buck before noon; but as he left the chamber, Alexander Ruthven advanced, with an unusually low bow, and told a strange story. He had been walking in the fields, he said, near Gowrie House, when he saw a dark man with something bulky under his cloak. Seizing on the man, the article proved to be a vessel filled with foreign gold coins, and this appeared so suspicious that he had thought it best to drag the fellow into his brother's house, shut him up there, and come and tell the King and no one else, in case he should be some foreign agent.

James at first desired that the man should be brought before the magistrates of Perth, but Alexander hinted that in that case they would take good care to keep the bag of gold to themselves. Every one being now ready, the chase began, James, however, making up his mind to leave the party and go himself to Perth on this quest. Alexander advised him to take as few as possible with him; but he did take about twenty persons, among them the young Duke of Lennox, the son of his old favourite. To him the King told the story of the treasure, and he remarked, "I like not that, sir, for it is not likely."

Gowrie House was a large, square baronial mansion in the French style, capable of defence. The river Tay washed one side of the gardens extending behind the quadrangle, the east front of which was towards the town, consisting of a high wall and an entrance gate, with a gable on each side belonging to the buildings on the two sides of the court. At the south-east corner, overhanging the wall towards the street, was a turret, with a single round chamber high up in it, and only accessible by a spiral stair from the ground, called "the black turnpike." There was another large oaken staircase in a square turret leading to a gallery which ran round the whole building, and led to all the chief apartments, communicating also with the "black turnpike."

At about a mile from Perth, Alexander Ruthven said he must ride on to give notice to his brother. He found Gowrie, at half-past twelve, sitting after dinner with some friends, and they rose and walked down to the Inch or meadow to meet the King, while the servants ran about to prepare a fresh dinner, and the cook rejoiced in finding a moorfowl, a shoulder of mutton, a hen, and some strawberries.

James and his party arrived, Lennox, Mar, John Ramsay, his page, and the rest in green hunting suits, horns slung over their shoulders, and deer-knives at their belts. The King chose to dine before proceeding to business, the King eating his moorfowl alone in one room, and the others, somewhat later, dining on their shoulder of mutton. By and by James joked the Earl on having omitted, as host, to drink to him or to the other guests, and sent him to them with a cup of wine as "the king's skall," a Danish term for a health.

At that moment Alexander beckoned to the King, who desired that Sir Thomas Erskine should follow; but the message was not delivered,

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The King's Danger. 1599.

and when Lennox would have risen, Lord Gowrie stopped him, saying his Grace was gone on a quiet errand. Calling for the key of the garden, the Earl led the gentlemen out into it, and they were there disporting themselves when a servant brought word that the King had gone out by a back gate and was riding across the Inch. The Earl called out for his horses, though his servants said they were on the other side of the Tay, and all hurried into the court. Lennox, feeling doubtful, asked the porter if the King was gone. The man said "No," on which Gowrie abused him as a lying varlet, and said he would go and learn the truth. After going back into the house he returned, and averred that the King was really gone, upon which the escort passed through the great gate into the street, and stood about, waiting for their horses, in some perplexity.

Suddenly they heard a cry, and Lennox said to Mar, "This is the King's voice that cries, be he where he will." Looking up, they beheld at the narrow window of the turret the face of James, without his hat, red and half-choked by a hand from behind that was gripping his cheek and neck, while he contrived to shout, "I am murtherit! Treason! treason! Help, my Lord of Mar!"

Up the nobles rushed, Lennox and Mar by the great staircase and the gallery, but they found the door leading to the turret chamber made fast, and finding a ladder, tried to break it down. However, John Ramsay, the page holding the King's hawk, a young man about twenty-two, had run back, on the King's cry, into the quadrangle, and seeing the door of the black turnpike open, had dashed up the stair. Coming to the door, he heard the sounds of a struggle, and throwing himself against the door burst it open. A man in armour stood quietly by, while James and Ruthven were struggling, the King having his adversary's head under his arm, but Ruthven's hand grasping the King's cheek. Ramsay let go the hawk, and drew his only weapon, a hunting-knife, with which he stabbed Ruthven, James calling to him to strike low, "because he has ane pyne-doublet," a secret coat of mail. James then himself dragged the wounded youth to the head of the stair and hurled him down, to meet with Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, who at once struck him with their knives, and heard him gasp out, "Alas! I had no wyte of it," that is, "I am not to blame."

Gowrie meantime had gone running about like one uncertain. Some of the King's followers had tried to lay hands on him, but he broke from them, and hurrying to the black turnpike, with six servants, he came on his brother's dead body, and rushed up. The door of the turret was kept by Ramsay, Herries, and the King, as best they could, but after a sharp fight Ramsay succeeded in giving the Earl a death-blow, and the servants fell back. Mar and Lennox were still thundering away at the gallery door, and the King heard the noise, but did not know whether it came from friends or foes, till one of the party found his way up the black turnpike and told him. Thus the

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The Turret Chamber.
1599.

King's friends were united again; but the danger was not over, for the women of the household had run out into the town; the great bell was tolling, as for a Highland foray; and the burghers were hurrying out to the rescue of the Earl, who was much beloved. Shouts came up, "Is my lord alive?" "Green-coats, we shall have amends!" "Ye shall pay for it." "Traitors and thieves that have slain the Earl of Gowrie." While Lady Violet Ruthven, a sister of the Earl, cried, "He had enow to tak meat and drink from him, but nane to revenge his death."

However, the baillies took part with the King, and managed to disperse the people, while James and his followers took boat at the garden entrance and escaped to Falkland.

The King's account of the adventure was, that as he went up stairs Alexander locked every door behind him until he came to the turret, where, instead of finding the Jesuit with the gold, there stood a man armed all but his head, close to a picture behind a curtain. Putting on his hat and drawing the curtain, Alexander showed his father's likeness, and demanded revenge.

James answered that, as to his father, the deed was that of the council, not of himself, a minor at the time; and Alexander replied that he did not want his blood, but a promise.

"What promise?" said the King.

"My brother will tell you," said Alexander, and threatening the King violently in case he should cry out or open the window, then went out, locking the door behind him.

James asked the man in armour how he came there, and was answered, "I was shot in like a dog."

Then he inquired, "Will my Lord of Gowrie do me any harm?"

"I will die first," said the man.

The King bade him open the window, but he went to one that overlooked the river, and James called out, "Fye, the wrong window, man."

Before he could get to the right window, Alexander Ruthven came back, saying, "There is no remedy," and springing on the King, tried to tie his hands with a garter; but James cried, "I am a free prince, and will not be bound."

The man so far came to his aid as to wrench away the garter, and open the window, so that James got his head out and called for help, as had been seen by those below. The two then engaged in a desperate struggle, each trying to draw his weapon, and meantime this spectator contrived to unlock the door, so that John Ramsay was able to enter, while he himself ran away. This man was one Henderson, Gowrie's chamberlain, who had been bidden to arm himself to capture a Highlandman, and then shut up in this chamber without being told why, but apparently to assist in overpowering the King. The garter was afterwards found among the rushes on the floor.

Close inquiry was made into the whole matter, and depositions taken

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Proscription of the Ruthvens. 1600.

and put on record. The King caused public thanksgiving to be offered up for his escape from peril, and showed great animosity to the remaining members of the family. The two eldest sisters, Margaret and Beatrix, were dismissed from the Queen's service, and the two brothers, boys at school, were obliged to flee for their lives to Berwick, where Sir John Carey, the governor, sheltered them, in close hiding, till they could be sent away.

So strange had been the whole affair, that there were many who thought, and indeed some still think, that the whole was a mock conspiracy of James's own, got up for the sake of ridding himself of a dangerous family. The grandfather had been one of the foremost murderers of Rizzio, the father had kidnapped James himself, and he was thought to mistrust the unhappy youths who had thus perished.

However, eight years later, a collection of letters were brought to light proving that there had really been a conspiracy between the young men and Robert Logan of Restalrig, for seizing the King and carrying him off to Logan's stronghold of Fastcastle, a grim, square feudal tower on a steep black rock overhanging the German Ocean. Hither James was to be conveyed by a boat on the river Tay, and how far the vengeance of the brothers was to go does not appear, only that Logan was to be rewarded "with a grip of the lands of Dirlton," a pleasant estate on the Firth of Forth. It would seem, however, that Alexander had managed to entrap the King before Gowrie was ready to carry out the rest of the plot, and that the brothers became bewildered and uncertain, so as to come to no decision as to what they should do when they found the King actually in their hands. They had made a bad choice too of Henderson as an accomplice who might overawe the King.

All this not having come to light at the time of the adventure, it was a mystery in people's minds, and the men of Perth retained up to the present century a belief that the plot was all in the King's imagination. The animosity with which James pursued the younger and certainly guiltless members of the family excited great pity, especially from the Queen, who had been much attached to Lady Beatrix.

Two ladies of the suite actually smuggled Beatrix into Linlithgow Palace, and kept her hid till evening in a chamber where the Queen came and conferred with her, talked over her troubles and the strange plot in which her brothers had perished, and "well furnished" her, namely, provided her with a wardrobe in preparation for her marriage with Sir John Home, of Cowdenknows. Sir Thomas Erskine, finding out that the poor young lady had been thus brought in secretly, suspected some disloyalty, and told the King, who was at first suspicious, but after examining every one concerned, found that no wrong had been done or meant in the matter. The elder sister, Margaret, married the Earl of Montrose.

This year, 1600, saw the birth of the King's second son, who was so

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Birth of Prince Charles. 1600.

feeble that he was immediately baptised. He received the name of Charles, perhaps in remembrance of the great Charles V., who was born in like manner in the first year of the century. The babe was created Duke of Albany, but he was so frail and sickly that he was thought unlikely to live. His little brother, Robert, who was born the following year, only lived a few weeks, and though Anne of Denmark had several more children, none lived beyond infancy, excepting the three elder ones, Henry, Elizabeth, and Charles.

An important step as regarded France was made this year, namely, the marriage of Henri IV. Ever since his conversion to Romanism, he had been entreating that his unhappy marriage with Marguerite de Valois might be cancelled, on the ground that there had been no dispensation, and the bride had never given her consent, besides which both parties had been notoriously faithless to one another. His determination was to marry Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom he had made Duchess of Beaufort, but Marguerite would not consent to the separation for the sake of so unworthy a marriage, so disgraceful to the French throne.

There were some who whispered that what had been declared high treason in Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard might be requited with the same punishment; but Henri was far too kind-hearted for such a measure, and Marguerite, guilty as she might be, was the daughter of the Kings of France. Henri's pertinacity, and the fear of losing his support, had, however, nearly prevailed with the Pope, and all his best friends were looking forward with dismay to a wedding that would lower him in the eyes of Europe, when Gabrielle died, after a very short illness.

She had gone to Paris for the Holy Week of 1599, while Henri was at Fontainebleau. On the Thursday she was entertained by Zamet, an Italian, who had come to France as shoemaker to Catherine de' Medici, and had risen to enormous wealth and influence as a collector of the revenue. He regaled her with a banquet of every dish permissible in Lent. On Good Friday she went to hear the service called *Tenebræ* in the Church of St. Antoine, the fashionable resort at the time, and there, beckoning to Mademoiselle de Guise, she occupied herself during that awful and solemn service with showing letters from Rome and from the King assuring her that the way to her being a Queen was fast being opened. Feeling unwell, she repaired to Zamet's house, and asked for some fruit. A fine citron was brought to her, and immediately after eating it she was taken ill with horrible agonies and convulsions, and died at nightfall, April the 10th, 1599. Whether cholera or poison was the cause of the unhappy woman's death must remain for ever uncertain. She had been kind-hearted, and had not made enemies. But her death was certainly a relief to many. The faction to which Zamet belonged was so powerful that Henri was dissuaded from making a judicial inquiry which might have implicated them. The King's grief was for a short time passionate, but it did not prevent him from

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—
Divorce of Henri IV.
1599.

giving a promise of marriage to another lady, Henriette d'Entragues, before the year was out. She really believed herself his lawful wife, though not owned as Queen, and was bitterly disappointed when, the King's divorce being actually completed in the October of 1599, he proved to be negotiating for the hand of Maria de' Medici, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was an ill-omened connection, but Henri had always personally liked Catherine de' Medici, and had no repugnance to her family. Indeed, Maria was only very distantly related to the former Queen, and had none of her ability.

Maria de' Medici had spent a dull and neglected life, though she had been fairly well educated. Her chief companion and friend was her foster-sister, Leonora Dori, daughter of a turner at Florence, who had grown up with her and had a great influence over her. The two friends were twenty-seven years old, when, after having been married by proxy, the new Queen set out for France. Leonora, who had paid an old gentleman of noble family to acknowledge a connection between her family and his own, had assumed his aristocratic name of Galigai. On the journey to France she captivated an Italian gentleman named Concino Concini, of much higher rank, but equally an adventurer. Their destinies were closely interwoven with those of their royal mistress.

Meanwhile Henri had become involved in a war with the Duke of Savoy about the Marquisate of Saluces. This is only interesting as it gave opportunity for a treason which deeply affected the King. Charles de Gontavt, Marshal-Duke of Biron, had been one of his boon companions and fellow-soldiers throughout his troubles, and had been raised by him to his present dignity. He, like the Duke of Bouillon and some others, was discontented that the political object of the original anti-Guise party had entirely failed. The Crown was more powerful than ever, and hardly a great feudal principality survived. Only Bouillon was Prince of Sedan in French Flanders. These dukes fancied that by the help of Spain and Savoy they could force from Henri such fiefs in Burgundy and Flanders as the old dukes and counts of mediæval times had employed.

Henri was warned that Biron had said, "This sword placed the King on his throne. It can as easily unmake him." "It is only a gasconade," he said, and he laughed about the "ill humour of poor Biron," a terrible gambler and deeply in debt.

However, when engaged in the war with Savoy, Biron actually promised to bring the King under the guns of the enemy's battery, but when he saw how implicitly Henri yielded himself to his guidance, his better instincts prevailed, and he snatched the King's bridle and led him away from danger. The King was in the midst of the war, gaining town after town, when his espousals were performed by proxy at Florence, and his bride took leave of her home. Great was the splendour of the preparations for the wedding. The ship that conveyed the new Queen from Leghorn had a deck seventy feet long,

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Marriage of Henri IV. 1599.

gilded the whole length. The stern was inlaid with rare woods, garnets, ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and blue-stone. The panes of the cabin window destined for her were of rock crystal, the curtains of cloth of gold! It was bad weather, and poor Maria had to contemplate these splendours longer than she could have wished before arriving at Toulon.

A war with Savoy detained the King, and he could not meet her till she had been ten days at Lyons. On the 7th of December, Henri set out on horseback with a party of gentlemen, and arrived on the evening of the 9th, so late that it was quite dark, and the bar of the bridge of Lyons was lowered. He would not announce himself because he wished to take the Queen by surprise; so when the sentinels refused to admit him, he bade them send for the Governor, the Count of Guiche. This they refused to do, and he was kept out in the rain, demanding admittance in the name of his companions, the Duke of Montpensier and Count of Auvergne, but without success till his voice was recognised, and the bar was suddenly lowered.

Finding that the Queen was at supper, with a crowd of courtiers looking on, the King slipped in among them, and screened himself behind the tall Duke de Bellegarde to survey his bride unseen. However, a movement among the gentlemen betrayed his arrival; the Queen made a sign that no more dishes should be served, and after grace had been sung by her chaplains, retired to her apartments. A knock at the door soon followed, and Bellegarde announced the King. Maria was going to kneel and kiss his hand, but he took her round the waist and kissed her heartily several times, then made her introduce him to the Florentines who had accompanied her. He took her hand, sat by her, and explained his delay in meeting her; then bade her good night, and went away to sup.

The Duchess of Nemours said, "Sire, you have espoused a beautiful wife."

"Yes," said Henri, "it is a beautiful feature to be Queen of France."

Maria, though not uncomely, had no such charms as Gabrielle, but she could look queenly, and they were a royal-looking couple when they were married by the Legate Aldobrandini at Lyons on the 17th of December. Her great deficiency was in temper, and she was also entirely swayed by her friend Leonora Galigai. Not only his wise counsellor, Rosny, but the Italians themselves, strongly counselled him to send this intriguing woman home. Maria, on the contrary, demanded that the King should consent to the favourite's immediate marriage with Concini, and make him her chief equerry; and when he refused, she flew into a passion, and became sullen, treating her *dame d'atours*, or first lady of the bedchamber, the Duchess of Richelieu, with such incivility that the lady resigned, and her son, Armand, then a student of divinity at the Sorbonne, always remembered it against the Queen.

Maria's uncle, the reigning Duke of Tuscany, sent her a wholesome

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Treason of Biron. 1599.

rebuke by his ambassador, and represented the danger of alienating her husband's affections, but she sullenly replied that she intended to retain the friends of her youth. Unfortunately, Henri was too easy tempered to be firm; he consented to Leonora's remaining in France, though without office, and before another year was over he had actually permitted, not only the marriage, but the appointment of this artisan's daughter to be *dame d'atours!* Little did Maria guess the ruin her obstinacy was preparing for her friends and for herself.

The correspondence of Biron with the Duke of Savoy had become known to the King, who manifested his displeasure by sending him no invitation to the wedding. Biron, finding that the negotiations with Savoy overthrew all his designs, asked permission to repair to Lyons, and this was granted. He came to the King in the cloisters of the Franciscan priory there, and made a kind of semi-confession, namely, that he had asked for the hand of the Duke of Savoy's daughter without the King's permission, and when angry at being refused the government of Bourg, he had had some correspondence with the Duke, but had meant no ill towards the person of his beloved master. Henri, who really loved him deeply, gave him a full and free pardon, and said, using the affectionate second person singular—

"Ha, Marshal, do not recollect Bourg, and I will recollect nothing that has passed."

Alas! the placability of such a master as this was wasted on the ungenerous man, who only despised him for it.

CAMEO XXXVII.

TYRONE'S REBELLION.

(1594—1602.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henri IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1599. Philip III.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

CAMEO XXXVII.

Sir John Perrot. 1584.

DEATH had freed Elizabeth from one great foe, but nearer home there lay the perpetual difficulty of England—her constant canker. The Government of Ireland had never been consistent enough to give any chance of reclaiming the wild people, or treating them under any continued system, either of severity or favour.

No one had ruled so well as Sir John Perrot, who held the government from 1584 to 1588. He was a genial, hearty man, quick of speech, but firm of hand, and he gained the goodwill of even the native Irish, by his resolution to see justice done to them, and by his punishing the violences which the lords of the English pale thought themselves licensed to commit. Munster had been depopulated after O'Neil's rebellion, and it was filled with English settlers called "undertakers," who were to bring their grants of land into a state of obedience and cultivation. The poet, Edmund Spenser, in his castle of Kilcolman, was one of these, and for a time all prospered; but such an administration could not fail to give offence to many persons, and the Primate, Loftus, was the personal enemy of the Lord Deputy. Perrot had proposed that the revenues of St. Patrick's Church, one of the two cathedrals at Dublin, should be applied to the university, a plan which gave great offence.

Loftus was a friend of Burghley's, and every hasty speech of the Lord Deputy was reported at Court, while his meaner enemies did not scruple to perpetrate forgeries for Perrot's destruction. A complaint against him was sent in the name of Turlough O'Neill, which the old chieftain disavowed by a solemn embassy. A protection to a Roman Catholic priest was also shown to Elizabeth, in which Perrot was made to assume the style and title of a sovereign. As he was believed to be a son of

CAMEO XXXVII.
Hugh O'Neill.

Henry VIII., this was a most malicious suggestion, and though the document was proved to be spurious, the idea rankled in the Queen's mind, so that she no longer reposed confidence in him. She gave the Council a control over his proceedings, and thus crippled his power, so that he could not hinder the tyranny of Bingham, the President of Connaught, which drove the De Burghs to rebellion, and in the disturbance there was much barbarity on each side. The English, being no longer kept in check, misused the Irish more and more, and the Jesuits and Spaniards took advantage thereof to incite the nation to rebel, and place itself under the Spanish power; but Perrot was still so popular that they were very little attended to, and even the Irish Roman Catholics held to their Queen.

The Queen thought it wise to gratify them by showing favour to Hugh O'Neill, the representative of the chieftains of Ulster. He had been brought up in England, and was a graceful gentleman and good soldier, who had served her well in foreign wars, and also in the long conflict with Desmond; and when he petitioned for the restoration of his estates, and permission to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords in right of his ancestral earldom of Tyrone, the latter request was granted by Perrot, and he was advised to carry the former to the Queen in person.

As had happened before, so it fell out again; the cultivated Irishman won all hearts by his noble bearing and insinuating grace, and he was sent home to take possession of Ulster, to raise a force for its protection, and to build a house in English fashion. This raised a storm of indignation among the English settlers, who viewed the promotion of a "native Irishman" as a personal injury, and declared every act he did to be treacherous. His purchase of lead for his roofs was, according to them, only a pretext for obtaining material for bullets, and the force he was raising was merely to enable him to rebel against the Queen.

Sir John Perrot paid no attention to all these allegations, but his time in Ireland was waxing short, and his last act there was his only dishonourable one. He heard suspicious reports about the chieftain of Tyrconnel, and thereupon sent a ship, under Spanish colours, laden with wine, to the coast of that district.

The captain invited the chieftain's son to taste his wines, kidnapped him, and carried him off to Dublin as a hostage. All this time Perrot had been begging for permission to resign, and when at last it came, he assembled all the Irish lords, and exhorted them to be faithful to the Queen. They answered with oaths and floods of tears, and as he delivered the sword of state to Sir William Fitzwilliam, he declared that he left the island in peace, and that even as a private person, he would undertake to quell any disturbance in twenty days, without violence or bloodshed.

The whole population of Dublin, and all the Irish lords, escorted him to his ship, shouting in his praise, and many weeping bitterly,

CAMEO XXXVII.

Trial of Perrot. 1591.

especially old Turlough, whose friend and protector he had often been. He told Queen Elizabeth on his return that he could deal with the Irish well enough, but that no power could restrain the English officials.

For three years, Perrot was one of the Privy Council at home, but his bold tongue made him many enemies, and Elizabeth was persuaded to sanction a secret inquiry into his conduct as Lord Deputy in Ireland. The men whom he had restrained were eager to supply evidence against him, and he was arraigned in Westminster Hall, in 1591, for high treason, the chief witnesses against him being his secretary, Williams, and O'Regan, a renegade priest whom he had employed as a spy.

He was accused of having favoured the Roman Catholic clergy, held correspondence with the Spaniards, and secretly encouraged insurrection, all of which was mere slander; but there might be truth in certain impatient speeches which were not pleasant to the ears of a lady accustomed to the adulation of Hatton and Raleigh. When she objected to the proposed conversion of St. Patrick's Cathedral into a college, he told his Council, "Stick not so much at the Queen's letters of commandment. She may command what she will, but we will do as we like." When an obnoxious clerk of the Council was sent out by her, he exclaimed, "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure! He shall not have the office!" When the Armada was at hand, he said, "Ah, silly woman! Now she shall not curb me! Now she shall not rule me! Now shall I be her Whiteboy again!"

This, if uttered at all, must have meant that in such perilous times Elizabeth would know the value of her faithful servant, give him due honour, and not hamper him with restrictions; but the next accusation was that on reading a letter from her, he exclaimed, "This it is to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal."

He begged to be confronted with the secretary who reported these speeches, but this was denied him, and he was sentenced to death. On hearing his doom, he broke out, "Will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?" meaning Hatton, for whom he had a great hatred and contempt. Elizabeth had probably no intention of putting him to death, but she kept him in the Tower, where, at the end of six months, he died, not long before the death of his enemy Hatton.

Meantime Sir William Fitzwilliam's first notion was to obtain as much wealth as he could. There was a report that much of the treasure found in the wrecks of the Armada was secreted by Irish gentlemen, and on this he set forth, seized two of them, Sir Owen MacToole and Sir John O'Dogherty, and threw them into prison, where he kept them several years. These two had always been loyal, and this outrage immediately stirred up the dormant spirit of disaffection.

Lord Tyrone, apprehending the accusations that might be trumped up by his enemies, hastened to Elizabeth's court, and was just in time

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The O'Neill.
1592.

to confute a treacherous kinsman, who had brought stories of his compact with the Irish. He was again treated with much favour, but this did but increase the hatred and jealousy with which he was viewed by the council that governed Ireland. He had married the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, one of the officials, and this connection was made by the lady's brother the cause of most bitter dislike to him. It is impossible to say whether Tyrone was honest in his professions of loyalty and driven to rebellion by the distrust and violence of the English, or whether he really was always the treacherous, plausible, civilised savage they believed him to be from the first, and certainly made him at last.

During this absence of his, all the hostages at Dublin made their escape, hiding in the hovels of Leinster; but it was a cold season, the peasants were starving, and in terror of the English, and at last the pursuers captured, in a miserable hut, one of the O'Neills just expiring, and Hugh O'Donnel, of Tyrconnel, unable to move hand or foot from the effects of cold. He recovered, but retained a deep hatred to the English, who had caused his captivity and his sufferings.

Fitzwilliam added to his unpopularity by marching to Monaghan, where a chief named MacMahon had without licence called out his armed followers to collect his rents. For this offence he was brought before a jury of common soldiers, condemned, and put to death on the spot, while his lands were forfeited, and divided between Fitzwilliam and Bagnal. Soon after, Bagnal, when attacking Maguire, the chief of Fermanagh, was reduced to great straits, from which he was rescued by Tyrone, who was wounded while bringing him off.

On the death of old Turlough, in 1592, Tyrone assumed the title of "the O'Neill," which his countrymen esteemed far above his earldom, but which rendered him all the more suspected by the English. When he presented himself to receive Sir John Russell, who came out as Deputy instead of Fitzwilliam, the Council debated whether they should arrest him; but he learnt what was passing, and fled back to Ulster. He gave his daughter in marriage to Hugh O'Donnel, and the whole of the Irish population was in a perilous state. The English Council distrusted the O'Neill, and he hated the English Council. The letters he wrote to the Queen were intercepted, and warnings of his deceit and treachery were poured on her. She did not know whom to believe, and hated the very name of Irish affairs. At last the O'Neill, whether stirred up by his own turbulence, or driven by the English Council, broke out in open rebellion, and attacked the English garrison at Blackwater.

Stout Old Sir John Norris was sent with 2,000 men to put down the insurrection. O'Neill wrote, stating his grievances, and Norris tried to bring about a treaty, personally meeting Tyrone. Norris was earnestly anxious to make peace and do justice, but the Council and the Irish hated each other far too much to wish for justice, and the English believed that Sir John was merely cajoled and deceived by the

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—
Sir John Norris.
1599.

insinuating Irish chief. Nor would Tyrone come to terms, saying that Russell and Norris might be honest men, but he must have security against their successors. So Norris tried to hunt the Irish through their hills and bogs, and made such slow progress that Elizabeth, angered by the complaints sent against him, recalled him, when he came back to die of the complaint which Ireland seems generally to have produced in Elizabethan times (if in no others), a broken heart, probably assisted by the fevers of the bogs.

Next came Lord Burgh, who collected all the lords of the pale, and advanced upon Tyrone's encampment near Armagh. By surprise the English gained the advantage, and the Irish retired to a better position. Imprudently Lord Burgh attacked it, and sustained a most terrible defeat, the worst that had ever befallen the English in Ireland. Burgh himself was killed, and Lord Kildare, who brought off the remnant of the army, died soon after of grief for the loss of his two foster-brothers who had been slain in rescuing him. Sir Henry Bagnal next came to the front, and tried to relieve Blackwater, which was besieged by O'Neill; but he was met near Armagh by the whole Irish force, and in the battle that ensued he was killed, and his army totally defeated, only a few of his men being brought off by a loyal Irish chief named O'Reilly.

Three such victories made O'Neill believe that his cause would triumph. All Munster rose, numbers who esteemed as their own the lands given to the English undertakers, coming pouring in rags out of the woods and hills to plunder. Among the castles so plundered was Kilcolman, the house where Edmund Spenser was living, and writing his Faery Queen. It had once belonged to the Desmonds, and the Earl, who had joined Tyrone, only saw in the noble and thoughtful poet, the Sheriff of Cork, and the intruder on part of his lands. Kilcolman was sacked and burnt. Spenser, his wife, and some of their children escaped, but an infant perished in the flames, and they themselves reached England in destitution. In the ensuing winter Essex heard of the poet starving in King Street, Westminster, and sent him twenty silver pieces, which Spenser returned, saying he had no time to spend them; and he died about the same time, the 16th of January, 1599, at fifty-seven years old, leaving his great chivalrous allegory incomplete. May his aspiration have been granted:

"O that Great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's Light."

Great was the alarm and perplexity of the Court. O'Neill was the ablest leader the native Irish had ever had, and they were in insurrection everywhere save in the English pale. Ambassadors were on their way to request the aid of Spain, and had that nation understood the condition of affairs, Elizabeth would have been, in her old age, in a worse strait than she had ever yet known. Burghley's wise head was in the grave, and there was a constant struggle between his son, Robert Cecil, and the Earl of Essex. One day, when the Queen insisted on

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Essex sent to Ireland. 1599.

sending her cousin, Sir William Knollys, to Ireland as Lord Deputy, Essex argued hotly in favour of Sir George Carew, and at last his overbearing manner provoked her so far that she gave him a sound box on the ear, bidding him go and be hanged!

In a towering passion, Essex laid his hand on his sword, and though the Lord Admiral's hasty interposition was doubtless unnecessary, the spoilt young man swore a deep oath that he would not have borne the blow from her father, King Henry, and then, with mutterings about a king in petticoats, he rushed out of the room.

Elizabeth, though very angry, really loved the hot-headed young man, and apparently at her desire, the Chancellor Egerton wrote him a letter of good advice, to which Essex proudly responded—"Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken. Let those that mean to make their profit of princes show no sense of prince's injuries." His mother and sisters pleaded hard with their sweet Robin, but for some time in vain, and when he again took his seat at the Council he still made objections to every person proposed, until at last the Queen declared that since he objected to every one, especially to Lord Mountjoy, she should send him himself to put down the rebels.

Remembering how fatal Ireland had been to his father, the gallant Earl Walter, and how even a tried veteran like Norris had there made wreck of fame and health, Essex was very unwilling to accept the appointment; but the Queen was determined, perhaps in displeasure, but likewise thinking her favourite, with his personal charm and his high spirit and courage, as likely as any one to reduce the Irish; but Sir John Harrington and some friends of Mountjoy's were sent out to act as spies upon him.

Viewing himself as banished, he addressed a letter to the Queen, ending with some verses, which contrast strangely with the unrefined violence both had displayed in Council. Here he says of himself—

> "Happy could he finish forth his fate
> In some unhaunted desert most obscure
> From all society, from love and hate
> Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure,
> Then wake again, and yield God even praise,
> Content with hips and haws and brambleberry,
> In contemplation passing out his days,
> And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
> And when he dies, his tomb may be a bush
> Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush."

Elizabeth began to relent, and did much to compensate for his banishment. She remitted to him a debt of 8,000*l.*, and even made him a present of thrice that sum. She gave him an army of 18,000 men, including some of the best companies which had served in the Netherlands; she raised his dignity from Lord Deputy to Lord Lieutenant, and gave him power to pardon all treasons and offences, and to make peace or carry on the war, as he might see fit; but she forbade

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Essex in Ireland. 1599.

his giving the command of the horse to his friend Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who was under her displeasure for having married without leave a Shropshire lady, Elizabeth Vernon. However, she treated him with her usual affection when he kissed hands before his departure. When he left London, on the 29th of March, 1599, he was followed for four miles by the populace with prayers and blessings. It was looked on as an ill omen that, though the day was fair when he set forth, a heavy storm of thunder and lightning from the north-east soon set in.

Essex had asked the Queen whether she meant to revoke his commission by forbidding him to employ Lord Southampton; and as she made no answer, he seems to have thought the prohibition one of the ebullitions of the wrath which all her courtiers had to undergo as a matter of course upon their marriage, and he took Southampton with him, and conferred on him the appointment, being no doubt anxious to have with him a person whom he could trust; but Elizabeth, in much displeasure, at once forbade the appointment. At the same time there was an alarm that the young King of Spain, Philip III., was assembling an army and fleet for a descent on England and Ireland, and Elizabeth thereupon sent orders to Essex that he was not to return to England without an express summons from her.

She expected him, and he had intended to march at once upon Tyrone in Ulster, but whether it was that he found matters unlike what they appeared at a distance, or whether he yielded to treacherous advice from the Irish Privy Council, he turned southwards into Munster, so recently ravaged by the Desmonds, and went as far as Limerick, taking the castles of Cork and Waterford; but the want of provisions told on his army, and the O'Moores fell upon his horse at Leix, cut off a good many of them, and made such havoc among their gay helmets that the spot became known as "the Pass of Plumes."

Three months were spent in this manner, and much displeasure was caused by the waste of time and by Essex's writing to beg for reinforcements, as well as by his recommending measures of conciliation. Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh were both of them hostile to him, and convinced of the futility of trying to make peace with the Irish; and the only answer he received was an order to advance at once upon Ulster, and 2,000 more men were sent him, but his original 18,000 had by this time dwindled to 4,000 between desertion, loss, and disease.

At last he set off, and advanced to the verge of Blackwater. Tyrone was on the other side with his force, and messages passed between the two leaders. The result was that each rode to a neighbouring ford. As soon as the feet of Essex's horse touched the water, the O'Neill dashed through it, though the water rose above his saddlebow. The two Earls met as friends, and rode together conversing along the banks of the river, their armies looking on. No one knew what passed, and the interview lasted long, but finally each leader called up his officers,

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Meeting with Tyrone. 1599.

and in their presence the O'Neill mentioned his demands. These were, toleration for Roman Catholicism, that the governor should be an Earl with the title of Viceroy, that his chief officers and the judges should be natives, as well as half his army, and that the O'Neills, Desmonds, and O'Donnels should be restored to their estates. Essex promised to lay these requests before the Queen, and in the meantime there was to be an armistice, renewed every six weeks during the winter.

There can be little doubt that Essex had good reason for his measures. His troops had shown themselves dispirited and untrustworthy, and in no condition to cope with the enormous host of wild Irish under Tyrone, full of the prestige of victory, and in their own country. To have attempted a battle would only have led to some horrible disaster, and probably have opened the way to a Spanish invasion. Moreover, Essex was an open-hearted, generous, unconventional man, and, Irish landowner as he was, had eyes to see the violence, injustice, and cruelty of the Anglo-Irish Council; nor had experience taught him the incapacity of the native Irishman for justice or government, and no doubt the frank and engaging manner of the splendid chieftain won him over. If graceful and winning at the English Court as Earl of Tyrone, the O'Neill, as an uncrowned descendant of kings, sprung from him who hurled his bleeding hand to take seizin of the shore of Ulster, must have been doubly impressive among his own mountains at the head of his devoted followers; and the high-spirited Earl would feel that, man to man, Robert Devereux and Hugh O'Neill might well be friends.

Religion really went for very little. There was war between race and race, not Church and Church. Many of the Anglo-Irish of the pale were strong Romanists, and, on the other hand, O'Neill was so notoriously indifferent that he was laughed at on both sides when he professed a desire to defend the true faith, and Essex himself said, "Thou carest as much for religion as my horse."

But all that passed beside the bright running river, on the open heath, among the mountains, looked very different when Essex's letters were opened in the Queen's Council-chamber. There was Raleigh, with 12,000 acres in Munster coming into order under industrious Devonshire settlers, who grew his new Indian root, the potato, and who would regard it as wanton wickedness to give them up to the wild savagery of the Desmonds. Raleigh had been in Ireland, and knew the folly of trusting to those plausible professions of chiefs, still red with the blood of many a peaceful settler, and freshly guilty of the ruin of his friend Spenser. There was old Lord Nottingham, who deeply distrusted Essex's hot temper. Then to Cecil, Cobham, and the rest, the sound of toleration was hateful, and meant Pope and Spaniard, fire and faggot. All three were enemies to the fiery youth spoilt by the Queen, and they agreed in pointing out to her the weak points in Essex's terms, and in dwelling on the complaints of the Anglo-Irish Council, and especially on the long private interview in which, it was

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Return of Essex. 1599.

hinted, Essex might have been bought over by promises of reigning over Ireland in the Spanish interest.

Whether Elizabeth believed anything so monstrous or not, she certainly was much troubled, and became so unwell that she moved to the palace of Nonsuch for change of air. She wrote a very severe reprimand to Essex, and this, with other letters that he received, made him believe that he was so misrepresented by Raleigh and Cecil that nothing but a personal interview with the Queen would set things straight. He thought at first of bringing a body of troops with him for his protection, but his friend Southampton, and his stepfather Sir Christopher Blount, persuaded him to give up this plan, which could only have made matters worse. So he arrived, with only a few attendants, in London, on the 27th of September, 1599, and learning that the Queen was at Nonsuch, he crossed the Thames early the next morning by the ferry at Lambeth, with only six followers, and hearing that his great enemy, Lord Grey of Wilton, had gone on before him, he seized on the horses of some gentlemen which were waiting for their owners, and galloped headlong through mud and mire to Nonsuch.

He hoped to overtake and pass Grey, and be the first to bring the news of his own arrival; but he found that Grey had been a quarter of an hour in the palace, closeted with Sir Robert Cecil. Afraid that they would exclude him from the Queen's presence, he dashed up stairs just as he was, booted and spurred, splashed from head to foot and even on the face, and bursting into the chamber, flung himself on his knees before the Queen, as she sat, newly risen, on a chair at the foot of her bed, her scanty grey hair in the hands of her tirewoman. He covered her hands with kisses, and no one heard what passed between them, but when he left her and proceeded to change his dress in his own room he was in good spirits, and said all his troubles were made up for by the sweet calm he had found at home. At dinner time likewise he was cheerful; but in the meantime the Lord Admiral, Sir Robert Cecil, and Sir Walter Raleigh, had told their story, and when the Queen's godson, John Harrington, who had been knighted by Essex and had come home with him, came to pay his respects, she was in a glow of passion, walking about her room as was her custom when enraged, and with "discomposure in her visage," she caught Harrington by the girdle, and swore a great oath, saying, "I am no Queen. That man is above me. Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business!"

Her fury seems to have fairly frightened Harrington, for he says when she bade him go home, "I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I could not have made better speed."

When Essex, later in the day, sought her presence, she gave him sharp words, told him he must answer for his conduct to her Council, and bade him remain a prisoner in his chamber. This was the last

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Disgrace of Essex. 1599.

time the mistress and her spoilt servant ever met. It was Saturday, and on Monday he was sent off to the custody of the Lord Keeper, Egerton, at York House, where the first news he heard was of the birth of his little daughter, and the extreme illness of the mother; but he was not permitted to see or even to write to the poor lady, though her mother, Lady Walsingham, made earnest suit to Elizabeth.

The Queen's anger was increased by the number of knights, gentlemen, and other volunteers who began to straggle home from Ireland. She insisted on Harrington showing her the diary he had kept on the Irish campaign, and as she read it, swore that the whole army had been a set of idle knaves, without permitting him to say a word of the difficulties and impediments of all kinds which had stood in their way. The unfortunate Earl in the meantime fell sick, and bade fair to die of the usual Lord Deputy's complaint, a broken heart or a typhoid fever. But as he had been wont either to be, or pretend to be, ill whenever he was in disgrace, the Queen thought all was a pretence to work on her feelings, and would not even let his private physician, Dr. Bruen, visit him. Lady Essex meantime recovered, and went about in black of the meanest price, coming to court in a suit not worth five pounds, to entreat permission to go to her husband, who had the night before been in the greatest extremity. She went to the Countess of Huntingdon's chamber, but that lady would not come to speak to her, and she could only send a message, which was unheeded. The two sisters of Essex, Lady Rich and Lady Northumberland, came in the same shabby mourning to entreat for their brother, and there was a very general feeling of indignation at the Queen's harshness to one who had been always popular. He was prayed for and preached about in the London churches, and libels on his enemies were scattered even on the palace floors.

Nottingham and Cecil thought it time to intercede for him, and at last, on the 12th of December, his Countess was admitted, and found him too weak to sit up. He was said to be dead, the bells were tolled for him in London, and he really did receive what he thought was his last Communion, and sent his last messages to the Queen. This at last softened her, and she sent the captive a mess of broth, and said with tears in her eyes that she would have visited him had it been suitable.

Hope was his best cordial; he began to recover, and by the New Year's Day of the new century was able to walk in the gallery, eat at table, and send the Queen a New Year's gift; which was neither received nor rejected, but left in the hands of the Comptroller. He wrote a submissive letter to the Queen, begging not to be brought before the Star Chamber, and for a time she abstained from summoning him thither; but his sister Penelope, Lady Rich, a foolish and mischievous woman, gave further umbrage to Elizabeth, and in June, 1600, he was brought to a private trial before eighteen commissioners in the Star Chamber, and proud as he was, he was forced to plead kneeling

CAMEO XXXVII.
Mountjoy in Ireland 1600.

before them, with his papers, and his hat upon the floor, till the Archbishop interfered and begged permission for him to rise, and before the eleven hours' trial was over, he was permitted to have a chair.

The crown lawyers, among whom were the two great names of Francis Bacon and Edward Coke, made hot invectives against him. He pleaded guilty to all that was alleged as to his misconduct of the war, declaring, however, that his error was only of head, not heart, and to the charge of high treason he pleaded absolutely, not guilty.

Each commissioner gave his own view of the case in private to the Queen, and she at length decided to pronounce his pardon, and after another month he was released, but bidden to view himself as a "prisoner to his own discretion." He showed himself very submissive at first and spent his time in religious exercises. Lord Mountjoy was sent to Ireland. He ventured to recommend that Essex should be restored.

"No, indeed," said Elizabeth, "when I send Essex back to Ireland I will marry you."

O'Neill was not much afraid of Mountjoy, whom he thought a fine gentleman, such as would let the battle moment go by while his breakfast was being got ready. But Mountjoy had been instructed in his policy by Sir George Carew, a thorough Anglo-Irishman imbued with the barbarity and treachery of the native race. By his counsel the inferior chiefs were bribed to desert, and encouraged to desolate and ravage the lands of their late allies; houses were burnt, cornfields devastated, families cut off, cattle seized, and whenever a chief came in to make submission, Carew granted it only on condition that the pardon should be purchased by the murder of a friend or kinsman. Essex could not, and would not, have triumphed in this manner.

O'Neill, however, fought on, in hopes of the help of the Spaniards, encouraged by the Pope's gift of a helmet with a feather in it said to be that of a phœnix! Don Juan d'Aguilar came at last, but with only 2,000 men, and while Tyrone needed his help in Ulster, he chose to land in the south, and took possession of Kinsale, where his Spanish pride made him insult O'Sullivan Beare, the first chief who offered him assistance. He was at once besieged by Mountjoy, whose summons he haughtily answered. Meantime Tyrone marched with astonishing rapidity to his relief, another Spanish reinforcement landed in Baltimore bay, and Mountjoy was in great danger. He knew that only a pitched battle and decisive victory could save him; O'Neill knew it too, and hoped to starve him out. But Mountjoy sent pretended deserters among the enemy, who spread reports that the English were in a wretched state of disease, desertion, and disaffection. Don Juan believed them, and so strenuously insisted on the attack that Tyrone gave way to him. A night attack and surprise were intended, but all was known to Mountjoy through his spies, and he was prepared. O'Neill saw he was betrayed, and fought desperately. It was a fearful rout. No quarter was given except to a few Spaniards, and such Irish chiefs as were taken alive were hung the next morning. Still O'Neill

CAMDEN XXXVII.

Tyrone's Overthrow 1602.

would have remained in his camp, but the Ulster chiefs were desperate to return home, and he was forced to retreat. D'Aguilar obtained fair terms and was permitted to carry off his garrisons to Spain, and the Munster resistance was put down in a series of skirmishes and massacres throughout the mountains and bogs.

Thereupon Tyrone saw his cause to be hopeless, and offered terms of peace. The news came when Elizabeth's health and strength were fast failing, and her spirit was oppressed by the thought of the horrible war of extermination which Essex would have prevented if she had listened to him.

She insisted that peace should be made on any terms, and her Council were anxious to have all pacified before her death, lest the Spaniards should find a party in Ireland. Tyrone, finding his force constantly melting away, consented to renounce the title of "the O'Neill," and to make his submission to Mountjoy upon his knees, when he received a full pardon, with restoration to his estates. He was still with the Deputy when the tidings of the Queen's death arrived, and he burst into tears, whether from the thought of her past kindness, or of the opportunity he had missed, cannot be known.

CAMEO XXXVIII.

THE LAST TUDOR TRAGEDY.

(1600—1603.)

England.	*Scotland.*	*France.*
1558. Elizabeth.	1567. James VI.	1589. Henri IV.
Spain.	*Germany.*	*Rome.*
1599. Philip III.	1576. Rudolph II.	1592. Clement VIII.

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Essex's Character.

THE last Tudor tragedy is in some respects the saddest of all, as it broke the heart of the perpetrator, while it fell upon an unusually noble victim.

The Earl of Essex was a strange mixture, circumstances had made him the spoilt child of the Court; but beneath the outer shell of vanity and petulance there was growing on him the spirit of a Montfort, as he looked upon the tyrannies that had been imposed on the nation by the Tudors. If he had lived to a maturer age, and seen the new reign begin, he might have secured alterations which would have prevented the rebellion in which his son took a leading part. It is strange to think of Queen Elizabeth's gay courtiers and poets as Puritans at heart, yet such had Leicester and Spenser been, and such was Essex, probably because Spain and Rome were then at their worst, and all that savoured of connection with them was hateful.

Essex surrounded himself with Puritan preachers, who inflamed him with the dread that Elizabeth, in her vacillations, would leave the kingdom open to the Infanta and her husband. He entered into correspondence with James of Scotland, who eagerly accepted his advice on the means of securing his own accession. At the same time, Essex, who was really Earl Marshal of England, listened to all sorts of complaints from those who were pressed heavily by the customs that had grown up in the Tudor times. He believed that, as Earl Marshal, he had a right to interfere with the administration of upstarts like Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham, who, according to his view, secluded the Queen from hearing the truth from him, and he hoped to drive them from her presence, get a Parliament summoned, and begin a course of reform.

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Essex's Disgrace. 1601.

It was unfortunate, however, for his reputation, that he did not perceive that his reforms ought to begin at home, with a self-denying ordinance. Monopolies were among the abuses of the time. The sovereigns granted, to certain persons, licenses to be the sole vendors of certain articles at any price they chose for a certain period of years. Essex derived no less than 50,000*l.* a year from a monopoly on sweet wines, and as it expired just at the period of his disgrace, he sent petition on petition to the Queen for its renewal.

She answered that she would inquire into it, and that when horses were unmanageable they were best tamed by being stinted in their food. The Earl was so deep in debt that he knew not how to dispense with this income, and he petitioned again, but Elizabeth had resolved to appropriate the revenue, and answered him contemptuously.

Once again, on the 17th of November, the anniversary of her coronation, he wrote her a letter appealing to her old kindness for him, and entreating its restoration; but she paid no attention to it, and he lost patience, and began to talk wildly and foolishly, consorting with the discontented.

His house at Temple Bar, and his friend Southampton's at Drury Lane, were the resort of all the disaffected. The Puritan connections of Leicester and of Walsingham made him the favourite champion of those who were discontented with the Church government of Elizabeth and Whitgift, and they preached before him and crowds of hearers of their own persuasion. He even put to them, as a case of conscience, whether a sovereign might be compelled by force to govern according to law?

The Queen was nearing the age of man, and had lived and reigned longer than any sovereign since Edward III., yet she still gave no sign of designating her heir, and the nation was growing uneasy on the subject. James Stuart, as a foreign sovereign, was far less obvious than he appears to us, and there was, in many persons, an extreme dislike of Scotland and the Scots. His cousin, Arabella, was by some looked on as a more suitable sovereign, being to all intents and purposes an Englishwoman born and bred; and some thought of Lord Beauchamp, the Tower-born son of poor Lady Katherine Grey; but there had of late been friendly negotiations with the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabel in Flanders, and this had raised a bugbear that the Queen meant actually to revive the old claim of the descent from the house of Lancaster in their behalf. As she had formerly coquetted with her lovers, so now she coquetted with her would-be heirs, being resolved that there should be no certainty. She had been shocked at the headlong rush from her sister's death-bed to greet her as Queen, and she meant to hinder anything of the kind.

But the nation could not brook the doubt. The idea that the Infanta would reign over them after all maddened the Puritans, and Raleigh, Cobham, and even Cecil, were supposed to prefer such an alternative to the Scottish succession. Essex, who had worked himself up to believe

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Essex's letter to James. 1601.

them capable of anything, actually wrote to warn James that he had better send an embassy to demand a recognition of his rights, promising to risk everything for his support. James decided on sending off two envoys, one to the Queen, the other to consult with the conspirators, who were wont to meet at Southampton's house in Drury Lane. Meantime, Essex talked without restraint of his wrongs, and called the Queen "an old woman as crooked in mind as in person." The city was in a state of disorder, with much rioting, and the Queen was exceedingly discomposed, pacing about the room, scarcely eating, and refusing to change her dress, or to see her friends, especially Harrington, whose knighthood at the Earl's hand was a special offence. "Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home," she said; "it is no season to fool it here."

Cecil had spies everywhere, among them Sir Ferdinando Gorges, whom Essex supposed his great friend; and he discovered that the wild plan of the discarded Deputy was that his stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, with a trusty band, should seize the gates of the palace, and that he himself should burst upon the Queen, fall on his knees before her, and exerting the ascendancy in which he still believed, insist on her dismissing her present advisers, and then have a Parliament called, and justice done. All this was disclosed by his supposed friends.

Orders were brought by Secretary Herbert that my Lord of Essex should appear before the Council. He was further alarmed by a message from Sir Henry Neville to take care of himself. He replied that he was unwell and could not come, but during the night he sent messengers to all his friends, who mustered at his house to the number of 300. It was Sunday, and he told them that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors were to hear a sermon at St. Paul's Cross. Thither he meant to repair, to explain his wrongs and theirs, and lead them to obtain redress from the Queen.

However, at ten o'clock, the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Earl of Worcester, and others of the Council, were at the gate of Essex's house demanding admission. After some hesitation, the heads of the party were admitted through a wicket, but without their attendants. They asked the cause of the court being full of armed men, and Essex began to storm about a plot against his life, and Southampton mentioned an old assault by Lord Grey's servants for which the offender had been punished.

The Lord Keeper desired Essex to explain his grievances in private, but the armed men around broke out in loud cries, "They abuse you, my lord; they are undoing you; you lose your time!"

Egerton put on his cap, and in the Queen's name commanded the company to lay aside their arms and disperse, but this made them more tumultuous; and Essex leading the way into the house, the Keeper and his companions followed, but the mob shouted, "Keep them for pledges! Kill them! Throw the Great Seal out of window!" They found two rooms full of musketeers, through whom Essex led them,

evidently meaning to shelter them; and putting them into a room at the back of the house he begged them to have patience for half an hour, entrusted them to the care of four gentlemen, and bolted them in.

The die was now cast, and, having made the Queen's deputation prisoners, he was forced to go on; and, drawing his sword, he dashed out into the street, followed by his friends Southampton, Rutland, Sandys, and Mounteagle. and about eighty knights and gentlemen, besides the rabble.

The Lords Bedford and Cromwell afterwards joined him, as he rushed along Fleet Street, crying, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! Citizens, arm for England and the Queen!"

There was a guard at Ludgate Hill whom he entreated to let him pass, declaring that he wanted to save his life from Raleigh and Cobham. They let him through, but he found nobody at Paul's Cross, the Mayor having prudently stopped the sermon and sent orders to every one to remain within doors; so the streets were empty as the Earl rode along shouting, "For the Queen! for the Queen!" He reached the house of Sheriff Smith, who had made him large promises, but he found it empty and deserted; and thus seeing that his plan had failed, he shut himself into one of the rooms to recover his spirits.

The Court meanwhile was in consternation; Cecil knew not whom to trust, and only doubled the guards; but Elizabeth's old spirit awoke, and she declared her intention of going forth to quell the rebels with a glance of her eye. However, Cecil preferred sending his brother, Lord Burghley, with a herald, also the gallant and faithful Lord Cumberland and Sir Thomas Gerard, into the city in different quarters to proclaim Essex a traitor, and to offer a pardon to every one else who would return to his duty.

Essex left the house of Sheriff Smith with much smaller numbers than he had brought to it. He had tried to procure weapons at an armourer's shop, but in vain, and he found the streets barricaded with chains and carts. Lord Burghley gave way before him and he broke the guard on Ludgate Hill by a charge headed by Sir Christopher Blount: but a shot went through his hat, and his followers fell away from him at every street. However, he reached Queenhithe, took boat, and returned to his own house, where he trusted to make terms for his own safety by means of the Lord Keeper and the other hostages, but on his arrival he found the birds flown; Sir Ferdinando Gorges had liberated them as soon as the mob had streamed off after him and left the way clear.

In despair he began to fortify the house, but he was presently besieged by the Lord Admiral and the Queen's guard. Sir Robert Sidney came into the garden, and parleyed with Essex and Southampton on the roof. They made demands which were refu ed, but a respite of two hours was granted to allow the ladies, children, and women to escape. By that time cannon had been brought from the Tower, and there was another summons to surrender. Lord Sandys wished to sally out and

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cut their way through the enemy, or die, sword in hand, but Essex preferred surrendering on the promise of a fair trial. He gave up his sword at ten o'clock at night, and, with his friends, was conducted to Lambeth Palace for the night, as it was too dark to venture to shoot London Bridge. The next morning all the noblemen were lodged in the Tower.

Minds were in so excited a state that a man named Lee, who had been heard to say that, if the Earl's life were to be saved, his friends should go in a body to the Queen and refuse to depart till she had promised his pardon, was arrested among the crowd in the presence-chamber, tried for intending to murder the Queen, and summarily put to death.

A few days more, and on the 19th of February, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, were arraigned in Westminster Hall before a jury of twenty-five peers, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice Popham and the other judges. Hearing the name of Lord Grey, his great enemy, among the jury, Essex "laughed upon the Earl of Southampton and jogged him by the sleeve;" then desired to know whether they had power to challenge any of the jury; but this privilege was denied to peers. They were accused of levying war upon the Queen, and of the imprisonment of her Councillors, to which they pleaded not guilty, Essex declaring that he had done nothing but what the law of nature compelled him to do in his own defence, and that he bore a true heart to her Majesty.

Trials in those days were conducted with no small amount of invective. The Attorney-General Yelverton hotly abused Essex. "This offence was not of the suddenness that they make show of, for my Lord of Essex ever wore a black bag about his neck, containing a catalogue of the names of such as were of his numbers—a black bag, meet for so black a cause. This treason-bird hath been secretly long a-hatching, and was hatched in such a hollow tree that it was only Providence that discovered it before it was fully ready to fly of itself." On the other hand, when Sir Walter Raleigh was called to witness, Essex exclaimed, "What booteth it to swear the fox?"

Indeed, Raleigh's evidence consisted of what Sir Ferdinando Gorges had betrayed to him of Essex's purpose. Essex demanded that Gorges himself should be produced, and, on his appearance, said, "Remember your reputation, and that you are a gentleman. I pray you answer me. Did you advise me to leave my enterprise?"

"My lord, I *think* I did," was Gorges' answer, and being further pressed, he added, "I did;" whereupon Essex called upon every one to look well at Sir Ferdinando, and see whether he looked like himself, adding, "All the world shall see by my death and his life whose testimony is the truest." On another appeal from Southampton, Gorges allowed that he had never in any of their conferences heard anything disloyal to her Majesty's person.

The trial turned on the question whether Essex's attack on the Queen's

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Condemnation of Essex. 1601.

Councillors amounted to treason against herself.' The animosity displayed by Yelverton and Francis Bacon in their pleadings was certainly disgraceful, while the prisoners behaved for the most part with great dignity and decorum. The peers of the jury are said by the French ambassador to have been drinking beer, eating biscuits, and smoking tobacco all through the pleading. At the close, they each delivered their verdict singly, and every one adjudged the two earls to be guilty of high treason, and they were condemned.

Each made a speech of much dignity and pathos, Essex showing himself hopeless of pardon, forgiving his enemies, and, as a testimony thereof, begging that Lord Howard of Walden, the first who had uttered a verdict against him, might share his final Communion.

They were carried back to the Tower with the edge of the axe turned towards them. Southampton, in his chamber, was visited by his favourite cat, which came from Drury Lane, and made her way down his chimney. She was his solace during the remainder of his imprisonment, which lasted till the end of the reign, and she is represented by his side in his portrait at Bulstrode.

Essex was extremely beloved at home, and much admired at foreign Courts, and there was thus a great desire to extract from him a confession which might justify his execution. The Dean of Norwich, Dr. Dove, went to him at first; but to him he said that he had not offended God in anything he had done, that, as Earl Marshal, it was his duty to reform abuses, and he added, "If you knew how many overtures have been made to me to remove the evils which oppress this commonwealth, you would greatly wonder. But why should I reason with you, seeing we hold not one principle?"

Essex was in fact at heart a reformer as well as Puritan, such as his son, without his grace and fire, showed himself forty years later; and, with his eyes open to the tyrannies of the Tudor administration, he had an undeveloped notion of improvements, such as he might have commenced but for his childish impatience and violence. On the failure of Dr. Dove, his own chaplain, Ashton, was sent him, a man of great apparent zeal, but mean and base at heart. He persuaded Essex to give in a full confession in writing of all his wild projects, and mentioning a number of accomplices. It is thought that this document may have been tampered with, as it is hardly like the high-spirited and generous Essex.

The enemies of Essex were resolved to give the Queen no time for vacillations and relentings. They plied her with stories of his impatient, contemptuous speeches, and representations of his really liberal principles; and old stories that had frightened her before, of Hereford and Richard II., were not spared. There is full reason to believe the truth of the story that she expected the ring that she had once given Essex as a pledge by which he might implore her mercy, and that he had sent it to Lady Scrope, but it was carried by mistake to her sister, Lady Nottingham, the Lord Admiral's wife, who kept it

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back. At any rate Essex was condemned on the 19th of February, and his death warrant was signed four days later, in a specially clear and steady hand, for his execution on Ash Wednesday, the 25th.

He was only thirty-three, but he had gone through a strange career of court and camp, sea and land, and had high powers and aims within him, which had made him unfit for the favouritism which had spoiled his life. Latterly his religious feelings had greatly deepened, and they enabled him to bear himself with noble resignation. "You shall see a strong God in a weak man," he said to the yeomen of the Tower, whom he entreated to pray for him.

Sad work it must have been for the gallant sailor, Cumberland, to have been among the peers appointed to witness the execution. Raleigh was also present, unbidden and unseen. The eight nobles had seats on the scaffold, and there beheld the Earl come forth, in all his manly beauty and valour, apparelled in a gown of wrought velvet, a satin suit and felt hat, all black, with a small ruff, and attended by three clergymen. All the way he prayed aloud, "O God, grant me a true and earnest repentance. Grant me patience and a true humility." And he besought the prayers of all those about him.

On the scaffold he made a deeply penitent speech, *in Scriptural terms*, bewailing the sins of his lifetime, and only averring that he had never had any intention of harming the Queen. He ended by beseeching all "to join with him in prayer that his soul might be lifted up above all earthly things." One of the clergy requested him to pray for the forgiveness of his enemies, to which he replied, "I thank you for it."

After removing his ruff and collar, he knelt down, and one of the clergy encouraged him against the fear of death. His answer was a very brave and simple one, "that having been divers times in places of danger where death was neither so present nor so certain, he had felt the weakness of the flesh, and therefore in his great conflict desired God to assist and strengthen him." He laid his neck on the block, saying, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." There was some delay, and he said, "O strike, strike!" and in a few seconds more his head was severed from his body.

His remains were laid in the grave between those of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Arundel, and great was the lamentation for him, for, unlike his stepfather, Leicester, and indeed most other royal favourites, he had been greatly beloved of the people. Two ballads whose quaintness attest that they were the work of the people, still exist, one beginning thus :—

"Sweet England's prize is gone,
Welladay, welladay,
Which makes her sigh and groan,
Evermore still.
He did her fame advance
In Ireland, Spain, and France,
And by a sad mischance
Is from us ta'en.

" He was a virtuous peer,
Welladay, welladay,
And was esteemed dear,
Evermore still.
He always loved the poor,
Which makes 'em sigh full sore ;
His death they did deplore,
In every place."

Both ballads repeat, almost word for word, the speech he uttered on the scaffold, and there is a third, more cheerful one, ascribing to him the memorable feat of having made prisoner the son of the Emperor of Germany, who thus proposes a ransom :—

" Give me my son, the Emperor cried,
Which thou this day hast taken from me,
And I'll give thee three keys of gold,
The one shall be of High Germany."

Essex, however, declined the three keys of gold, and

" Home returned with a wonderful prize,
And brought the Emperor's son to the Queen.

' O then bespoke the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall.
In a kind letter sent straight to the Queen,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Raderer ta, tandaro te,
Raderer, tandorer, tan do ree ! "

Essex left two sons, the eldest only six years old. The Queen does not seem at first to have shown much grief for him. The audacity of his enterprise had so roused her anger that she had carried out his punishment without giving herself time to feel what he had really been to her. She was playing on the virginals when the news was brought to her that the deed was accomplished, and she did not desist. Raleigh was already in the presence-chamber, and the Earl of Oxford, looking at him with the dislike of a noble to a parvenu, whispered, as the keys rose and fell under the Queen's fingers—

" When jacks go up, heads go down."

Two more heads were to go down, those of Essex's stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, and Sir Charles Danvers; and Raleigh was present at their execution. Blount had been an extravagant husband to the old Countess, and had sold both her jewels and lands, to supply his needs. She retired now, after the loss of her brilliant son, to an " ill-favoured cottage " near Taunton, while her daughter-in-law, Frances, widow of two of the most distinguished men of their day, bred up her two young children in privacy.

The Queen was sixty-nine, but so far she showed none of the infirmities of age, but walked about vigorously, and did her best to tantalise James of Scotland by contriving that his ambassador should behold her dancing to the sound of a little fiddle !

She had a great desire to have a personal interview with Henri IV., and when he went to Calais in 1601, she actually travelled to Dover in order to bring about a meeting with him, to consult on the state of

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Interview of Elizabeth with Rosny. 1601.

Europe. She sent Sir Robert Sidney with letters to him inviting him to cross the Strait and confer with her in person. He was at first disposed to come, but his advisers represented to him that he might be pounced on by Elizabeth and detained till he surrendered Calais, a most unworthy suspicion; and they also suggested the ridiculous idea that his Queen and Henriette d'Entragues might be jealous! On the other hand, Elizabeth was ready to have come, only her counsellors were afraid of her being captured by Spanish cruisers. However, she wrote Henri a letter telling him that she had something to confide to him which could be entrusted to him alone.

Henri showed the letter to Rosny, who decided on going himself to England, as if only out of curiosity, so that the Queen might do as she pleased as to making any official communication. By ten o'clock in the morning he was at Dover, where he was at once recognised and saluted by Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham. He pretended to be disconcerted, and begged them not to mention his presence to the Queen; but the captain of the guardship had hurried to her with the news, and he had no sooner reached his lodgings than the captain of the bodyguard clasped him round the waist and arrested him in jest, conducting him to the Queen, who received him in the same tone of gaiety—

"What, M. de Rosny, is this your way of scaling our fences to try to avoid saluting me? I am surprised!"

However, joking apart, Elizabeth began to converse on her great castle of European policy, which filled Rosny with wonder and delight by its accordance with his master's principles. France and England united were to lower the pride of the House of Austria, to make the election of the Emperor no longer a mere confirmation of the inheritance of the Hapsburghs, to render Holland independent, and enlarge Switzerland at the expense of the empire, to free Italy and deprive Spain of the Indies; also, to suppress all forms of worship in Europe save the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinist. Elizabeth and Rosny were perfectly agreed over this scheme, and cut and carved with mutual satisfaction; Rosny recording in his memoirs his genuine admiration of the genius and vigorous understanding of this great Queen. He went back, and the Duke of Biron was sent on a State mission to thank the Queen for her invitation.

It was a flattering mission in which he could hardly do any harm, and might learn some good; and Elizabeth, who knew what had passed at Lyons, and guessed that he was by no means cured of his treason and discontent, was determined to give him a wholesome warning.

She had left Dover, and the Duke followed her to Basing House, the seat of the Pauletts, in Hampshire. He was lodged at the Vine, Lord Sandys' house, which was supplied by the people of Southampton with seven score beds for his suite. He accompanied her when she returned to London; she pointed to the heads impaled on the Tower, and

told him that was the way traitors were served in England. She even spoke of the great love she had felt for Essex, and his pride and presumption, saying she hoped her good brother's clemency would not be fatal to him.

Meantime, France was rejoicing in the birth of a Dauphin, who was born at Fontainebleau on the 14th of September, 1601. No one liked the Prince of Condé, hitherto the next heir, and as Henriette d'Entragues continued to insist that she was the King's wife, there might have been endless difficulties as to the succession. The child was at once baptized by the name of Louis, but the solemn reception into the Church was deferred till he should be old enough to receive instruction.

Biron returned to France a few weeks later, not much the better for the advice Queen Elizabeth had given him. He renewed his intrigues with the Dukes of Bouillon and La Tremouille, who seem to have shared his madness in believing that with the aid of Spain and Savoy they should be able to obtain from the King the great feudal fiefs, in the east and south, which had been united with the Crown.

Bouillon was already independent Prince of Sedan, and he hoped to obtain the adjoining territory of French Flanders, and as Huguenots both he and La Tremouille wanted more security for the observation of the Edict of Nantes. They were actually trafficking with Spain and Savoy, and full proof of it was laid before Henri by one of their accomplices named Lafin, who gave him copies of their letters. Henri was greatly grieved, for he had a real regard for the men who had shared his first campaigns and lived intimately with him; but the peril was great, and he sent a summons to Biron to attend him at Fontainebleau, and explain accusations of correspondence with the enemy. At the same time he secured the fortresses of Biron's government, so that the Duke had no choice but to comply. He was so confident that he could hoodwink the King that he chose the latter course. The Duke of Epernon, who had some knowledge of his plans, warned him to act openly, and throw himself on the King's mercy: but, near Fontainebleau, Biron met Lafin, who, as he took off his hat, said—

"Courage, master, and a good face."

The habits of Henri's Court were very early, and at six in the morning of the 12th of June he was walking in the garden of the palace when Biron advanced, and putting a knee to the ground, kissed his hand. Henri raised him, embraced him, and said—

"You have done well, my friend, to confide in me, otherwise I was about to seek you myself."

Then leaning on Biron's shoulder, the King walked with him into the grand avenue. There was something very touching in the manner in which Henri tried to elicit a voluntary confession from his old comrade, so as to be able to forgive him; while Biron, unaware that he had been betrayed by Lafin, kept his secret. For two whole days

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the game went on; Rosny arrived, and, by the King's orders, reiterated advice to Biron to confess all; but the unfortunate man believed all these persuasions were meant as traps, and, having treason still in his heart, went on blindly denying that he had anything to confess.

The last scene took place in the Queen's reception room, where Henri, taking Biron from a game at cards, made one more attempt.

"Marshal, my friend," he said, "confess to me your errors with your own lips, and on the word of a King, whatever they may be, I will pardon, screen you with my royal favour, and for ever forget your misdeeds! If you drive me however against my will to prove your crime publicly, I swear I will not interfere, but leave you to abide by the chastisement you have merited."

"Sire," replied Biron, "I came not to vindicate myself, but to know who are my accusers. I supplicate your Majesty to give up the names of those slanderers, that I may do myself justice."

"Remember now that I cannot save you," said Henri.

Leaving Biron, he went to his cabinet, and with much agitation gave his orders to the captain of the guards, who instantly drew out his soldiers. Then returning to the *salon*, Henri took his wife's hand, and gave the signal to retire, saying, as he bowed, "Adieu, Baron de Biron," not marshal or duke, but simply Baron, the rank from which he had raised the discontented man. One word or sign, and he was still ready to relent, but Biron went without a word, and, as he passed the threshold, he was arrested. The Count of Auvergne, his accomplice, was arrested at the same time, and they were sent off to Paris under a strong guard.

Henri bewailed the necessity of the step with tears, while Biron abused him in no measured terms, and insisted on his own innocence. But the instructions he had given to Lafin when sending him to the Duke of Savoy were in his own handwriting, and he could not deny them. A terrible course of treason and double dealing was proved beyond question, and there was no choice but to bring him before the Parliament. He was found guilty and sentenced to die. Henri was entreated by all the kindred of the unhappy man to spare him, and even by the Queen.

"Madame," was the answer, "I have too great an affection for you and your son to grant your request. I cannot leave in the heart of my realm so sharp a thorn when it is in my power to extract it."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, Rosny, the Chancellor, and other officials, conveyed to Biron, in the chapel of the Bastille, the intelligence that he was sentenced, and must die that evening at five o'clock. Biron, much agitated, hoarsely declared that the Chancellor would have to answer for his deed before the tribunal of Heaven, and for some time raved so that the messengers were obliged to pause.

He became calm afterwards and made his will, which the King promised should take effect. Then he made his confession to the curé,

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Execution of Biron. 1601.

and was afterwards, according to French custom, once more interrogated on his crime, but he refused to inculpate any one. At five o'clock he was led to the lawn before the Bastille, where the scaffold was erected, and at the foot of the ladder received final absolution. Seeing the band of musketeers drawn up, he cried, "O for a musket ball through the body. Is there no mercy!" After a prayer he tied a handkerchief round his eyes, but on hearing the executioner's step he tore it off, crying, "Is there no mercy—no pardon?" and continued repeating, "Minime! Minime!" by which he was supposed to mean his own confessor, who was a Minimite friar. The authorities were forced to call on the executioner to cut off his collar, but he glared with fury. "Who dares approach me! I will strangle the first who lays a finger on me!" he cried. At last, however, he asked one of the gentlemen to bandage his eyes, but instantly tore off the handkerchief again, crying, "One more look at the sky!" It was tied again, and he called out, "Hasten! Hasten!" but even then was about to spring up again, when the executioner swept off his head with the sword, this, the ancient Roman fashion, being still the mode of execution for nobles in France, instead of the block and axe.

Biron and Essex may be compared with interest. In both was latent aristocratic mistrust of the encroachments of the Crown, although Biron's treachery, ingratitude, and personal ambition had altogether the mastery; and if Essex had served such a master as Henri IV. he would never have swerved aside from loyalty. Nor did the young Earl ever lose his personal allegiance to the Queen, or seek for individual selfish aggrandisement. From his own point of view all he sought was to recover his influence with the beloved Queen who had petted his youth and called him her sweet Robin, to free her from a clique of parvenus, and to use his power when recovered—not to obtain a principality, but to redress the grievances and diminish the burthens of the people. And thus one met his doom like a madman, the other with the calm, heroic dignity of a hopeful repentance.

Spite of the apparent indifference she had shown, the fate of her "sweet Robin" had smitten Elizabeth deeply. For a time she kept up her lively habits, as if in defiance of age and grief, going out a-maying, hunting, and hawking, and dancing after supper, but her eye and ear were quick to perceive that the Londoners, since the death of their beloved Earl, had ceased from their former acclamations and tokens of affection. And more and more did she miss the noble face and the true, honest tongue that had loved but had not flattered her. In the June of 1602 she spoke of Essex, with sighs and tears, to the French ambassador, Beaumont, though still justifying her own conduct; and as autumn came on she had a heavy cold, which depressed her spirits so that she often sat in a dark room, often weeping and bewailing Essex. The tidings of the treaty with Tyrone increased her gloom, probably by proving how unreasonable had been her demands on Essex, and how harsh her refusal to listen to him. She had fitful moods of merriment

CAMEO XXXVIII.

The Ring. 1602.

at times, and Cecil hoped that she might be consoled by a new favourite, the Earl of Clanricarde, who was considered strikingly like Essex. The Queen did not feel attracted by the resemblance, but the widow did, and after a time accepted him as her third husband.

So passed the end of 1602, and with January 1603 came another cold, which made the Queen remove to Richmond as a warmer spot. Soon after came the entreaty from the Lady Nottingham that her royal mistress would visit her on her death-bed, and there Elizabeth saw the fatal ring, and heard the confession that it had been brought to the Countess by mistake for her sister, Lady Scrope, and cruelly withheld. The Queen's agony was uncontrollable. "God may forgive you, but I cannot," she cried, as she shook the dying woman, and turned away broken-hearted.

"The burthen of her natural age" came on her, and she changed and weakened day by day. Her nights were sleepless, and her days sad and heavy, with frequent tears. There was no pain, but constant thirst and low fever, and she continually sat or lay on a pile of cushions. At last for four days she never moved from the cushions, and could not be persuaded either to take food or to lie down in bed. Cecil argued with her, till she exclaimed more than once—"I know I am not mad. You must not think to make Queen Jane of me," referring of course to the melancholy madness of Queen Juana.

Archbishop Whitgift and Sir Robert persuaded her in vain to call in her physician. She said petulantly she knew her constitution better than they did, and was not so ill as they thought her. Then they fetched Admiral Lord Nottingham, her first cousin, from his house of mourning for his wife. He knelt down by her, kissed her hands, and persuaded her to let him feed her with a spoon with a little broth; but when he tried to induce her to go to bed she exclaimed that, if he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed as she did in hers, he would not ask her to go there.

Cecil put in his word and asked "if her Majesty had seen any spirits?"

"I scorn to answer you such a question," exclaimed Elizabeth, with all her wonted dignity.

Cecil persisted in telling her that to content the people she *must* go to bed.

Then with a smile, "wonderfully contemning" the importunate secretary, she replied: "Little man! little man! if your father had lived ye durst not have said so much, but ye know I must die, and that makes you so presumptuous."

She then ordered him and the rest of the Council out of the room, only keeping the Lord Admiral, to whom, with a piteous shake of the head, she said—

"My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck." He spoke to her of her usual courage, but she again answered—"I am tied! I am tied! and the case is altered with me."

CAMEO XXXVIII.
Illness of Elizabeth. 1603.

Lord Nottingham's persuasions and some exertion of strength prevailed to lay her in bed, but ere long she returned to her cushions, where for ten long days she remained, not speaking more than once in two or three hours, her finger on her mouth, her eyes on the ground, accepting only a little water. At last she remained silent for four and twenty hours, and then, almost insensible, she was carried to bed, where the rest revived her a little, and she asked for some broth, and desired to have Du Plessis Mornay's *Meditations* read to her. An ulcerated sore throat seems to have been her only absolute malady except this sudden failing of her strength, and even when she became speechless she was still perfectly conscious. The Council came to demand whom she would name to succeed her. They named the King of Scotland, and she did not move, but when they spoke of Lord Beauchamp she roused herself, and said fiercely—

"I will have no rascal's son to sit in my seat, but one worthy to be a King."

She was fifteen days in bed, seldom opening her lips, probably from the state of her throat. Once when the Archbishop came in she must have wandered back to the doctrines of her youth, for she rated him hotly, bidding him be packing, for he and the others were no better than hedge priests; but later in the evening she sent for him, and he examined her on her faith and repentance, she answering him by holding up her hand.

Once, when, to encourage her, he spoke of the great work of the Reformation which she had accomplished, she answered audibly—"My crown has given me enough of vanity, I pray you not to augment it in this hour."

Whitgift began to pray, the ladies and attendants making the responses. After a long time, the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her and ceased, but she made a sign with her hand that he should continue, and again when, after half an hour, he paused, she signed that she still clung to his prayers; but when the hand was no longer raised, and she lay in a deep sleep, she was left to her women, and she never moved again. They found that her last breath had been drawn at three in the morning of the 24th of March, 1603, the day before her seventieth birthday, which was on the feast of the Annunciation.

Elizabeth's latter days are sometimes spoken of as one of those cases which show retributive justice on ambition and cruelty, but, compared with such scenes as took place at other royal death-beds, it does not appear that there was aught lacking which human care and affection could supply to the wasting frame and departing soul. It is true that the needful questions as to her successor were asked, and that Robert Carey was waiting outside the window for his sister, Lady Scrope, to drop from it a blue ring, the preconcerted signal that he was to hurry to James of Scotland with the intelligence of her death; but though this fact may jar on the feelings, there was nothing unseemly or neglectful in

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Death of Elizabeth. 1603.

the treatment of the patient herself. She had, up to this last illness, hardly been touched by age. Only a few months previously the greatest statesman in Europe had been genuinely struck with her vigour and ability, and she had been as alert of foot, ready of memory, and quick of eye as ever; nor had she lost either the respect or the affection of those about her. Her nearest kindred on her mother's side were about her, and there is something very affecting in the picture of the old sailor lord, the victor of the Armada and of Cadiz, coaxing and feeding the great Queen in her weakness, brought thus together as two cousins in any rank might have been. The sadness of the drifting away beyond the reach of loving hands helpless to aid, is felt wherever the passage through the valley of the shadow of death is long, and it was increased in this case by the silence, which seems, however, to have been chiefly caused by the condition of the throat. The mournful effect is, of course, much enhanced by the final blow having been the discovery that the brave but erring man, whom she had thought too proud and obstinate to appeal to her, had indeed made that entreaty, and in vain. Save for that stroke she might have had power and spirit to rally against her casual ailment; but though generally vacillating and longing to spare, she had for once permitted hasty justice, and thus the last and greatest of the Tudors, just as her last enemy had been subdued, died of a broken heart.

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THE END.

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